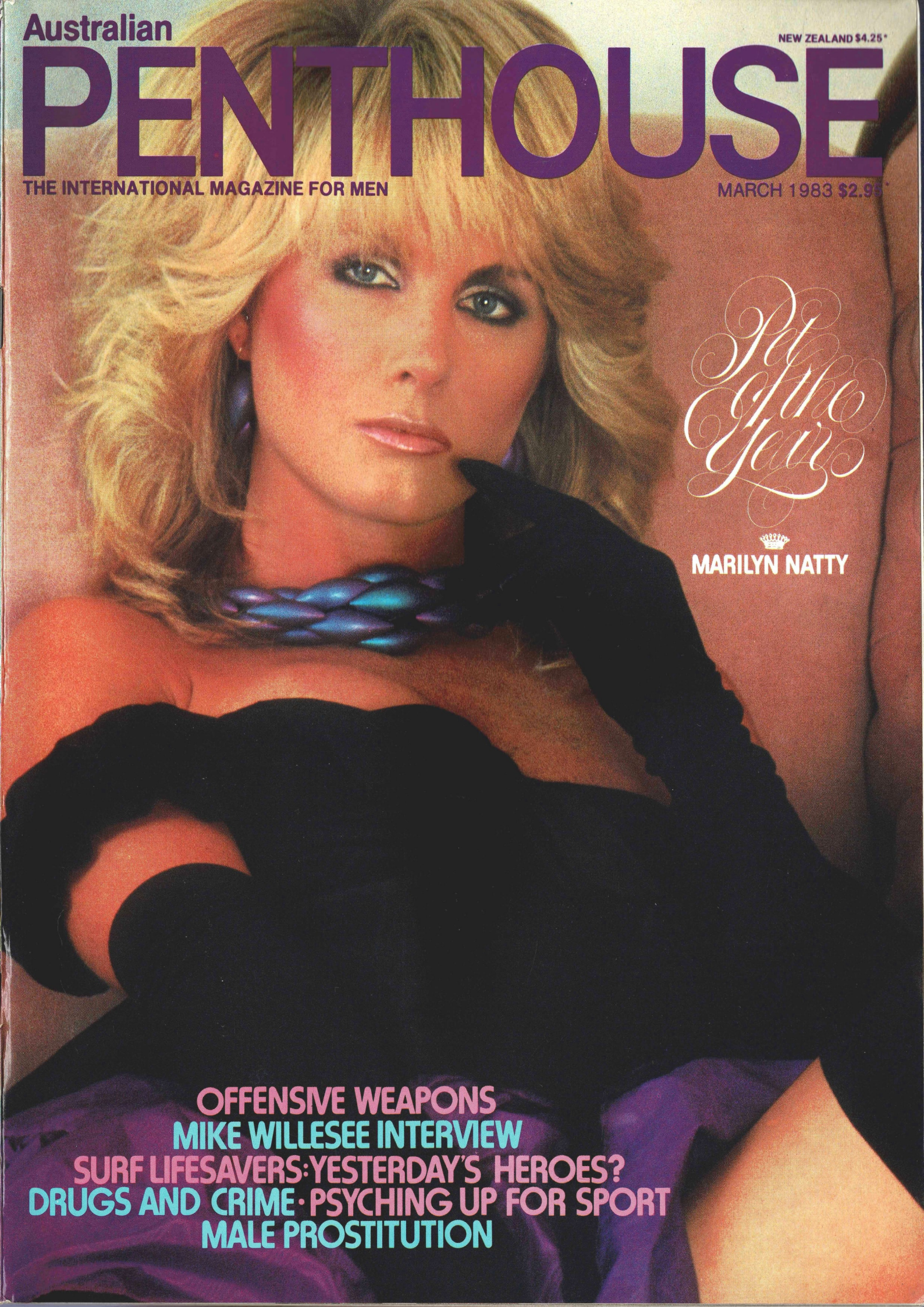
Australian
PENTHOUSE
NEW ZEALAND $4.25*
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
MARCH 1983 $2.95*
Pet of the Year
MARILYN NATTY
OFFENSIVE WEAPONS
MIKE WILLESEE INTERVIEW
SURF LIFESAVERS: YESTERDAY'S HEROES?
DRUGS AND CRIME · PSYCHING UP FOR SPORT
MALE PROSTITUTION

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PENTHOUSE
The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 4 No 4/March 1983

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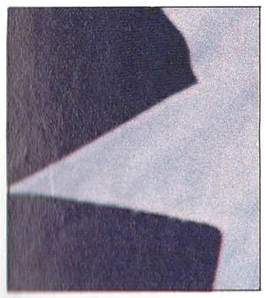
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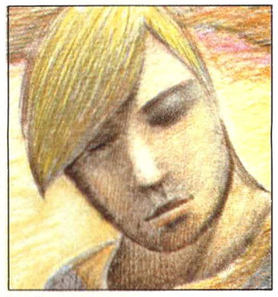
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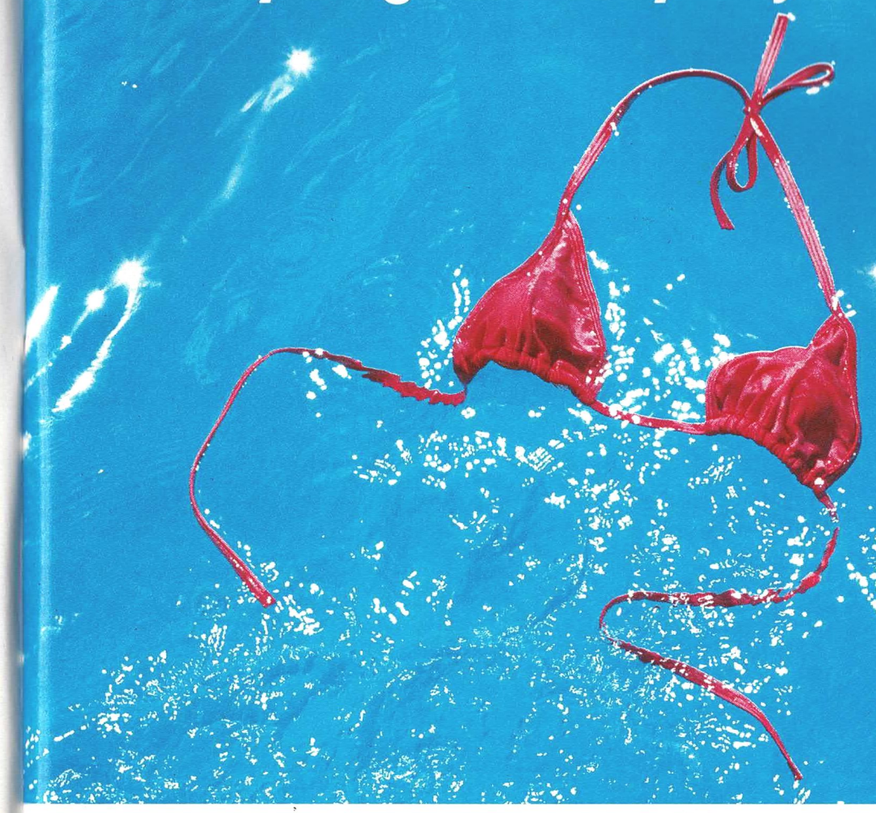

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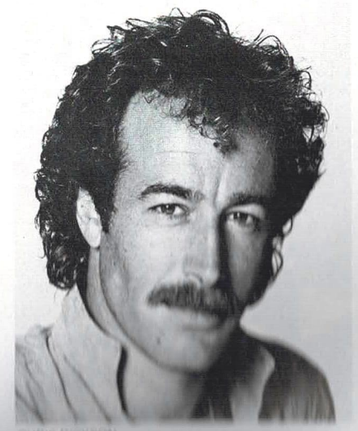

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JOHN BAY

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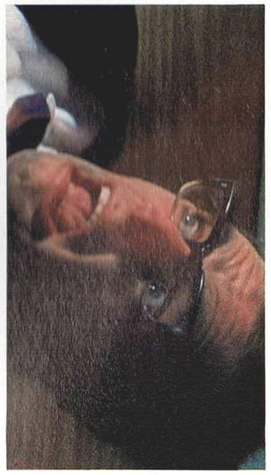
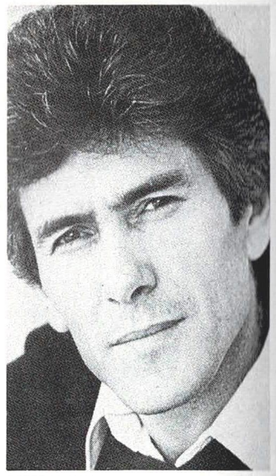


ADAM BOWEN



PETER McKAY

HOUSECALL

Gentlemen! Your vote was virtually unanimous. Congratulations on your good taste and congratulations to **Marilyn Natty**, 1983 *Australian Penthouse* Pet of the Year. Marilyn won the vast majority of votes in this year's competition, as well as receiving a huge pile of personal correspondence. Our worthy winners receive over $100,000 worth of prizes — they're listed on page 50 and for a long, luxurious look at the hostess with the mostest, turn to page 42. **Chris Dickson** took the pictures.

A glimpse at statistics on the stockpiles of weapons currently being accumulated by the USA and the USSR gives the impression that, contrary to the poet T.S. Eliot's prediction, the world will end with an almighty bang rather than a whimper. In the US, three nuclear bombs roll off the production line every day, and the USSR's nuclear stockpiles contain the equivalent of four tonnes of TNT for every man, woman and child on the planet. In their story on the multi-billion dollar weapons industry, **Adrian Tame** and **F.J. Robotham** look at the implications of the big nations' acquisition of this terrifying military technology. They conclude that when the fireworks begin, it's a fair bet a few sparks will be flying Australia's way. Business Is Booming, illustrated by **Donna Cross**, starts on page 34.

Is the surf-lifesaving movement all washed up? **Margot Barlow** asks that question in Yesterday's Heroes, beginning on page 57. Barlow is bound to raise a few hackles with her proposition that in the 1980s an amateur body like the SLSA is no longer adequate for the policing of Australian beaches and that lifesaving should be a job for specialist professionals. Photographer **Philip Quirk** shot the accompanying pictures.

As a former Kings Cross hooker, **Sallie-Ann Huckstepp** knows the ins and outs of the oldest profession — a background which provides excellent qualifications for carrying out a consumer survey of the men who make money pandering to the whims of their female clients. In her story on male prostitution, Amateur Night on page 82, illustrated by **David Bromley,** Sallie-Ann decides that a good man is hard to find, even if you're willing to pay for him.

The mind is the new frontier in sports science. Sports psychologist **John Bay** has been consulted by some of the nation's leading sportsmen from the Parramatta rugby league players to jockey Malcolm Johnston and the Commonwealth Games swimming team. Bay, a former NSW rugby union representative, knows how to motivate the sportsman to perform to the limits of his potential. In The Science of Success, starting on page 93, he tells how he mentally tunes the athlete of the 1980s. **Tony Lunn** produced the accompanying illustration.

Black rock group No Fixed Address has developed into one of Australia's leading bands, touring with overseas acts like Ian Dury and The Clash. But the band has had to fight (quite literally on occasions) for its success. **Roger Crosthwaite** profiles the boys in the band on page 88. **Will Burgess** lined them up for the accompanying portrait shot.

Comedy writer **Adam Bowen** has a secret. When he's not tapping away on his typewriter, he dons a crumpled tuxedo and turns into . . . a casual waiter. Now, on page 62, amidst a welter of smashed glass and misplaced gravy, Bowen spills the beans about some of his worst faux pas. These hilarious confessions are complemented by a mind-bending photo of Bowen shot by **Graeme Davey.**

Depending on his ratings, the tabloid press has alternatively dubbed Mike Willesee "television's fallen idol" or "the king of current affairs". In this month's interview, *Penthouse* features editor **Phil Abraham** questions Willesee on his ability to bounce back after suffering at the hands of Australia's fickle television audiences. The former political journalist and now television entrepreneur has some provocative opinions on a wide range of subjects. **Peter Simons** snapped the candid shot of Willesee on the court.

In the *Penthouse* History of Crime in Australia this month, **Denis Whitburn** describes the impact of the introduction of heroin to the Australian crime scene during the Vietnam War era. Peace, Love and Drug Smuggling begins on page 83. Beryl, the March fiction piece by **John McNally** and illustrated by **Michael Fitzjames,** is likely to strike a familiar chord for many readers, as it concerns that once-in-a-lifetime experience — losing your virginity.

Fashion editor **Sue Smith** presents a look at what's new on the jean scene this month in True Blue, photographed by **Chris Dickson** and starting on page 99. Our man behind the wheel **Peter McKay** has gone from covering the rich grand prix circuit last month to the other end of the motoring spectrum: sprint cars. Doing It In The Dirt starts on page 138. Motorcycling correspondent **Noel Christensen** takes an affectionate look at some of the more exotic two-wheeled creations from Europe and the USA — the BMWs, Ducatis and Harley-Davidsons — in The Five Percenters on page 142; and in Advise and Dissent this month, **Robert English** has some harsh advice for Australian athletes after viewing their antics at the Brisbane Commonwealth Games. That's on page 156.

Marilyn Natty was the winner of this year's Pet Of The Year competition, and following in her footsteps is a bevy of beauties hoping to emulate her success. One of the first contenders for next year's title is March Pet of The Month **Wendy Maree,** a New Zealander currently enjoying the good life in Sydney. **Walter Glover** photographed this month's centrefold. As well there's an intimate look at **Carmen Pope,** photographed by **Bob Guccione.** Carmen's luscious body defies the laws of probability . . . and we're sure you'll agree she's one very hot number.

Strip away that everyday exterior
and underneath you could discover a romantic.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Greed and games

The story "High On Money" by Greg Hunter in February *Penthouse* is about the funniest story I've read in your magazine in the last three years. I'm not into drugs, but I suppose that in the story's genre of the "new journalism" or "gonzo" or whatever they're calling the Hunter S. Thompsons and Tom Wolfes these days, the fact that the writer was stoned is a part of the story's comic structure and is therefore acceptable.

But I didn't write only to say I enjoyed the story; I think Hunter cut right to the heart of the whole sickening games show greed phenomenon, which one day will be recognised as one of the signs of the sickness that affects most of the world today, and certainly in the USA, where as Hunter mentioned, *The Price is Right* sets a new all-time low in exploitation of ordinary people willing to subject themselves to ritual humiliation in order to win some pennies from TV heaven.

It's all a bit depressing and that makes stories like "High On Money" all the more amusing and all the more meaningful. — *James Byrnes, Paddington, NSW*

Blondes are beauts

To a man who can't resist a stunning blonde, your February covergirl and centrespread Mandy Miller is a knockout. She's the horniest-looking lady I've seen in *Penthouse* and if she wants a gentle man with a sense of humor and no trace of chauvinism, I will gladly volunteer. — *P. Flanagan, Brisbane, Qld*

Missed the point

Your story "Trucks: Licensed to Kill?" in December *Penthouse* was very interesting and enlightening — for anyone not involved in the trucking industry.

The main point of the story is not that drivers are licensed to kill; it's that the governments — State and Federal — force drivers to overload and work on pills and no sleep, to even have a chance at breaking even. The big haulage companies also play a part, and then it's back to the governments and their most immoral contribution to the crashes: shockingly inadequate roads.

I admit your story did present some of this side of the argument; that "drivers are slaves to their rigs, and to the finance company holding papers on both their trucks and their houses". But my point is that the

story's heading and emphasis were misdirected: the main aim of the story should have been directed at the causes of the deaths — the system built by the governments and the big haulage companies. — *Name and address withheld*

Herpes-hip-hooray

The View From The Top column in December *Penthouse*, "The Herpes Hype", was the first article I have read on the disease which dealt with it in a responsible manner: ie, without all the ballyhoo about epidemics and the horror headlines.

Your writer Colin Hinton should be congratulated on the way he approached the subject, even though the last line of the piece — "By about 1990, herpes will be either totally curable, or we'll all have it" — to a large extent over-rode the calming effects of the rest of the story! — *Name and address withheld*

Bad one, Mungo

Mungo MacCallum's story "The Politics of Concealment" in February *Penthouse* was another example of that man's one-eyed, cynical approach to politics, in which anything even slightly right of communism is dismissed out of hand. He is probably the most ardent, negative, muckraking commentator involved in politics in this country and even his witty way with words can never overcome his destructive bias. His radio commentaries are just as bad. If he stuck to cricket his talent as a writer mightn't be so offensive to people with a responsible and realistic attitude to the running of this country. — *Geoff Neville, Cremorne, NSW*

Good one, Mungo

"The Politics of Concealment" story (February *Penthouse*) was a shocking indictment of Australia's present government. It's only when a list of "small" wrongs is made up that the overall effect can be counted, and this grouping of the Fraser government's acts of concealment adds up to a scandal of major proportions.

If the government was run as a company, and its responsibility was to shareholders instead of "mere" voters, Fraser would be long gone by now. — *Walter Franklin, Bondi, NSW*

From Japan, with love

Your story "Sex In Japan" in February *Penthouse* was fascinating, not only because unemployment induced two young Australians to perform sex acts in a foreign country to make money, but because it's a documentation of the disintegration of their relationship because of too much sex without emotional involvement. Sex is great, but too much, with too little feeling, can numb people's emotional responses — ask any hooker.

So don't screw for screwing's sake — screw with love, or at least friendship. — *Name and address withheld*

Top motor noter

I am writing to compliment your Motoring Editor, Peter McKay, on the consistent high quality of his work, but particularly on his story in February *Penthouse* on the Grand Prix circus.

It was an incisive, accurate look at the overall picture of the sport and one which none of the so-called responsible motoring magazines has presented — presumably because they assume all their readers are experts and therefore don't want to read a story which tells them everything about a subject. In which case people won't read the motoring magazines because they'll be so full of "in" stories only other muttering rotters will know what they're talking about. This is certainly true of the incestuous relationship between Australia's motoring mags. Perhaps instead the public will buy *Penthouse* and get the bonus of the girls. — *John Barnes, Adelaide, SA*

Does the champagne you're drinking now pass this test?

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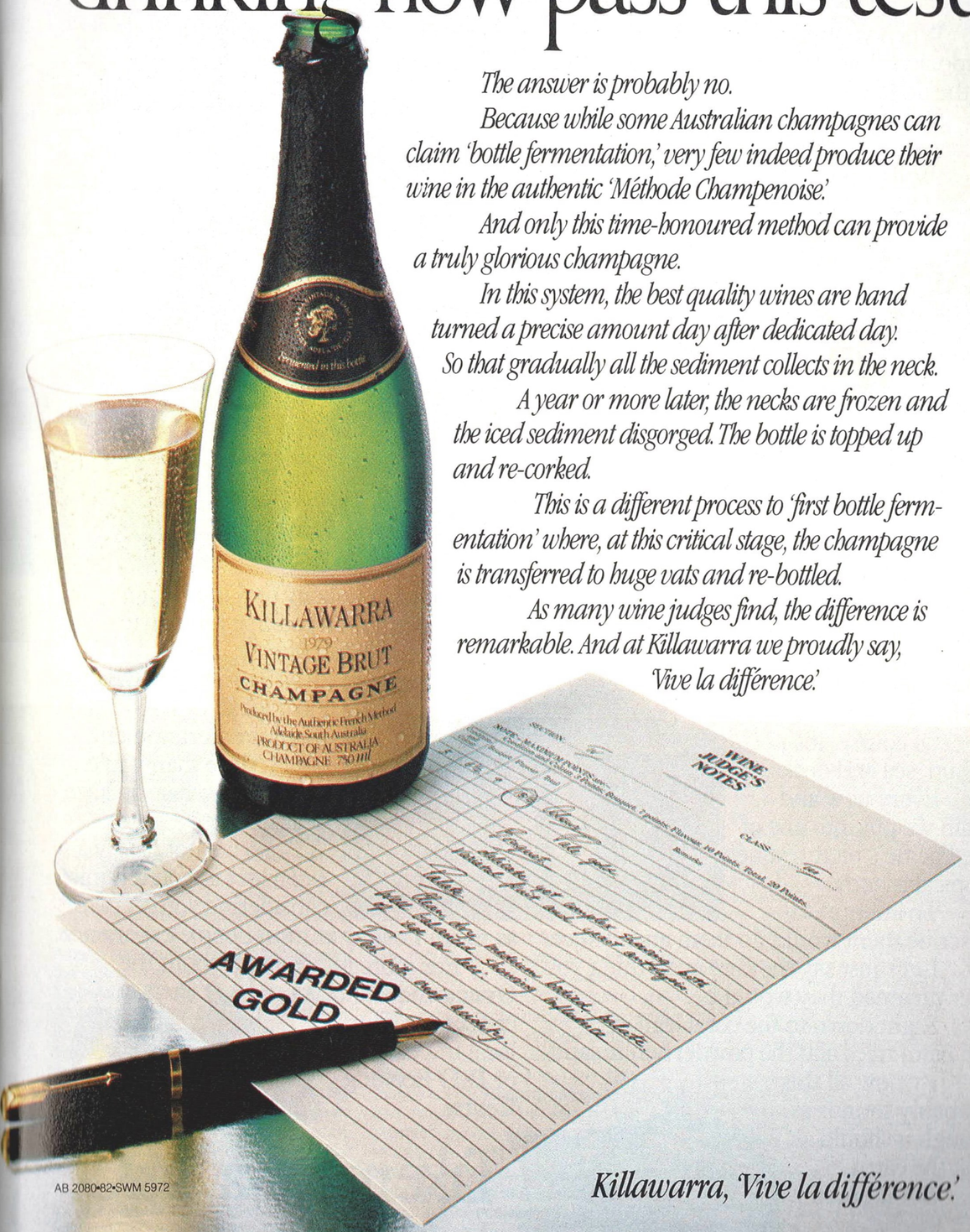

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Other decks where you can enjoy the fun of shipboard games.

And the whole ship where you can enjoy the fun and games of shipboard life.

Of course, it's not all sun, sea and decks.

Every now and again we put into one of the Pacific's picturesque tropical islands.

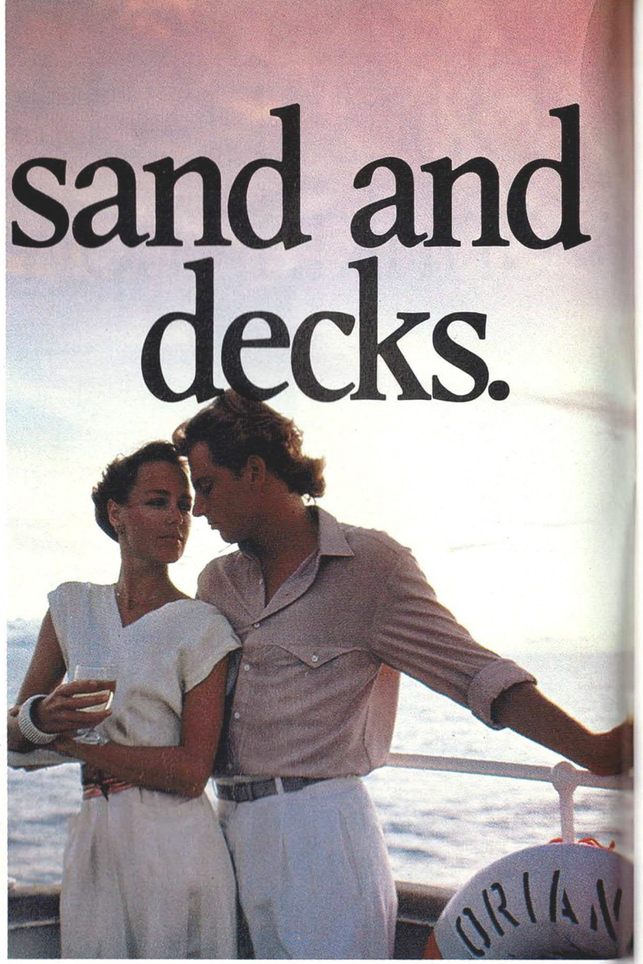
To attempt to describe them would do them an injustice.

Let's just say they are everything you ever dreamed they would be.

Right down to the coral lagoons, the palm trees and the powder-white sand.

By now all this probably sounds as though it should cost the earth.

But it doesn't.



In fact, a holiday on Oriana can work out cheaper than a package holiday to Queensland, Tahiti or even Bali.

What's more, the cost includes all your food and all your entertainment.

(More than you'd find on an average package deal.)

So it's not nearly as expensive as you'd think, considering you get twice as much holiday as most people experience.

For more information about the Oriana and Canberra cruises see your local travel agent or P&O Booking Centre.

Take me away P&O.

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In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Buoyed by emotions

I had an interesting experience this past weekend that I thought your Forum readers might enjoy hearing about. I woke up Sunday morning and decided to take my boat to a nearby lake and give it a run. I had recently had some work done on it, and I wanted to see how it was running. I asked my wife to accompany me, but as usual she declined. Feeling somewhat rejected and depressed, I left the house thinking that a day on the lake would lift my spirits. Little did I know that my spirits would soon be lifted higher than ever.

I arrived at the lake and began unloading the boat from the trailer. I discovered that the long rope, which I usually use to secure the boat to the trailer while I back it into the water, was missing. As I was looking around for someone to help me put the boat in the water, I noticed a petite blonde, who appeared to be about 20, sitting alone in her car beside the boat ramp. She caught my eye and must have realised that I needed some assistance and immediately started walking towards me. She was a vision of loveliness. Her dark, suntanned body contrasted with her blonde hair. She had a nice figure — small, nicely rounded breasts, with a firm stomach and thighs. She walked up and introduced herself as Ginger and said it looked like I needed some help.

I thanked her for the offer and asked if she would back the boat into the water while I backed it off the trailer. She said, "Sure — for a quick spin around the lake." I quickly agreed to her terms.

We arrived at my favorite place on the lake — a secluded cove protected from view and from the wind that sometimes comes up on the open lake. I cut the engine on the boat and let it drift toward the grass-covered shore. I offered Ginger a beer, and we both leaned back against the side of the boat and sipped the cold brew and soaked up the warm rays of the sun. It started to get hot, and I commented that I wished we had brought along our suits so we could swim. Ginger stood up and answered: "A bikini looks just like a bra and panties" as she removed her shorts and shirt. The thought of nine years of faithful marriage crossed my mind, to be replaced immediately by thoughts of my wife's increasing lack of enthusiasm for anything other than an occasional bout in the missionary position. I quickly followed the lead of this young goddess and slipped over the side of the boat into the water.

After swimming around in the chest-deep water for a few minutes, Ginger reached for a bottle of suntan lotion I keep in the boat. She handed it to me and turned around, asking if I would rub some on her exposed shoulders. I didn't have to be asked twice, and moved over close to her backside and began to apply the cream. By this time, I had developed a very respectable hard-on, and Ginger kept moving backwards just enough to brush it with her behind. Each time she did, it became even more respectable. I still wasn't real sure of her willingness to proceed further (actually, I just couldn't believe this wonderful experience was happening to me!) until she moved back and held her bum against my now fully erect member. As we moved slowly closer together, she raised up enough for my brief-covered tool to slide between her legs as my lotion-covered hands found the baby-soft skin of her pert, firm breasts.

She quickly disrobed as I continued to play with her breasts. I grabbed a cushion from the boat and asked Ginger to lie on it in the water. She readily agreed. I became more and more excited with the thought of what was to come. As she lay face up on the cushion, I began slowly running my hands and fingertips over her entire body, touching every inch of her. Her body shivered as my lips encircled her breasts and my hand moved slowly down to her moist box. I gently ran my fingertips over her pubic mound, across the vaginal area, and slowly down the length of her thighs. I gently began caressing her clitoris, and soon began teasing it just a little. Every now and then I would give it a little squeeze. Ginger was obviously enjoying all the attention I was giving her clitoris, as she spread her legs wider and rotated her hips against my hand. I swam over to the boat and grabbed another cushion. I used this one to raise her hips out of the water. She sensed what I was about to do as she spread her legs even wider to give me full access to her quivering love hole. My tongue left her strained, hardened nipples and slowly made its way across her stomach and down into her bush. I slowly ran across the outer lips of her vagina, working closer and closer to the prize. Her clitoris stood and reached out for the joy it was about to receive, and after only a few slow, firm strokes of my tongue she ex-

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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MARCH

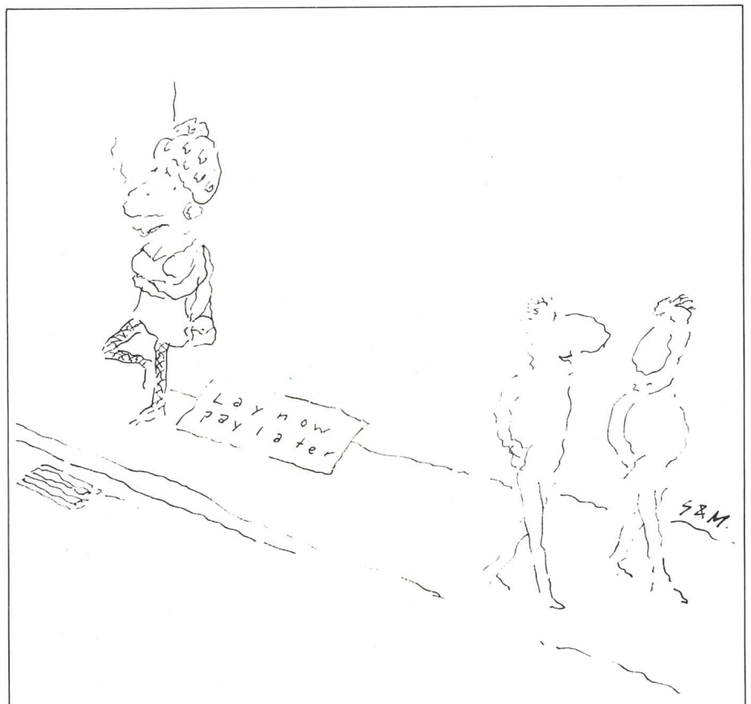
ploded and began thrashing the water like a giant fish on a line. As the last wave of orgasm left her, she slipped off the floating pillows into my outstretched arms, and I held her closely as she revelled in the pleasure she had just experienced.

After a moment, she smiled, kissed me briefly, and whispered, "Next." With her arms still wrapped around me, she took a deep breath and disappeared beneath the water. She quickly found her mark as I felt her warm lips pushing the water away from my throbbing meat. She stayed underwater for nearly a full minute, swirling her tongue around the head of my dick and lightly sucking from the base up the shaft to the foreskin and back down again. I quickly regained my full seven inches, and she finished her underwater magic with a quick, tickling lick with the tip of her tongue across my balls. I was ready to explode, but Ginger wanted to wait until she could see and feel my hot come spurting from my swollen stick.

Ginger grabbed one of the boat cushions and slipped it under my back. Her mouth once again engulfed my prick and she licked and sucked gently as she pushed me backward towards the shoreline. As soon as my hips hit the grassy shore, Ginger's mouth left my dick and began working up my chest. As her tits crossed my dick she reached down and wrapped both melons around me, rubbing each in opposite directions. She could tell by my moans that I was ready to unload, and she quickly pinched the head to prolong the pleasure. Moments later I felt her hot, moist box slipping up the bottom side of my shaft. She slowly brought herself up until the head was right at her hole. I could stand no more, and I reached up and pulled her arse down, ramming my pecker into the depths of her pussy. She began to hump me with long, slow strokes as I reached around her and inserted one finger up her rear. My finger matched the in and out movement of my dick, and after about five minutes we both came in a shattering orgasm. Her quivering pussy squeezed shot after shot of hot come from my dick. We finally both collapsed and slid slowly back into the water. I hadn't felt so screwed out in years.

We had another beer and Ginger said she needed to go. As we were motoring back across the lake, Ginger got behind me and started rubbing my shoulders. She suddenly reached up and turned off the key to the motor and pulled me to the floor of the boat. Supporting herself on her knees, she lowered her pussy over my face as she removed my shorts and began sucking my tool again. We stayed in the sixty-nine position for what seemed like forever, slowly licking and sucking each other. Just as I exploded, filling her mouth with come, she collapsed on my face, coming twice as I continued to nibble on her clit.

When we got back to the shore, she kissed me, thanked me for the ride, said she hoped that I would "come again" with her on another Sunday real soon, and was gone. I plan on making Sunday mornings on the lake a ritual from now on. — *Name and address withheld*



"It must be a recession."

Monkey see

I am writing this letter with the encouragement of my husband. I am 25 years old and have been married for the past three years. During that time I have enjoyed reading *Penthouse,* particularly the letters in Forum. I am a voyeur. I know that is rare for a woman, but it has to do with the way I got my sex education.

Seven years ago, I idolised the girl who lived next door to us. She was 21 and very beautiful with thick, silky, shoulder-length hair, green eyes, soft lips, full but firm breasts, a flat stomach, and beautifully shaped legs. I wanted to grow up to be just like Jayne.

One night I was out looking for my kitten. I was near Jayne's house, looking behind some bushes up near the house, when I noticed they covered the window of her ground recreation room. Looking inside I could see Jayne and her boyfriend. They were necking and I got excited watching them. Then after a bit he put his hand on her boob and I was so innocent (I hadn't even been properly kissed) I got scared and ran away. Later that night I felt all tingly, and I know now that I was turned on but was too young to understand it then.

I had to wait a couple of nights before I could see them again. I waited and watched as he put his hand up inside Jayne's blouse. I wished I could feel that happening to me! As he started unbuttoning her blouse, I could hardly wait to see her big boobs. The sight of Jayne's boobs is one I can still recall today. So big and full, with the whole areola of the nipples erect, not just the tips. Soon he had his hand down her pants and I saw her lift her hips so he could slide them off her. Her pussy was lightly covered with hair and the light gleamed on her wetness. I could hardly wait to see him, although I didn't know what to expect. When he was naked he looked so large I was afraid he would never get it in her, but he did. The sight of his cock sliding into her pussy is one of my favorite memories.

I learned later that he wasn't a very good lover. He came quite quickly and then went home. After a couple of weeks she had a new boyfriend. The first night with him was much the same for a while but then he went much further. He sucked on her nipples and finger-screwed her, and it was from him that I learned how to masturbate. He also licked her quim and I could hear her moan in ecstasy. But the

"Let's stow away for a night or two."

"What a Sterling idea."

CC1009/82 BH1290L/PE mojo

thing my husband is happy I learned came next. He told Jayne to touch his cock, and with his encouragement she got close to it. She wasn't sure but he told her to lick it. Then he told her to put the tip of it in her mouth and jerk the shaft with her hand. It was really something when he came, because I thought her eyes would pop out with surprise. His come slid out of the side of her mouth and down her cheeks. From that night on Jayne sucked him off every night, and after a couple of weeks she became damned good at it.

The next night I learned something new. After doing all the things they usually did, he talked Jayne into trying titty-screwing. He kneeled over her chest and she wrapped her big boobs around his cock. He held the back of her head up so she could see his cock slipping in between her boobs. When he finally came, I saw his spray of white jism hit Jayne in the face, and she opened her mouth to try to catch his spunk.

The final night came at the end of the summer. I think it took Jayne by surprise. Jayne, her boyfriend, and his best friend were in the rec room when her boyfriend started playing out with her as usual. Then the friend leaned over and began to rub her arse through her jeans. She got a bit scared but was real high on grass. Soon they calmed her down and stripped her, and the two of them sucked her nipples and fingered her. Then she leaned over and began sucking her boyfriend's cock. The other guy lifted her hips up and mounted her from behind, so as she sucked she was also being screwed. Then they changed places. Finally, with her boyfriend in her pussy the other guy stuck his cock up her arse, and she really looked like she was in heaven.

Because I saw all of this, I have always had a very liberal attitude about sex and always liked hard-core pornography. I quickly tried most of what Jayne taught me when I started having sex, but it was only around a month ago that I tried making it with two guys at once (we decided to try it when my husband caught me masturbating and I told him that I always masturbated to the memory of what I saw Jayne doing).

Now I think I am ready to leave Jayne's good teachings behind, so to speak, and try something new. My husband thinks the only thing I have left to do is try licking another woman's pussy and tits, and I agree, and we are now looking around for a likely lady. I won't be satisfied with anyone who doesn't look just exactly like Jayne, and I get so wet just thinking about it. — *Name and address withheld*

On the lookout

I am a lover of pussy and love to eat and suck a hot wet pussy for hours on end. I have even inserted an ad in a magazine, inviting women to call me for such a service at no charge.

Most of the responses came from, believe it or not, the husbands, who liked to watch their wives being eaten and enjoying themselves. The difference is that even though these women say they have enjoyed my oral ministrations, it is a one-time thing with them.

One instance I recall was on a Saturday evening when the phone rang and this sexy woman's voice with a French accent asked if I was free for the evening. Could I come over to the motel where she was staying for some pussy-licking? She said she was 45 years old and was that all right? Being at the time 51 myself, of course I said okay and made a date for 9pm.

At the appointed time, I arrived at her motel door and knocked, and she let me in. She was wearing a red velvet dress-robe slit up the side, high on her hips, and I could see some very beautiful leg. After some wine, she asked if I was ready. When I said yes, she then called out and her husband came out of the bathroom. She asked if that was okay, which it was. She sat on the bed, drew up her dress-robe, and lay back, exposing a most beautiful and wet pussy to my gaze and hungry mouth. Without further ado, I proceeded to take off my clothes and then proceeded to do what I like best. Suck pussy! I sucked her pussy for about a half-hour, during which time she was constantly moaning and coming.

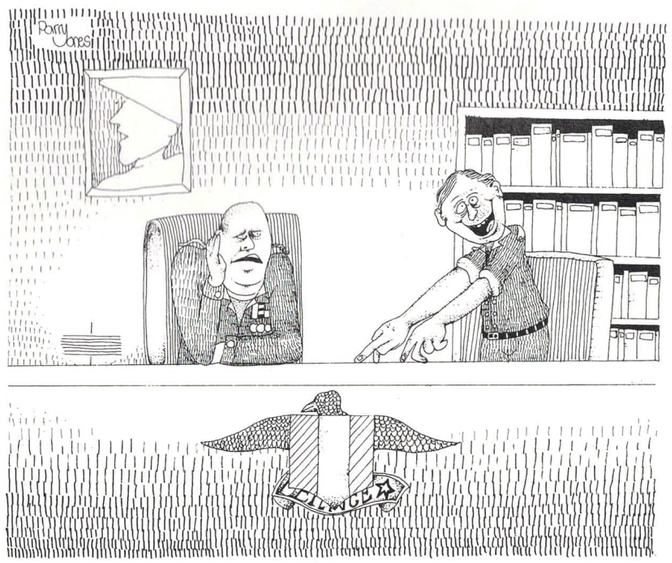
When she was satiated, she insisted that she suck my hard, aching cock to relieve it of its juices, which she said is a big thing with her.

A week later, she called me again for a repeat performance, except that this time her husband joined in after a round of pussy-sucking, at which time we both screwed her at the same time. I was on the bottom with my cock in her snatch and he took her rear on top. She loved it and she climaxed almost immediately.

I am looking for a woman who dearly loves to be sucked and eaten as a companion or lover, etc, as I am at present not married. I'll keep looking, however, for all the pussy that I can suck. Some think 52 is over the hill. Believe me, I think I can suck better than the younger ones, because my heart (or I should say tongue) is really in it. — *Name and address withheld*

Disguising his feelings

One night my boyfriend and I were sitting around and he told me he had a surprise for me. But before I could get my surprise, he wanted to smoke a few joints. After we were stoned, he told me to go to the bedroom and wait for him and to be wearing only a short, red silk kimono of mine and a pair of high-heeled silver shoes.



"For God's sake Johnson, would you stop that pathetic little arms race joke?"

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Feeling curious, I went to the bedroom and switched on the pair of hanging red globe lights. The soft red glow illuminated the red silk bedspread and dark panelling in the mirrored wall. Satisfied with the effect, I lay back and waited for him.

After 15 minutes I started to read some *Penthouse,* my pussy getting wetter the more I read.

Finally the door opened and my boyfriend came in in a long fur coat, his face done up with makeup like a girl's but with a little exaggeration. He did a circle in front of me and slowly took off the fur coat. My eyes widened in astonishment. He had on a black lace bra (stuffed), a black scarf around his neck, a black lace garter belt holding up black stockings, high heels, and a gold chain around his waist. He looked a little scary, something like Frankenfurter out of the *Rocky Horror Picture Show.*

He smiled and I tried to, but I didn't quite accomplish it. I was pretty nervous, but I could feel my pussy getting hotter. He ran his hands up and down his "tits" and over his concealed cock. He came toward me on the bed, leaned over, and started kissing me on the face and lips. I could smell his perfume. A shudder ran down to my box.

I started kissing him back and brought my hands up to his face and neck. I ran them around, slowly moving them to caress his "breasts." He was doing the same thing to me. We were mimicking each other's movements and it felt pretty erotic. He told me to lie back on the bed and he started kissing my neck and shoulders. Slowly he licked the tops of my breasts. I was starting to squirm now. It was getting hot down in my pussy. I could feel his tongue moving down along the sides of my boobs, and then across for a quick flick at my nipples. But he disappointed me and instead of wrapping his lips around them he moved his tongue on downward.

I lay perfectly still, anticipating his warm lips on my now steaming pussy. He knew what I wanted but he wasn't going to give it to me yet. He ran his fingers up and down my slit, making me squirm all the harder. I began rubbing my bottom against the bedspread. His cock was standing straight up and was rock hard. I could see the head of it above his black panties. I wanted to suck on it but he teased me, making me wait.

Then I could feel him at my feet. I could feel his teeth nibbling on my toes. He wrapped his warm, soft lips around my toes, moving them back and forth gently. When I felt him begin to suck on my toes, it was like he was sucking on my pussy. Then he began running his tongue along the bottom of my soles. His tongue pressed between the silver shoes and my feet.

I couldn't take much more of this. I wanted to come so badly. I began begging him to lick my pussy, my bum, to screw me, to do anything. I just wanted to come.

He decided to show a little mercy and he ran his tongue up my slit. I spread my legs wider, trying to get more of his tongue upwards, wanting to feel his lips sucking on my clit, which was standing out begging for attention. Still he was tormenting me, bringing me so close to the edge but not letting me come.

He turned his attention to my bum, probing inside with his tongue and fingers. He was screwing me with his fingers and tongue, making me delirious.

I began begging him to screw me from behind, calling him a bitch and a slut, and probably not making much sense.

He told me to turn over, and after giving my rear one more lubrication with his saliva he probed my opening with his cock. I was so hot and wet that I was quite relaxed and there was no pain, just the delicious feeling of being filled up. He touched bottom, then started to move in and out. His hands grabbed hold of my nipples and he pulled on them hard, the way I like it. My hand went to my clit and I rubbed it as hard as I could, knowing that it wouldn't take me long to come.

Turning my head I could see him moving in and out of me in the mirror. His strokes were getting harder and he was pounding me. Then I could feel him starting to come, shooting his juice up deep inside me. This, along with the sight of him in his black stockings and garters, was more than I could stand and finally I was coming, screaming nonsense and thrashing about underneath him. He held me close, his cock still hard.

Slowly the contractions subsided and he withdrew from me. We lay cuddled on the bed, both agreeing that this was one of the best nights ever. — *Name and address withheld*

They're reconciled

The other night, as my girlfriend and I were entertaining ourselves by leafing through some of my back issues of *Penthouse,* we came upon a letter entitled "Love of Self" in an old "Forum." Well, I nearly fell out of bed, and let me tell you why. When I was just a young boy of 17, I had an experience so similar that it blows my mind. So I just had to write to you and share it with all the other horny readers of *Penthouse.*

As a young stud, I was very fond of enjoying myself, and I especially loved finding new and crazy ways to get my rocks off. (My girlfriend calls them *balistas grandes,* and she isn't even Spanish.) Being young and flexible, I used to come up with some unusual positions. And the most outrageous of all happened one day when the rest of my family went out to the beach for the day, leaving me all alone in our big house, with nothing but my kinky imagination to keep myself busy.

Well, the first thing I did was to roll up a big, fat doob and get nice and high. Then, I pulled out my collection of *Penthouse* and cooked up a nice, plump Hutton's Footy Frank. After taking a glance at a few of the killer babes you guys expose for us every month, my rod was well on its way. I'm proud of this beast between my legs, and especially so when he starts to stiffen up. (My girlfriend calls him *Eeyow-ah,* and she isn't even Jewish!) So, I immediately stripped down for action, and started stroking The Duke (that's what I call him and I don't even like cowboy movies), stroking him nice and easy, feeling every swollen centimetre as it jumped into action. Then I started fantasising about one of the *Penthouse* girls, decked out in nasty-looking leathers, strapping on a dildo as big as my own tool, getting ready to ream my sweet

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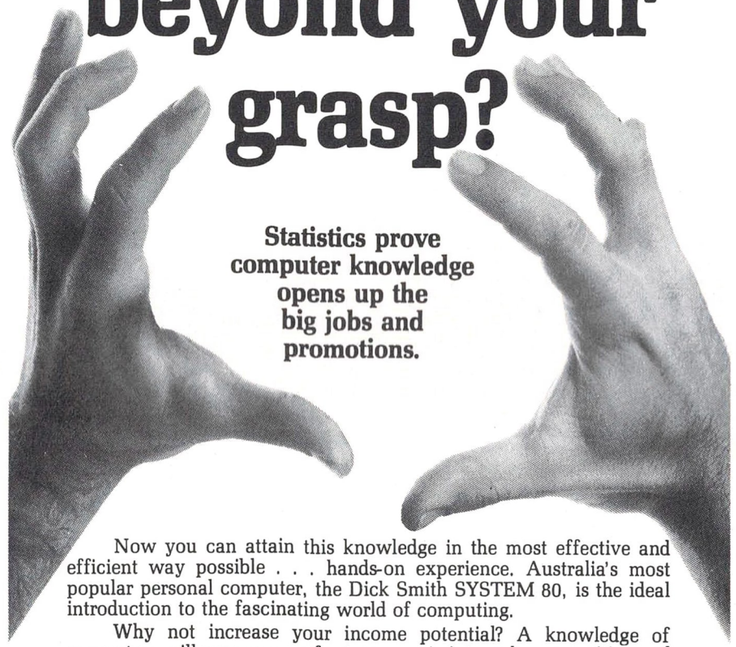

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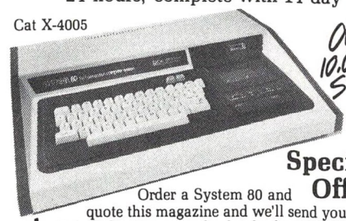

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young body out, and the very thought of it practically made me come right on the spot. But I like to build it up nice and slow, 'cause that way the sensations just get better and better. So, I held my load in, and as things turned out, I'm glad I did.

Anyway, there I was, lying on my back, with my legs waving away in the air, pumping at my pulsing cock, with my mind absorbed totally in this picture of a hot young bitch ravaging me with her mean-looking dildo, showing me no mercy. So I grabbed the hot dog and started to work it up my well-oiled hole. Oh, God! It felt absolutely awesome. I was crying out loud, "You goddamned little vixen, screw me good!" And I started rocking back and forth, beating my meat all the time. All of a sudden, I rocked so hard that I rolled all the way over on to my head and shoulders, and when I opened my eyes, my throbbing cock was dangling right in front of my mouth! I couldn't believe it! So, being the creative little pervert that I am, I parted my lips and started to lick at the distended purple head of my marvellous screwing-stick for all it was worth.

I guess it must have been the smoke, I don't know, but whatever it was, my body was all kind of loose that day, and as I licked my cock harder and harder, it went deeper and deeper into my hungry mouth, until I could actually feel it in my throat. Man, this was ecstasy, sucking my own cock, and tickling myself silly with a Footy Frank. I couldn't even think straight anymore, but who gives a shit? I mean, I was totally out of it.

Then suddenly, before I knew what was happening, the front door swung open, and there were my parents, slack-jawed and pop-eyed, staring right at me. They'd come back early! I couldn't believe it. It startled me so bad I couldn't move. My father took one look at me on the floor and flew into a rage. He whipped his belt out of his pants and started yelling, "You damn pervert! No son of mine is going to suck his own cock like that while he's in my house! I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget!" Well, I'm a little masochistic, as you might have guessed, and at the time I was absolutely out of control, and all I could do was yell back, "Go ahead, go on. Beat me! Beat me!" I didn't have to tell him twice. As my dad strapped my poor helpless arse, I looked over at my mother. She had pulled her skirt up around her waist, and had her left hand thrust down into the front of her sexy red panties, and she was madly plucking away at her sweet little love bucket, while her other hand was reaching around behind herself, whacking away at her rear end. She was leaning against the wall, her knees were shaking, and she was sobbing and moaning so badly I couldn't understand a thing she was saying. By this time, my father, who had a heart condition anyway, had worked himself into such a tizzy that he had fallen to his knees, on the floor, clutching his chest violently with both hands, and was staring blankly at the ceiling. Meanwhile, Charlton, our pet bulldog, had sniffed the frankfurt and he had jumped up on top of me trying to lick the damn thing out with his long, wet tongue. By this time, I was jerking away at Eeyow-ah (The Duke) like mad, with both hands pumping like pistons, and licking and sucking my purple majesty with a greedy, gulping mouth.

It was all too much. I just couldn't help it anymore, and my balls exploded, shooting globs of hot come everywhere — in my mouth, on my face, all over the rug, just everywhere. I felt like I was drowning in an ocean of my own sperm! It was so intense it was like convulsions, and it seemed to go on forever, until finally I sank into darkness, babbling like an idiot, but grateful for the release.

The amazing thing about this incident, though, is that it actually brought us all closer together. I mean, we've never been able to recapture the innocence and spontaneity of that first time, but now we realise that no-one gets it on like family can. My girlfriend (I call her Mum) totally agrees, and she joins me and Dad (he's still convalescing from his stroke, but he shakes his head "yes") in expressing our belief that the family that makes it together is stuck together. We figure you folks could relate.

P.S. Please don't publish my address. I don't want no letters from no perverts. — *Name and address withheld*

"The plaintiff is the guy who makes the accusation, and the defendant is the one whom he accuses . . . got it?"

A new understanding

I live in a fairly liberated area of Sydney and last month I had an experience I'm sure many of your readers would be interested to hear about. I had gone to a party at the flat of a friend of mine and had proceeded to get quite high. (Perhaps I should say that I am of average height, and have a good figure and long brown hair.) The flat was rented by Leo and his new flatmate, Al. It was divided into two halves, each with its own living room and two small bedrooms. Leo and Al shared a kitchen between them. Late in the evening I needed to use the facilities, but Leo's bathroom was occupied, so I went through the kitchen into Al's half of the place.

The light was on in the living room and I walked back along the hallway trying to locate his bathroom. As I passed one of the bedrooms, I saw in the light from the hallway someone stretched out on a bed. At first I couldn't see whether it was a man or a woman, but when I looked more closely I saw that it was very definitely a man. He was lying on his back, with one arm somewhat draped off the side of the bed, and he appeared to be in a deep sleep. I couldn't believe what I saw. He was wearing one of the sexiest and most feminine nightgowns I had ever seen. What's more, he looked like he was also wearing a bra and stockings.

As I peered in amazement through the open doorway, I realised it was Al. I stepped quietly into the room and stood for a moment just staring at the way the nylon was sort of bunched up around his waist, revealing a black garter belt and dark stockings. I had seen him drinking at the party earlier, and I was pretty sure he was out cold, so I tiptoed over to where a sliding closet door had been left open and received my second shock. Hanging in the closet was the most fantastic collection of lingerie I had ever seen. He must have had a hundred nightgowns! Then I saw to the right of the closet door an open bureau drawer overflowing with panties and brassieres. It occurred to me that he probably left doors and drawers open because he liked to see what was inside. I had heard about men who liked to wear women's underwear, but he had taken it to an extreme, and I was really fascinated by it.

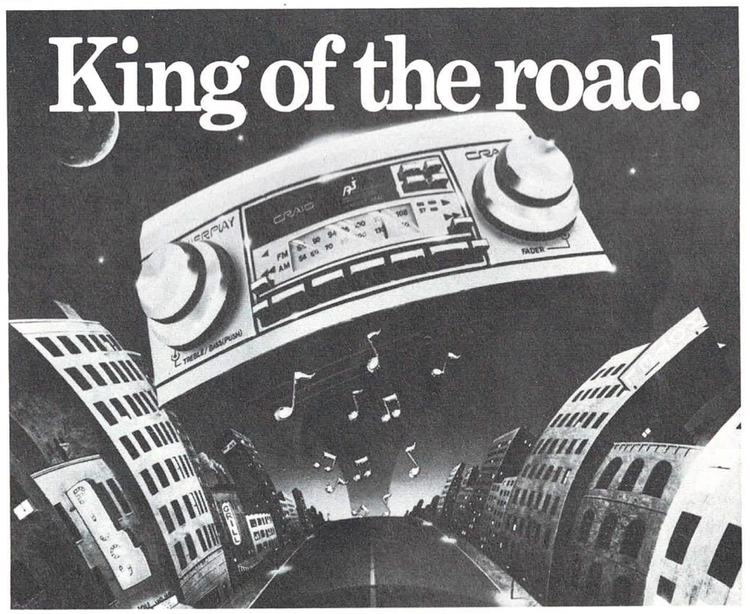
I must have stood there for 15 minutes, rooted to the spot, just looking at his nylon-clad figure. I didn't understand it then, and I don't understand it now, but I found that I was getting turned on by the sight. I was having the wildest fantasies about rubbing his obviously erect penis through the nylon. Like I said, I was pretty high. Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore, so I slowly took off my clothes, except for my bra and panties, which I left on deliberately, and crept over to the bed. Listening to the steady rhythm of his breathing, I gently lifted the nightgown up and took his large, smooth dick into my eager mouth. I began moving back and forth, back and forth, savoring the delicious taste and wonderful feeling of that warm, hard rod gliding over my tongue and slipping down into the back of my throat. I gradually increased the tempo and started little flicking movements with my tongue, then I sucked hard on the tip, and at the same time gently squeezed his warm balls with the nightgown. I felt a shuddering in his body and I knew he was about ready to come, so I sucked him hard and fast, and he came into my mouth and over my lips. I swallowed it all and licked his still-hard cock clean.

As I pulled the nightgown back I happened to look up at him and saw with a start that his eyes were open and he was watching me. I sheepishly said hello and told him that I hoped he didn't mind what I had done. I felt like I had invaded his privacy. He told me that he hadn't minded at all and that having a woman be attracted to him while he was wearing lingerie was something that he had always fantasised about. I considered it for about two seconds and decided that I had come to the party by myself, so I stayed with him, and we lay for hours together and he told me about himself.

As a child he had seen his sisters and mother wearing nylon underwear and nightclothes, and he had felt left out. His sisters felt sorry for him, and without their parents knowing, they often gave him something made of nylon to wear at night. The good feeling that he had gotten in his penis from the nylon material rapidly became connected with sexuality and he began masturbating while wearing a pair of panties. Then for a secret birthday present his sisters gave him a slip. He soon realised that to make it look right, he needed to wear a bra, so he did. One thing had led to another, and his fetish for lingerie had grown to occupy his entire sex life.

During this whole time I had kept mostly quiet, but then I took his hand and let him feel my bra and panties. He put his face down and smelled them. I could see he was getting turned on. Leaning up in the bed, he took off the nightgown. He had on a really lovely black lace bra and a black garter belt holding up his seamless stockings. I took off my panties and handed them to him. He put them on in a hurry and his prick bulged against the silky material. He pushed me back on the bed and proceeded to eat my pussy like never before.

I let him keep the panties. I haven't been back there since then, but I plan to return, and this time I'll really be prepared. — *Name and address withheld.*



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In ancient times distilling wine was the domain of a very restricted group of people, and the production of alcohol a closely guarded secret.

Between the 11th and 14th centuries the art of distilling alcohol from wine progressed slowly. The final product — spirit with a low alcohol content — was used as an expensive and infallible medicine for all types of ailments, and by the 15th century was being more widely used simply as a beverage.

It was at this time that the purely Polish word "vodka", diminutive of water (woda) originates.

The beverage grew in popularity more rapidly after the 16th century, when a method was devised to derive it from grain, chiefly rye. Rye vodka, the most widely produced brand in those times, was known as "okowita" (aqua vitae).

In 1546, under a statute decreed by King Jan Olbracht, every inhabitant of Poland was free to produce and sell liquors. Then, under a law enacted in 1572 the Polish gentry secured the so-called "propinatory privilege" implying three exclusive rights: to produce liquors, to sell them, and to force the peasantry to drink in the squire's inn. The trade in vodka then became one of the major sources of revenue for the squirearchy and the Crown.

In addition to tariffs, there was a special "tap tax", passed by the Parliament in the 17th century as a 10% tax on production and sale of vodka, beer and mead.

Rapid growth of an industry

How widespread the distilling of vodka became is indicated by notes in contemporary diaries. In 1595, the Reverend Hieronim Prowodowski wrote severely, "Breweries and distilleries have sprung everywhere, and have decocted not only grain but also whole villages and towns."

Because primitive apparatus made derivation of neat spirit impossible, the vodka very strongly smacked of the raw material from which it was obtained. Hence, to improve its taste, and suppress the unpleasant taste of crude alcohol, distillers added aromatic oils, spices and herbs, and honey as a sweetener.

And because the distilling of vodka was very remunerative, the distilleries expanded despite wars and destruction of the period.

Liquors produced in Poland were frequently the subject of comment by visitors to the country. In 1568, Fulvius Ruggieri, described in letters to Rome the details of production of excellent vodka.

Galeario Marescotti, describing the life and manners of the Polish Royal Court in the late 17th century, noted "they drink a great deal of beer, mead and vodka".

Obviously Polish vodka made an impression on international tourists and diplomats. Part of the reason may be ascribed to proverbial Polish hospitality, which made it a point of honour for a host to entertain his guests with as much cordial welcome, food and drink as possible. Home-made vodka would undoubtedly have occupied a place of honour on the table.

Such traditional hospitality contributed to competition among distillers, and resulted in a great diversification of vodka brands. All of them were — and indeed, are — famous for their fine quality, and are praised by gourmets throughout the world.

The industry expanded most quickly in the 19th century, when more vodka and liqueur companies were founded. Technical improvements followed, with improved apparatus, the application of steam in the rectification processes, and steam engines in the distilleries. New raw materials were also used, including potatoes and beet treacle. This in turn brought new and more efficient technological processes.

The present-day spirits industry has thus been built on age-old traditions and experiences. The supreme quality of Polish vodka is thus based on continuing experiment and knowledge.

Following the first World War, the State Spirits Monopoly was established, supervising production based on perfecting those traditional technological methods in production of spirits and vodka.

After the conclusion of World War II, the State Spirits Monopoly was re-established and the industry reconstructed after the damages of war. Production was modernised and concentrated, yielding highest quality products.

The quality is recognised not only by the numerous medals won in international exhibitions, but also by the much-quoted saying of Pablo Picasso: "the three most astonishing things in the past half-century were the blues, cubism and Polish vodka".

Today's Polish vodka, spirits and liqueurs are exported under the trademark Polmos, which guarantees the standard of excellence of the beverages.

WÓDKA WYBOROWA

distributed by **Burns Philp**

POLISH CLOVER

Ingredients
45ml Wyborowa Vodka
30ml Baileys Irish Cream
Dash of Creme De Menthe
Method
1. *Shake over ice and strain.*

YELLOW ROCK ROAD

Ingredients
30ml Wyborowa Vodka
20ml Creme De Cacao (White)
15ml Roncoco
60ml Pineapple Juice
Method
1. *Pour all ingredients over ice.*
2. *Top with pineapple juice.*

PARISIANNE SCREWDRIVER

Ingredients
30ml Wyborowa Vodka
30ml Cointreu
15ml Lime Juice
Top with Orange Juice
Method
1. *Shake with ice.*
2. *Strain in glass and top with orange juice.*
3. *Garnish small lime wedge and orange spiral and lime spiral.*

Cocktails created by Cocktail Bar Tenders Hilton International, Sydney Airport, Arncliffe N.S.W.

AB 1927/82 BP 1146

"I've had several wonderful screws with men half my age. I enjoy their stamina and their open-mindedness. They are also extremely eager to please"

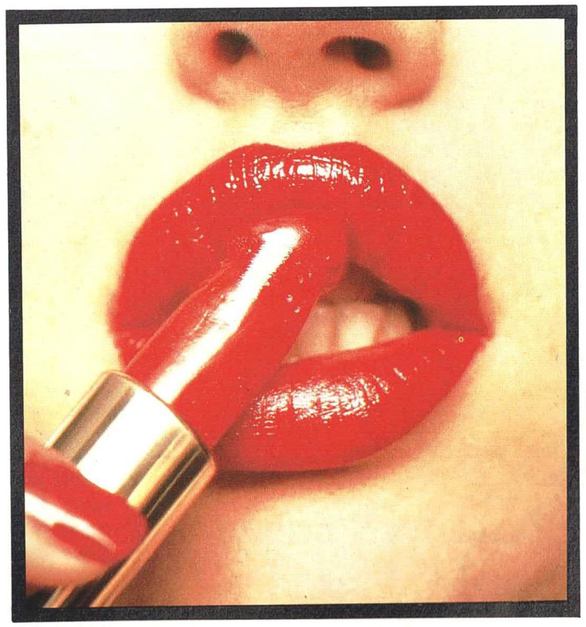
XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Lipstick has been my fetish as long as I can remember. A woman could have a perfectly made-up face but if she isn't wearing any lipstick the rest doesn't matter. It's a bright, shiny pair of red lips that sets off the whole face. I travel a lot for work, and nothing turns me on faster when I'm driving than the thought of stopping at a red light beside a beautiful girl who is busy staring in the mirror and carefully applying a bright, creamy shade of red.

Once, at a favorite club of mine, I was wandering around through the crowd and noticed a very cute girl sitting at a table with three other girls. She was dressed in silver pants, a black lacy top, and high, black spiked heels. As I walked by I noticed her fumbling through her purse and saw her pull out a little silver tube that could only be one thing. I positioned myself behind her so as to get a good glimpse of her applying it. She used one of those lighted mirrors, so I really got a good view of her applying a dark shade of red to her full, pouty lips.

But that wasn't the end of the show, because she took out another tube of roll-on gloss and generously rolled on a slick coat of shine. Her lips looked so perfect that I thought I would come in my tight jeans. I kept my eye on that table all night long until all four girls got up to dance. I casually walked by and picked up her empty glass and took it to the men's room with me. I sat down on the toilet and concentrated on the crimson ring on the glass. I jerked off as I fantasised about her kissing me and sucking my cock with those perfect lips of hers. Just as I was about to come I licked the rim of the glass with my lips and tongue. The creamy feel and strawberry taste were too much for me to handle, and I blew my hot load into the toilet bowl.



I have my own personal stash of lipsticks and glosses, some of which I keep at home and some hidden in the car. If I'm travelling alone at night, sometimes I will put on one of my favorite shades while I drive and smoke a cigarette or drink a beer. You see, I even love the sight of a lipstick mark on a beer can or cigarette butt. Although I'm not gay or bisexual at all, the smell and creamy feel of lipstick on my own lips is a real turn-on. I usually last only a few minutes like this before I shoot my wad into my handkerchief or pants.

Fortunately, my wife knows and approves of this fetish and is always ready to please me. Often when we go shopping, she will deliberately stop at the makeup counter at a department store to try on a new shade for me. Usually I get so hot that I can't even make it home and she winds up blowing me or jacking me off on the way.

One day, shortly after we were married, my wife met me at the door as I came home from work. She was wearing only a black nightie, black seamed stockings, a garter belt, and shiny, black spiked high heels. Her shoulder-length hair was perfectly set and was pulled back on one side behind the ear. You could get a good side view of her face. She used a purplish blush, light-blue eye shadow, dark mascara, and a shiny, dark shade of lipstick that made my heart start pumping faster. She looked like a hooker as she put her face right up to mine and said in a real sexy voice, "Like the shade? I bought it today just for you." With that, she undid my pants, pulled out my cock, and started to fondle it. She then ordered me to take off all my clothes and lie on the couch. After I did this she started licking and teasing my now fully erect cock with those full, red, shiny lips of hers. She expertly licked up and down the underside and all around the head before finally engulf-

XAVIERA

ing it. I thought I was in heaven as I watched my cock disappear into her mouth. She could fit only half of it into her mouth but used her hands to handle the rest. I grabbed her head and started to screw her in the mouth as I concentrated on her hands and the long, red fingernails stroking my dick and her beautiful mouth smearing that red lipstick all over the head and shaft. I shot a load bigger than ever and could not believe that she swallowed it all.

After that she came up and kissed me full on the lips, smearing what was left of her lipstick all over my lips. We spent the rest of that night (and many others) in bed in what turned out to be one of the most memorable nights of our marriage.

My question to you is, do you think this type of fetish is harmful? Sometimes this drive is so strong it's all I can do to stop myself from running up and kissing a complete stranger who is wearing lipstick. How do you think I developed a desire such as this? What other fetishes can you enjoy at shopping malls, while driving, at parties, at work, or anywhere? — R.D.

You have nothing to worry about, especially since your wife fully participates in your lipstick fantasies. To a lesser degree, most men are lipstick fetishists, otherwise the business of lipsticks and nail-polish manufacturing wouldn't be booming the way it is. It's lucky you are not into bald women, as they are much harder to find than women blessed with a great set of lips. My own man, for instance, once complimented me on how well I looked when I thought I looked rather plain. He prefers an almost totally un-made-up face — just a bit of mascara and a natural suntan. I, however, as well as millions of other women, find it a kind of a turn-on to put on that make-up and see what reaction I get when I have finished doing my face.

WHEN PASSION DIES . . .

I am a 20-year-old female. My husband and I have been married for almost two years, but have been having sex for almost four years. My husband used to tell me how beautiful I was all the time. But after six months of marriage I became pregnant, and after that our sex life went downhill.

Now I have stretch marks on my outer and inner thighs and a few on my bum. I try to get as much sun as possible and stand in front of a sunlamp when I can, but it doesn't seem to help. I used to wear a bikini and I want to now, but I can't because of the stretch marks. I love my husband and I want to keep him happy. But when I tell him that I want him, he says that it is too much trouble and that he definitely won't eat me.

My main question is, What can I do to get back into a bikini and get my husband back in bed again, in love with me and my body? — H.W.

If you really think he loves you, and if you can afford plastic surgery, go to a good plastic surgeon. Stretch marks can be removed and breasts can be either lifted or enlarged. Exercises can be done afterward to get the rest of your body in shape. At you tender age of 20, your body should still be in reasonable shape. The above operations should be done when you have decided to stop having children.

You should also try to make your husband realise that it is not just your child that caused those stretch marks, but also his child. He should be more reasonable than to drop you like a hot potato.

GREEK FREAK

For the past couple of years, a handsome young Greek has lived next door. I watched him on weekends when he was in the yard and admired his tall, Adonis-like body. We often talked about his experiences when we passed each other on the street. There was always a sparkle of warmth between us. Today, he moved away to another part of the country. Just after my husband left for work I heard a soft knock on the door. It was him.

"You're leaving," I said, walking right into his arms. "And I won't be able to watch you out in the yard every weekend." "Yes," he said, and held me, "and I've been going crazy for a year wanting to hold you like this."

He began kissing me, open-mouthed — my ears, my eyes, my neck. So much taller, he was pulling me off the floor so I could look into those gorgeous blue eyes, crowned by long, dark wavy hair. As he pulled me up on his body, I felt the penis firm in his jeans. Next, he dropped to his knees, removed my blouse and bra without preliminaries — just his broken words about my beauty, my home, his desire, with his mouth upon my breasts.

We were in the bedroom and his penis was strong. How often does a 50-year-old woman have a 32-year-old Greek Adonis at her feet, or pussy? He was removing my clothes with my help. The dark hair was thick upon his belly. He was an open-eyed lover. My breasts welcomed his mouth and I helped him insert that fantastic prick. He came much too soon and then he was gone, after explaining that his friend was waiting out in the car and the trailer was loaded with his furniture. — F.L.

Many men find women who are several years older very provocative. Maybe they think they are more experienced in sexual matters. Who knows? I've had several wonderful screws with men half my age. I enjoy their stamina and their open-mindedness. They are also extremely eager to please.

"The following programs will not be seen tonight."

For over a thousand years the people of Alsace have been making Traminer Riesling remarkably like ours.

Now we're not suggesting that the good people of Alsace have in any way stolen our idea.

We do, however, suggest that Oliver de Serres' idea that "the essence of wine lies in the grape" is correct.

And that our Traminer and Riesling grapes produce wine every bit as delicate and heady as those of Alsace. McWILLIAM'S

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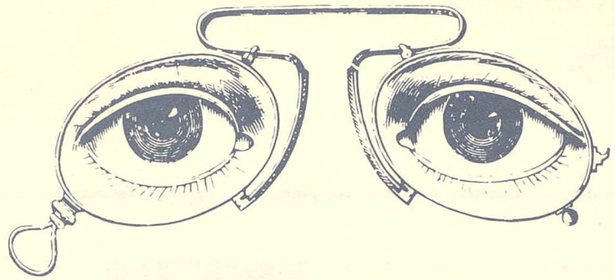


VIEW FROM THE TOP

JUNK–FOOD JOURNALISM

BY WILLIAM ROYAL

Two people who grew up on a literary diet more substantial than Donald Duck comics, paperback best-sellers are usually something of a disappointment — like sitting down to a sumptuous meal and finding it's actually a plastic moulding from the display window of a Japanese restaurant.

But you still devour the odd best-seller, and if the bedroom and business antics of the larger-than-life leave you feeling a bit worried that although it has no substance, millions of people around the world need this stuff as a release from their boring realities, then what the hell — you can always console yourself with a large cognac and a delve into the depths of a Kafkaesque metamorphosis or Nietzchian nightmare, if you're that way inclined.

We're not talking literary elitism here, no matter that it may seem so; in fact this is just a preamble to a slightly dazed look at the latest publishing attack on the sensibilities of man, woman and beast.

If one were to work on the assumption that Penguin books are the *haute cuisine* of the paperback world and that Mayfair books are the fish and chips, where does the latest wave of cheap joke books fall? You could describe the new fashion of placing these books near the cash registers of newsagents and bookshops as EconComical Deception, where people supplement their lightweight reading diets with completely non-nutritional anthologies. It seems we have entered an era of junk-food journalism in which the main course is the non-book.

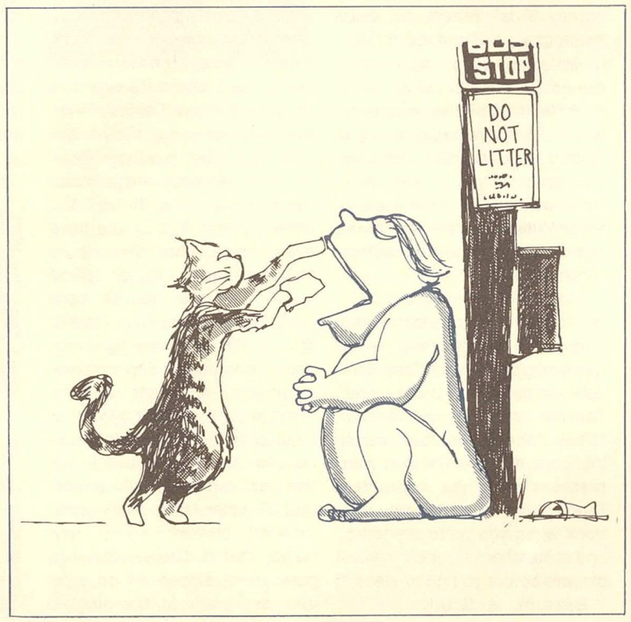
Non-books are the non-thinking man's alternative to TV — leisurely diversions with an intelligence level somewhere between that of the Sunday comic pages and the packaging of a box of chocolates. There's nothing to actually read in them; you just flick through the pages for a few chuckles and then leave them somewhere between the tub and toilet for future reference. Or send them to people you love . . . let them try to work out what kind of repressed jerk thinks there's something funny about dead cats, quiches or frogs. Almost every non-event is the subject of a non-book; and the worst part is that non-books appear to be self-perpetuating. Take cats.

It started with *The Cat's Etiquette Book* by Philip Lief, a work whose only purpose is to be an unfunny reminder that your tennis racquet needs restringing. Then there's *A Hundred and One Uses for a Dead Cat* by Simon Bond. Followed by *A Hundred and One More Uses for a Dead Cat.* They led to *Cat's Revenge — Uses For Dead People* by Philip Leif and then *Cat's Revenge II — More Uses For Dead People. The Cat's Pyjamas* by Leonore Fleischer claims to be the last word in feline trivia. Please God, let that be true. And please, stop publishers foisting on us more American follow-ons like *101 Uses For A Dead Preppie* by Kate Reed, which sets a precendent in Australia by being a non-book about a non-event. How many Australians even know what a preppie is?

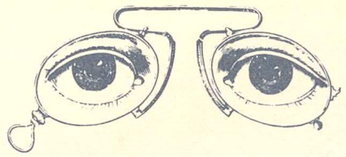
Other animal non-books must have been designed for lobotomy outpatients: *Pigs* by Sarah Bowman and Lucinda Vardey, and *Croakers,* a book of cartoons celebrating the whimsy of frogs by Don Dougherty, are simply mind-numbing.

Unfortunately, there are plenty of non-books which Australians can relate to: There's *The Official I Hate Love Book* by Skip Morrow, which is a psycho-illogical anthology of cartoons for the Jung at heart. Or there's *The Ultimate Fat Book* by Jim Erskine, which pokes fun at blimps and gluttons. In the same vein — or intestine — is *The Dieter's Guide To Weight Loss: After Sex* by Richard Smith.

The Neurotic's Handbook by Charles A. Monagan is strictly for sickos who think "okay" and "good" are four-letter words. And then there's sex covered in a particularly tacky fashion in *Tickle My Fancy And Color Me Pink,* which must be one of the few books published which completely fails to acknowledge the fact that it had an author. Although there is an oh-so-cute car-



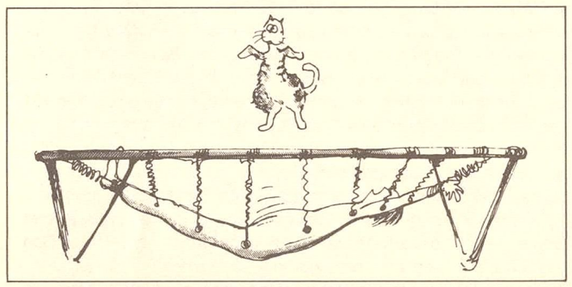
Reprinted with permission from *Cats Revenge II* published by Hodder and Stoughton Ltd (Australia).



toon of a bunch of farm animals wearing sub-editors' eyeshades.

On the lifestyle line is *The Better Living Catalog* by Philip Garner, a little ditty which presents "62 absolute necessities for contempory survival." These include the Shower In A Can — a belt which holds six cans of beer — and The Talkman, which is a tube into which you can talk or sing without being overheard. Funny, sure, and they even make some sense, which in a non-book sense adds up to non-sense . . .

The Perfect Present — The Big Family Book of Trivia by James Myers is also a classic non-book, oddly enough released just before Christmas last year. It's chock-full of gems: "There are 30 times as many people buried in the earth as there are people now living." Defies comment.



For the aural voyeur there's *Eavesdropping,* edited by Nigel Rees, which is a collection of bizarre overheard remarks. *Joke Riot,* edited by Malvina G. Vogel, is a riot in the same way that a gathering of three people in Queensland is a street march.

Some non-books strike a chord with the daily fish and chip wrappers — and we won't discuss the significance of that. One was *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche* by Bruce Feirstein and "adapted for the Australian male by Alex Buzo" — which, of course, isn't an acknowledgement of a trans-Pacific collaboration, but a quick localisation of a big-hit American non-book.

The new god of the Eighties — technology — is covered too. *Micro Phobia: How To Survive Your Computer* by Martin Honeysett not only has a nonsensical title, it takes us into the realms of computer humor with side-splitting gags like a computer screen efficiently flashing "Wipe your feet" to a stunned operator.

Live Wires, by Angus McGill with Kenneth Thomson, is another particularly shallow non-book: it's "the funniest, saddest, wittiest, most pungent, most long-winded, most famous, most historic cables ever sent."

And of course there's the eternal non-book subject, as perpetrated by women's magazines around the world — the books of cutesy kids' letters to God, Santa Claus and the tooth fairy. A particularly sickeningly sweet example is *Kidstuff With Willie* by Willie. As childlike innocence is unlikely to be exploited by a child it is reasonable to assume that Willie is not a real child; for all we know he could actually be Sir William Smithering-Rowsbotham, the publisher/pornographer/pederast.

The worst thing about non-books is that like plastic and radioactive waste, they aren't just going to go away. They are a very real product of these times. You can see it happening now: "Okay Johnny, you can watch the video if you've finished your homework on the computer. Read some words in the cat book when you go to the toilet, and remember to punch in your prayers before you go to sleep."

Beam me up, Scotty.

SOUNDS

ZEPPING OUT

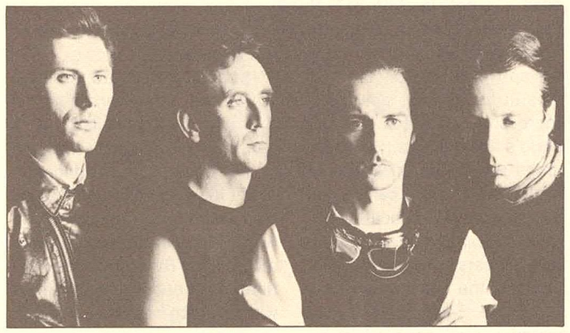
With this album I finally got the opportunity to let my ideas go," claims **Joe Camilleri.** *Cha* (Mushroom) is obviously inspired by a love of Latin beat rather than a predilection for English railway tea. It is also very much Mr Jo Jo Zep sans Falcons. Guitarist Jeff Burstin and bassist Simon Gyllies remain from that lineup but perform fairly perfunctory roles and are often held back in the mix, allowing Joe's bionic percussionist, a Linn drum computer, to hold court. Musically it hasn't turned out to be a complete one-man show, as did Iva Davies' *Primitive Man,* due to significant contributions from producer Peter Solley's keyboards and lyrical input courtesy of Paul Kelly. Comparisons with Kid Creole have been made, but the album displays much more lyrical depth than the banana boat gangster from Brooklyn. The Kid croons "I'm a wonderful thing, baby", whereas Mr Zep includes a reggae appraisal of the Aborigines' treatment by whites ("European eyes couldn't see beyond their own greed") and the Camilleri-Paul Kelly notion that "The man is just a boy actin' without thinkin'." The wry humor that K. Creole rests his case on is evidenced on side one, especially in the singles "Taxi Mary" and "You're Gonna Get It Boy". Both have Jane Clifton (recently employed as a *Prisoner* on TV) singing with a bulging cheek over the bubbling rhythms. However the main voice, or rather voices, throughout are Joe's creations. He tries to make with each song a new character, so we are presented with songs that range from the melancholic pop of "Walk On By" to the punchy Latin flavor of "T. Mary" to a salsa-boogie hybrid on "Sherrie" to "Spirit Of The Land" reggae to "Can't Decide" guitar rock and the album titling pulse of "Slave Of Love" (complete with a touch of the Kamahls). Diversity, or a confused vision? Well, it all works — ironically enough due to the consistency of the Linn's sound and the nature of Joe's voice, which is unmistakably Zep no matter what hat he is wearing.

In concert **Ultravox** have shown themselves to possess a "contemporary" feel with room for the old cliches — especially via Midge Ure's lead guitar antics. His joining the band in 1980 was the creative cattle-prod they needed when former band mentor John Fox left after a lull in collective mental activity. The subsequent album *Vienna* showed life and promise. *Rage In Eden* saw them merely rotating before the cameras for a slightly different profile. On *Quartet* (Chrysalis) the podium has creaked round a few more notches, aided and abetted by producer George Martin (remember the Beatles?) He has definitely demurked the mix but the effect is a bit like staggering into the harsh fluorescent, mirrored reality of your respective convenience midway through an evening that was going so well. The lads have come up with no new synthesiser settings and the space Martin has given them takes away any sense of menace — allowing Midge, the wee Glaswegian thug, to be heard too clearly. The near-haiku presentation of the lyric content on the sleeve, the Oklahomaesque strings (as on "Reap The Wild Wind") and words like "Give us this day all that you've showed me, the power and the glory till my kingdom comes" show them to be in an enigmatically epic mood. Visually, their clip personae of fighter pilots compounds the joke with a macho-heroic quality, without actually changing the punchline they arrived at two years ago.

Camilleri . . . letting go

Devo, those cynical commentators on our "beautiful world", made impressive appearances here last year both on stage and in the charts with their *Whip It* EP. They rightly decided that some sort of development was needed for *Oh No It's Devo* (WEA). However, enlisting the services of an upmarket producer in Roy Thomas Baker (Queen, the Cars) has done little to alter their overworked, limited songwriting premise. The rhythm section walks mechanically on to the beat of occasional drum machining and sequenced bass and keyboards. Songs of this and past albums are totally interchangeable in feel and melody, except that these tunes are poor quality paraphrases of earlier efforts. Maybe it's another cruel joke to see if people will applaud this rehash. They profess to "like new places until they're overrun" but the original niche they carved for themselves must be jam-packed with self-made clones. "Patterns multiplying redirect our view, endless variations make it all seem new", only the variations are minimal and it all seems old. The album merely serves to introduce new Devo apparel (available via Club Devo) of a polythene drip tray (worn around neck). The next item for Club Devo should be a Devo Thesaurus so everyone can write their own next Devo disc and save the spudboys the trouble.

Ultravox . . . in an enigmatically epic mood

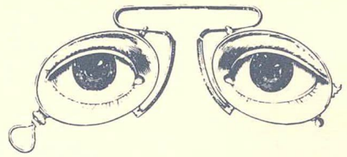


Donald Fagan was the keyboard-playing half of the Fagan-Becker duo that Steely Dan had distilled down to before they split. Now he is *The Nightfly* (WEA), "with jazz and conversation . . . late line till the sun comes through the skylight", or at least he recalls that fantasy as a young man growing up in the remote suburbs of a north-eastern (USA) city during the late Fifties and early Sixties. There are also tales of a fallout shelter assignation with a Tuesday Weld look-alike ("Let's pretend it's the real thing and stay together all night long"), breakout plans ("We'll move up to Manhattan and fill the place with friends, one day we'll wake make love but till then try to hang on Maxine") and more exotic daydreaming of escaping Cuba "Cause tonight they're arranging a small reception just for me . . . I just got the goodbye look". The jazz age is echoed in the keyboard and vocal harmonies. Guitar is tasteful — LA licks courtesy of Larry Carlton. Steely Dan used to juxtapose some strong, often cynical lyrics against pretty melodies and chord changes. Fagan on his first post-Dan disc has opted for some wistful reminiscences in a cool mood.

"Love don't come easy, it's a game of give and take" sings **Phil Collins** in his Motown tribute, the classic "You Can't Hurry Love". This piece of pop wisdom is faithfully recreated on his second solo effort *Hello, I Must Be Going* (WEA). The remaining tracks, all Collins' compositions, are more in the vein of angry love songs. Poor old Phil starts off banging his famous tom-toms and claiming "I don't care anymore, I do all right by myself" and then is incredulous of his partner's behavior ("I Cannot Believe It's True"). First love is parodied with a funny voice and the refrain "I'll hold you like china 'cause I know it's your first time." The single "Thru These Walls" approaches the mood of last year's hit "In The Air Tonight" and sees him in a teeth-gnashing, masochistic frame of mind — "I can hear through these walls, every move they make." He calms down to merely being jealously paranoid ("Don't let him steal your heart away"). Finally, as he sits doodling on the piano, he is too drunk to argue — "Why can't it wait till morning?" Last year's *Face Value* was penned in huge amounts of time after a marriage breakup. Collins is perhaps mining that same source of inspiration. Whatever, this release has a much more assured air about it. His characteristic cavernous drum sound is joined in some AOF (adult-orientated funk) by his recent constant cohorts the Phoenix Horns (from Earth, Wind and Fire).

This merry team, along with engineer Hugh Pagdham, have also been responsible for an Abba breakout. **Frida** has a new haircut and a solo album. *Something's Going On* (RCA) avoids the rich vocal textures of her previous Swedish corporation, allowing the redheaded warbler a lone voice with only occasional backup. Hers is a throat of gentle pop persuasion and this is contrasted with Collins' sense of arrangement — some full-on guitar, brooding keyboards and rhythmic explosions courtesy of drums and horns. The rich studio layerings of Abba productions are absent but Collins and Pagdham are not without their own console trickery. Although all the labels on the panel might have been in Swedish they at least found the reverb knob. The lady is also taken through a variety of feels that have never appeared in the Abba brief. However, after the title track on side two the harp

Devo . . . nothing new



and strings provide a more familiar backing for Frida until a final uptempo "Here We'll Stay" wherein Collins lives out some private fantasy — a Motown love duet with the lady herself. This is basically half of a very good album.

Speaking as an 80-pound hunchback weakling, I find **Diana Ross's** demand — "I don't care if he's young or old, just make him beautiful . . . I want muscles" — offensive. Perfectly suited for the rampant thighs of the aerobic generation, such sentiments have been predated by our own lady of the headband, **Olivia Newton-John,** in "Physical". This ditty is available again on

Frida . . . half good

Olivia's Greatest Hits Vol 3 (Interfusion) along with other songs from the albums *Physical* and *Totally Hot,* the films *Grease* and *Xanadu,* and a couple of more recent releases. Olivia is pictured on the foldout sleeve clad but prostrate in a misty-eyed near-post-coital pose. Ms Ross has opted for an Art cover courtesy of Andy Warhol — placing her in the privileged society of Campbells soup, the lone banana and a few other celebs. "I am me good or bad, I'm no carbon copy of anyone else" she sings on *Silk Electric* (Capitol) in an almost bad joke reference to the pink fleshtone of the cover art. The variety of moods (old Deep Purple riffs, disco-funk, pop pomp, reggae) and quality of playing and production don't really help what is essentially a well crafted but characterless album.

A more genuine (a) pasty-face; (b) rocker is **Joan Jett,** who has finally released her first album here, *Bad Reputation* (Liberation), recorded in 1979-80. It reeks of young energy and makes the *I Love Rock And Roll* album seem like a studio masterpiece. Included is the old Gary Glitter "Do You Wanna Touch Me?" which undoubtedly still builds up a bit of a lather on the guitar mimers in the audience.

It's the Patti and Neil show! Junk food exponent Ms **Benatar** and guitarist/producer/husband Geraldo incite us to *Get Nervous* (Chrysalis). While cover bands up and down the land are still cranking out "Hit Me With Your Best Shot", she and the boys pump out 10 more Grand Gestures with the Big Chords (guitar and vocal). Programmed menace, as she claims she needs "a little danger in my life".

Captain Sensible temporarily left the protopunk confines of his Damned associates to score a UK number one with "Happy Talk" from *South Pacific. Women and Captains First* (A & M) also has his other English hit "Wot" — proving that nation's love of all things wacky and reeking of a Watneys sing-a-long.

For Captain Competent (**Glen Shorrock**) on his first post-LRBLP, the *Villain Of The Peace* (Capitol) "is the ego . . . for you can't tell a river where to run." Eighteen years in the forefront of Oz pop (Twilights, Axiom and the aforementioned River), he can be excused for feeling like a "Rock'n Roll Soldier". Understandably West Coast.

Operating from a coast all their own, **Split Enz** have graced us with a collection of eight years of gemz on *Enz Of An Era* (Mushroom). Cherish the vinyl, ditch the cover. — *Jeremy Cook*

WORDS

BEST BAWDRY

Bawdy verse varies from the base to the brilliant. The best is a little of both. **The Best Bawdry** (Angus & Robertson, $14.95), compiled by the aptly-named Don Laycock, lives up to its title, offering an impressive collection of the world's finest dirty ditties — the songs which are sung around rugby clubs, army camps and kegs in a variety of locations.

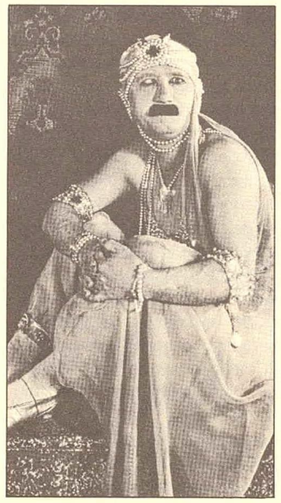
Laycock, who has spent more than 30 years collecting bawdry, includes the well-known standards like Eskimo Nell: "She spread herself on a tabletop / Where someone had left a glass / With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits / Between the cheeks of her arse," and The Good Ship Venus: "We sailed to the Canaries / To screw the local fairies / We got the syph in Tenerife / And the clap in Buenos Aires," as well as lesser-known but equally inspired songs such as The Street Of A Thousand Arseholes: "In The Street Of A Thousand Arseholes / By the sign of the swinging tit / Lived a poxy Chinese maiden / By the name of Hoo Flung Shit."

The amusement factor in most bawdy verse is usually the result of the shock tactics used by the (in most cases) anonymous author. But the genre occasionally produces some clever one-liners. Some of Laycock's examples of bawdy songs in the Australian idiom are hilarious. The Bastard From The Bush, sometimes attributed to Henry Lawson, is a little ripper, with the Bastard offering some classic ripostes to the Captain of the Push: "Ever kissed a girl? / Said the Captain of the Push / I've knocked 'em down and fucked 'em / Said the Bastard from the bush" and "Would you hit a man with glasses? / Said the Captain of the Push / I'd hit him with the bottle / Said the Bastard from the bush."

Laycock has the temerity to include a couple of his own contributions in the book, including limericks like: "A one-legged soldier named Pape / Was almost convicted or rape / He was fully acquitted / When the lady admitted / She had only to run to escape."

In certain circles, a knowledge of at least a few verses of the standard bawdy ballads is a necessity if you want to be one of the boys. If your education didn't include memorising a few classics then you could do worse than swatting up on some of *The Best Bawdry,* so the next time you're out getting shitfaced with a bunch of blokes you can join in when they burst into song.

Turpin tarted up



Homer Dickens' pictorial tribute to the screen stars who have impersonated the opposite sex, **What A Drag** (Angus & Robertson, $12.95), includes an unusual dedication on its opening page. The book is affectionately presented to Pal and the other male Collie dogs who successfully impersonated Lassie for a generation of moviegoers and television audiences. Yes folks, Lassie was a boy.

Dickens' subjects cover seven decades of film production, ranging from Charlie Chaplin in the 1915 film *A Woman,* to the celebrated Corporal Klinger from the television series *MASH.* In between he presents over 400 stills from films like the classic drag movie *Some Like It Hot,* in which Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis adopt female dress and join an all-girl band . . . then fall in love with the vocalist, who is played by Marilyn Monroe.

The actors featured in *What A Drag* include Laurel and Hardy, The Marx Brothers, Mickey Rooney, W.C. Fields, Bob Hope, Jerry Lewis, Peter Sellers, Sir Alec Guinness, Danny Kaye, Woody Allen, Cary Grant, Burt Reynolds and Jean-Paul Belmondo, to name just a few.

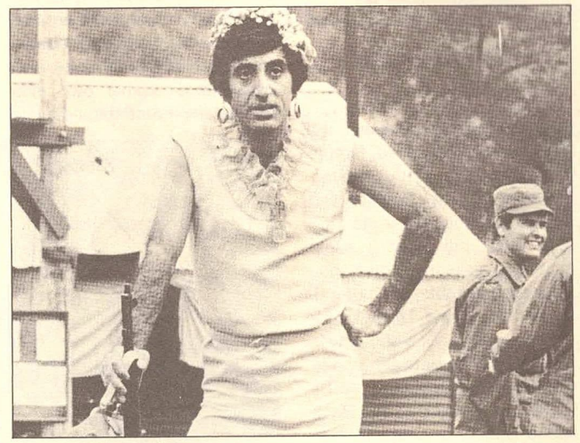
Role switching has been a popular dramatic device since the Elizabethan period, and dressing up in drag was a prominent part of music hall and vaudevillian entertainment. The tradition has carried on into film, but frequently with dubious results, if a quick flick through *What A Drag* is any indication. The point behind the production of Dickens' collection eluded this reviewer. He is unable to justify the book's existence in his introduction, saying only that "Impersonation of the opposite sex has always been a fascinating subject", and then that "The selection of black and white pictures says it all."

What the pictures do say, emphatically, is that men dressed as women are rarely a pretty sight. Dressing a star in drag usually appears to be a desperate attempt on the part of a director or scriptwriter to raise a laugh. Most people's response to this book is likely to be summed up by its title. The subjects of *What A Drag* usually look much the worse for what they wear. In feminine attire their appearance is about on par with Lassie's — they're real dogs.

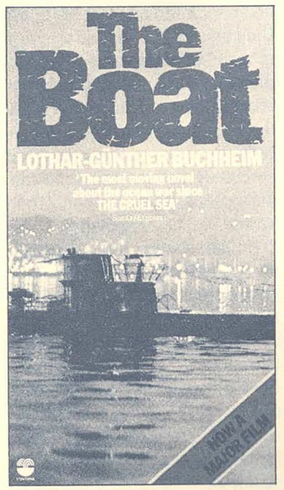
The Three Stooges . . . often in drag

The wealth of technical detail included in Lothar Gunther Buchheim's tale of a German U-boat on patrol in the Atlantic, **The Boat** (Fontana, $5.95), gives his novel an extraordinary sense of realism. Buchheim's plodding but efficient Teutonic style initially creates a sense of boredom as he spends 250 pages describing the crew's first 70 days at sea, during which they fail to sight any enemy craft. When they do make contact with a British convoy, and are finally trapped on the ocean floor as a destroyer bombards them with depth charges, the crew's sense of helpless, claustrophobic terror is brilliantly evoked, with a matter-of-fact, no-nonsense approach. *The Boat* was recently made into a film which translated the cramped, deprived and desperate lifestyle of the submariner as described by Buchheim with admirable effect. If you didn't see the movie, don't miss the book.

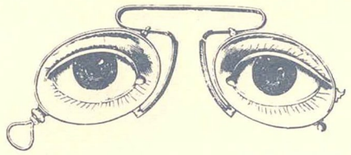
With the creation of mass murderer Francis Dolarhyde in his latest novel **The Red Dragon** (Corgi, $5.50), Thomas Harris has produced one of the most fearsome and repulsive villains ever to make it into print. Dolarhyde — a musclebound, cleft-palated psychopath — has some nasty habits, one of which is slaughtering suburban families, smashing every mirror in their homes, and then committing terrible acts with the shards of glass, while recording the mayhem on film. This tense, tightly-plotted thriller pits forensic detective Will Graham against Dolarhyde, who switches his attention to the policeman when he discovers Graham is on his case. Harris is a master of the modern horror story — he knows how to make you squirm in your seat. *The Red Dragon* is, in the true sense of the word, terrific. — *Phil Abraham*



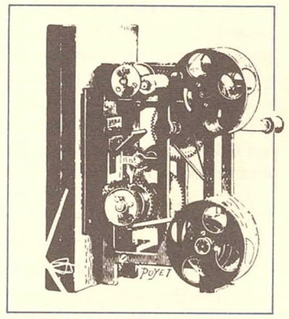
Klinger . . . MASH resident drag queen



The Boat . . . realism



FILMS



OUT OF THE BAG

Kitty And The Bagman, the latest Australian feature from the producer/director team of Tony Buckley and Donald Crombie, takes the form of a bitter pill given a sugar coating to make the subject matter more palatable to a potentially wide audience. The basis for the romp-come-slice-of-reality is the 1920s feud between underworld queens Kate Leigh and Tilly Devine, reported in The *Penthouse* History of Crime in Australia (September, 1982), and here fictionalised in an original screenplay by John Burney and Philip Cornford. The film relates the saga of Kitty O'Rourke, an innocent young English girl who, through circumstance, finds herself pitted against crime queen Big Lil Delaney in the slums of Sydney. A Faustian figure guiding Kitty in the direction he wants her take is the Bagman, a bent cop who gets more than he bargained for in trying to manipulate women manipulating what is basically a man's business — crime.

Getting down to the nitty gritty of the times, Kitty steps off a boat from England, in the company of her husband Larry O'Rourke, into what could be considered her predestined role. Waiting for O'Rourke on the docks is the Bagman. O'Rourke, a pimp who had fled Australia some time previously after getting stuck into one of his girls, is under the mistaken belief that the 200 pounds he slung the Bagman guaranteed he would have no problem returning.

"What 200 pounds?" the Bagman wants to know. He is not averse to being on the receiving end of a sling, but he will not have women being beaten.

The Bagman convinces he would use a four-inch nail for a toothpick, while Kitty is suitably subdued by a dawning awareness that her husband *is* and *has done* exactly what the Bagman accuses him of, and soon realises she is on her own in a foreign environment ruled by its

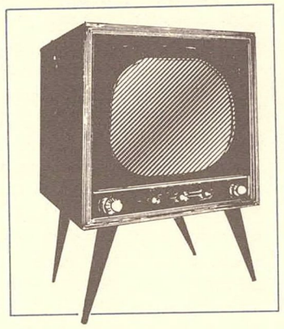
Stanton as the Bagman

self-appointed queen, Big Lil Delaney. The deception lies not in the characters or in the dramatic impetus each delivers sharply and satisfyingly with their initial appearance; it lies in each continuing the character path they set out on while the film wends its way along other paths. The violence of O'Rourke's arrest turns to laugh-along fisticuffs when the Bagman brings about a raid on Big Lil's sly grog set-up. And a raid on Kitty's lush residence when O'Rourke has been released from prison five years later — with Kitty enjoying the life to which she has become accustomed as head of an illegal casino-come-brothel — in which O'Rourke is wounded, a henchman is shot and Kitty's lover Vikkers is also wounded, is given a belly-laugh overtone more suitable to a *Carry On* film of the Sixties than one with the substance of Port Vila on Air Melanesiae. Captain Doug Baldwin, a delightful, chain-smoking Australian works for the resolution of the plot, yet its farcical treatment is out of kilter with the darkness which dominates the material. A dark-looking John Stanton is well cast. Behind him, like some upstart pretender to his crown, is Detective Constable Thomas (Danny Addcock, an actor deservedly making his presence felt in recent roles including the "Mr Asia" telemovie *Greed*). He's the Bagman's offsider, eager for his superior to make a slip.

Stanton (soon to be seen as Prime Minister Fraser in the television mini-series *The Dismissal*) takes to the bastard streak with relish, running his tongue over each word and syllable as if he were sorry there were not more where they came from. Fortunately for him and all involved, Burney and Cornford's lively screenplay dishes out a fair quota, so that from leads to secondary roles the film bulges with flashing turns. Liddy Clark's Kitty and Val Lehman's Big Lil invest the two queens with brashness and unwomanly conduct to convince they are up to their man-sized tasks, but it is Colette Mann's portrayal of the plump, brazen prostitute Doris De Salle, offsider to Kitty, which keeps Clark and Lehman on their toes. In a film rife with thievery, Colette Mann gets away with scene-stealing murder. Gerard Maguire and David Bradshaw, as two of the three men in Kitty's life, evoke the silent screen movie star slickness of villainry in tune with the period. The performance of that delightful hulk Paul Chubb, playing Kitty's gentle gunhand and bodyguard, raises the question: When will Australian actors of his obvious talent be appreciated by producers, directors and audiences alike for the potential they have to play leading roles rather than secondary? Sure, it makes marketing sense to cast good-looking, warm personalities in vehicles everyone is certain are going to "slay them at the box office", but when you're seeking value for the hefty price of a cinema ticket today, people like Paul Chubb, Colette Mann, Reg Evans (here playing Big Lil's husband Chicka Delaney), Ted Hepple (Sam, the former Bagman) and a host of other Australian character actors are giving more than they are getting in return.

Director Donald Crombie has tackled contemporary issues with *Cathy's Child* and *The Killing of Angel Street. Kitty And The Bagman* is his third feature with producer Tony Buckley concerned with an earlier period — *Caddie* and *The Irishman* preceding it. The years between *Caddie* (1976) and his latest period venture have incorporated the learning process that has come with the local industry's growth, and an attribute of that process is evident in the lively screenplay Crombie has to deal with here. However, somehow that learning has lapsed, or those in control of the creative steering just ran out of steam and settled on an unsatisfying conclusion to their work. Kitty's final gesture to Big Lil could just as well have been aimed at an audience expecting too much of a good thing. — *Denis Whitburn*

TV



MAD MAL I

The team which brought *Mad Max* to the screen is back with another action-packed adventure — **The Dismissal** — the dramatisation for television of the most sensational period in Australian political history: the events leading up to the dismissal of Prime Minister Gough Whitlam by his Governor-General, Sir John Kerr, in November 1975.

Producer Terry Hayes has brought the Kennedy/Miller stable's sophisticated film techniques to television, creating a melodramatic political soap opera which beats *Sons And Daughters* and *Days Of Our Lives* hands down for sensation, subterfuge and surprise. Described by its producers as a six-hour movie in two parts, *The Dismissal* is due to be screened by the Ten network at the beginning of the first ratings period for the year, in mid-February.

The series is an uneasy blend of dramatic and documentary styles, combining a convoluted, Gothic narration, scripted by Hayes, with recreated scenes from Canberra's corridors of power. In true soapie style, Hayes presents his characters in black and white. Malcolm Fraser, played with sinister arrogance by John Stanton, makes an admirable villain, along with the rest of his Liberal and Country Party cronies, as they plot "the achievement of high office by low means", while Max Phipps' Gough Whitlam and the majority of his Labor ministers are shown in a sympathetic light as their government suffers the series of crises which led to the appointment of Fraser as caretaker Prime Minister on November 11, 1975.

Mad Mal I begins in the same style as *Mad Max II,* with a flash-back montage setting the scene . . . It's 1972 and Labor has just swept to victory in the Federal arena for the first time in 23 years under the "It's Time" banner. But chaos and crisis are imminent as the world recession, inflation and unemployment threaten the Labor Party's dreams and high ideals.

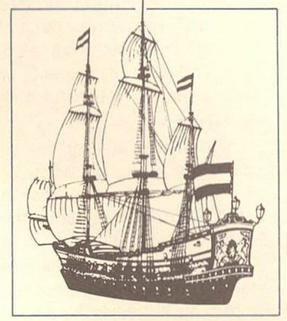
Key characters are then introduced — the nefarious Pakistani, Tirath Khemlani, central figure in the loans affair; Sir John Kerr, whose conferences with his colleagues are always accompanied by the clinking of whisky glasses; and Rex Connor, played by Bill Hunter, who should receive some sort of award for the brilliance of his portrayal of the Minister for Minerals and Energy.

Any soap opera worth its salt needs some strong romantic interest, and Hayes takes care of this department by focusing on what the daily press called the Cairns/Morosi affair. The aloof Malcolm Fraser begins the first of his power plays, making a bid to wrest the Liberal Party leadership from Billy Snedden. Labor can't control the Senate, Treasurer Cairns gets the sack, and Labor's "funny money" dealings degenerate into a farce. Hayes handles these threads with admirable efficiency, ending each episode with a cliff-hanger scene . . . Can Mal and his mates block Bill Hayden's budget? Will Jim and Junie get back together again? And is Rex going to recover from his heart attack? Tune in next week to find out.

If anyone deserves credit for the success of *The Dismissal,* it is the actors. Often they play their political roles better than the individuals they are portraying. There was a marvellous anecdote doing the rounds last year about Gough Whitlam walking up to Max Phipps, placing his hand on his shoulder and saying "Hello Gough", to which Phipps replied "Hello Max".

The switches from drama to documentary during the series do get a little confusing. But the conclusion is that politics, as represented in this simplified, sensational fashion in *The Dismissal,* is much better value that the real thing. John Stanton plays a much better Malcolm Fraser than the current Prime Minister ever could. If politics wants to get a high rating with the public, party organisers ought to think about getting rid of that bunch of pretenders down in Canberra and substituting some real actors. Then they could wheel the television cameras into Parliament House, get a few good scriptwriters on the set, turn *Mad Mal* into an endless soap opera and finally make politics really meaningful to the masses. — *Phil Abraham*

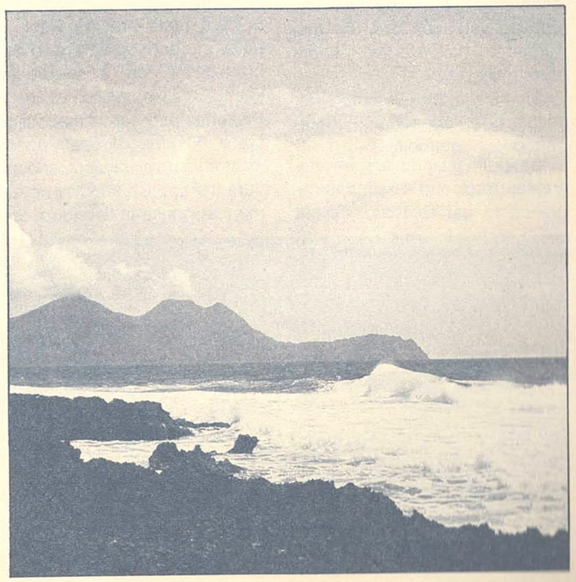
TRAVEL

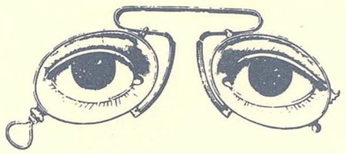


PARADISE IS NOT LOST

Oh, to escape from the busy, people-filled daily existence. That's what a holiday is about, and that's what we wanted when we sat down to plan our next sojourn: desert and tropical islands; sunny days, balmy nights, cool drinks under swaying palm trees and faces that always smiled.

The local travel agent brought out a wealth of glossy literature on package tours, group tours, tours of "excitement and adventure to strange places", Apex fares, off-season fares, shoulder





fares, transfers, five-star to no-star hotels, bungalows, cabins, options on "free travel and free days" (which means you pay and they don't organise), and a seemingly endless assortment of ways to obtain "a blissful holiday experience."

There are isolated places all around the world, but some of the best for holidays are close to Australia, dotted around the South Pacific.

If you don't want to travel with a tent, a frying pan and a pocketful of faith in human kindness, there are also quiet resorts tucked away where your meals will be cooked for you and clean sheets are provided and there's enough open space to wander virtually undisturbed.

In Fiji the island of Mololo Lai Lai offers two small resorts which are well patronised, but only about five percent of the visitors bother to walk around the eastern end of the island, where long sandy beaches, with shady palms, give the impression of having the island to yourself (and friend). Buy supplies for lunch at Dick's Place, a couple of bottles of Fiji Bitter from the bar, and once ensconced on the beach of your choice, you may only be disturbed by half a dozen people during the day.

Similarly, the Solomon Islands offer an equally unpretentious outlook.

Unspoilt islands are off the beaten track and it requires patience to get to them. Forget them for a quick turn-around holiday, because most of the time would be spent reaching them and returning.

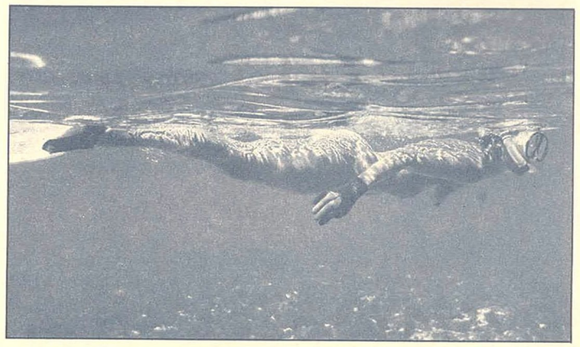
Tavanipupu Island Resort, on Tavanipupu Island, lies in the area of Marau Sound at the easterly end of the island of Guadalcanal, in the Solomon Islands is mostly covered with coconut palms (be sure to buy a bush knife) and is one of several similar islands in the Sound, sheltered from the open sea by the mainland of Guadalcanal and a circle of reefs.

Access to the island is usually by Solomon Islands Airways to Marau, via Avu Avu, followed by a short walk to the beach to board a launch which will set you down on the island of Tavanipupu.

The island has two roomy cottages built out of sight of each other, both well-equipped with divan-type beds, tables, chairs, a kero fridge, a two-ring gas stove, cutlery, crockery and a cold shower. Linen can be requested and lighting is by pressure lamps.

For information and bookings though the local agent, contact Mr H. Creighton, PO Box 175, Honiara.

Then there are the Reef Islands . . . but you'll have to risk hitch-hiking on a wandering yacht, or hiring the local Fisheries outboard runabout to cross 60 kms of open ocean (past an active volcano), and endure the English family who run the rest house (a two-room cottage on an idyllic island). You'll find a whole collection of totally unspoiled local villages, and a five-kilometre walk at low tide through reed flats, mangrove swamps and tropical jungle to reach the local marketplace (Wednesday and Saturday mornings only). And you have to hope that you will be able to arrange transport back to an airport surrounded by dense tropical jungle. Contact the Ngarando Rest House, Mohawk Bay, Reef Islands.



To organise this trip takes about three to six months, due to the irregularity of the inter-island vessels. To reach the Rest House on Pigeon Island, fly to Honiara with Air Pacific from Brisbane, then Solomon Islands Airways to Santa Cruz Island and hope there is space available at the Government Rest House at Graciosa Bay, while you try to arrange transport to the Reef Islands. Difficult, yes, but only patience, a slight knowledge of Pidgin English, a smile and eternal optimism are required.

Interesting places can also be found in Vanuatu (formerly the New Hebrides Islands), where an active volcano may be visited on the island of Tanna. Tanna lies one hour's flight time south-east of Port vila, on Air Melanesiae. Captain Doug Baldwin, a delightful, chain-smoking Australian pilot will probably be responsible for your safe landing on the downhill, grassed runway.

Most trips to Tanna are two-night stopovers, the main object being the trip to inspect Yasur volcano, which sends ash skywards every 10 minutes or so. The volcano is on the opposite side of the island to the airstrip and is worth the trip. Accommodation for longer periods is available in bungalows along the west coast. It's hard to arrange from Sydney, but okay from Vila. When you land, a few questions and once again some patience will get you what you desire. A good source of information is the Air Melanesiae office in "downtown" Vila: PO Box 72, Vila, Vanuatu.

If you want a hideaway, the best available contact is Keith Barlow, and expatriate Australian crop duster and charter pilot who operates two twin-engined Piper Comanches out of Vila. Keith is able to land at remote airstrips and has local knowledge on just what you dream of during those long boring days in the office. Keith is not a travel agent, so don't waste his time on the trivial details about travelling from your home to Vila. You can book your flight to Vila by calling Air Vanuatu (Ansett International) or your local travel agent, who will book the flight and accommodation in Vila. For information on air charter prices within Vanuatu, contact Barlow Air Safari, PO Box 730, Port Vila, Vanuatu.

You could fill a book with the hidden places and fascinating characters living in the Pacific. The few mentioned here are only a quick skim of the surface. For keen travellers willing to find islands for themselves, it only takes time, a bit of patience, very little money (it cost us $3000 for five weeks and we lived it up) and a keen desire to see exactly what a tropical paradise is like. — *Bob and Robbylee Phelan*

All fares quoted are one-way full economy fares in Australian dollars as of November 1982.

Sydney — Nadi;
Qantas $A354.00
Nadi — Mololo Lai Lai;
Fiji Air $A17.00
Sydney — Brisbane;
Ansett or TAA $A121.40
Brisbane — Honiara;
Air Pacific $A384.00
Honiara — Marau;
Solomon Is. Airlines . $A25.00
Honiara — Santa Cruz;
Solomon Is. Airlines $A152.00
Sydney — Vila;
Air Vanuatu $A321.00
Vila — Tanna;
Air Melanesiae $A49.00
Vila — Erromango;
Air Melanesiae $A33.00

Alexis Barthelay
le styliste de la montre
PARIS

SYDNEY: Denis James, Farren-Price, Perri, Diamond Traders, Musson Crows Nest, Michals Double Bay, Carina Kings Cross, Davlyn Strathfield, Diamond Den Hurstville, Gemtec Duty Free, South Pacific Duty Free. MELBOURNE: Theodores, Panache, Imp. BRISBANE: Watches International, Xennox, Robert White, McKinneys. ADELAIDE: Michaels, Burgess, Voivodich. CANBERRA: Prestige. SURFERS PARADISE: Optima. PERTH: Rosendorff. HOBART: Precision. HONIARA: Norman Bros. NOUMEA: La Rose de Corail.

In a stagnating world economy, the weapons industry is a sure-fire money spinner . . .

BUSINESS IS BOOMING

BY F.J. ROBOTHAM AND ADRIAN TAME

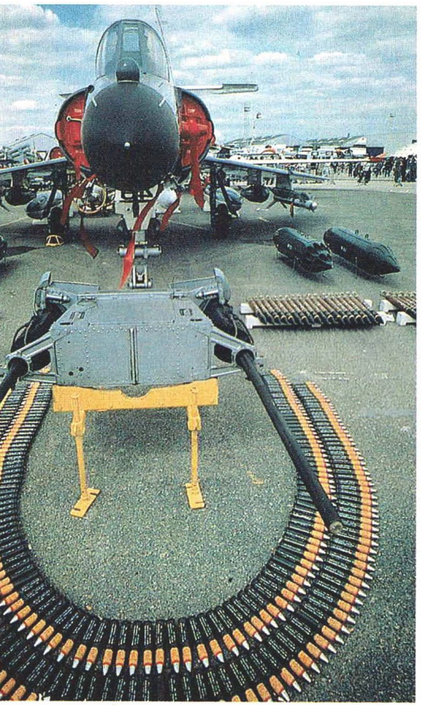
Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies, in a final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its labors, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children . . . This is not a way of life at all in any true sense. Under the cloud of war, it is humanity hanging on a cross of iron."

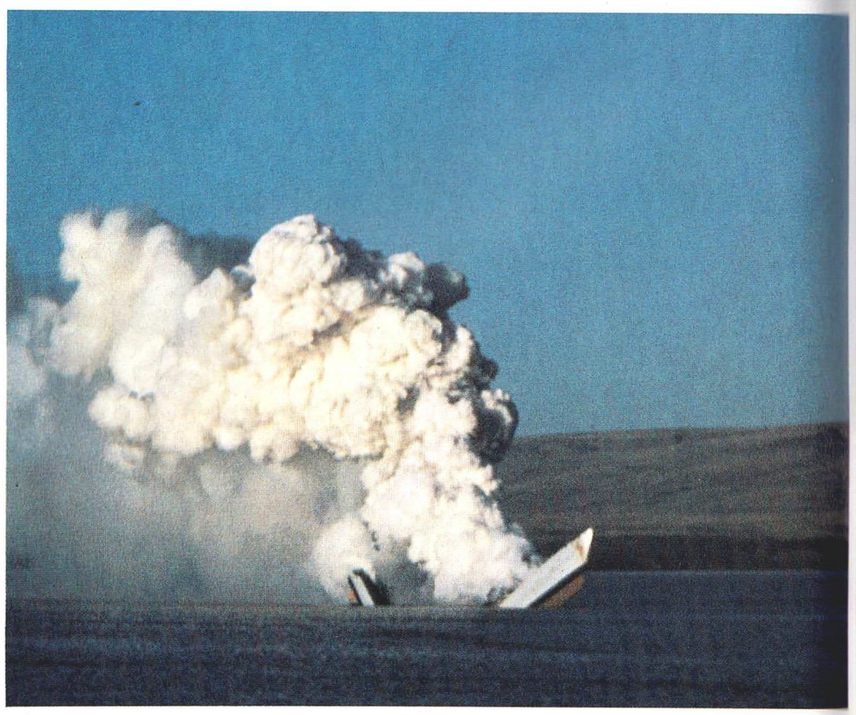
If that sounds like the impassioned death-bed plea of some card-carrying disciple of the international peace movement, then General Dwight D. Eisenhower was a man sorely misunderstood. Eisenhower wasn't a peace freak. Before he became President of the United States he demonstrated during World War II an impressive capacity for the arts of warfare.

Perhaps his accomplishments as a military general soured for him the bloody delights of war on a world-wide scale. By the time he gave vent to the distinctly dovish utterance printed above, the war was well and truly over. The year was 1953 and the Cold War was already setting the stage for what is now the costly lunacy of the arms race. Eight years later, in his farewell address as President, Eisenhower issued a second and equally prophetic warning: "In the councils of government we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the rise of misplaced power exists and will persist."

That was in 1961. Twenty-one years later that "potential for the rise of misplaced power" has been hideously realised. Eisenhower's warning has not been simply ignored; it has been treated with contempt and derision by the military-

ILLUSTRATION BY DONNA CROSS





Top: Mirage 2000. Argentina possessed approximately 50 French-built Mirages prior to the Falklands War. Bottom left: Super Entard fighter, built by the French firm Dassault. This is the type of plane which sank the HMS Sheffield with its Exocet AM39 missile. (Photos courtesy of Rex Features Ltd, London.) Bottom right: The sinking of the HMS Antelope. (Photo by Leonard Bourne, Camera Press London.)

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scientific-industrial complex which so aimlessly wields its power and indulges its bloodlust fantasies at the expense of mankind.

Another great military leader, Earl Mountbatten, spoke in 1979 of where that power and those fantasies have brought us. "The world stands on the brink of the final abyss," he said. "Let us resolve to take all possible practical steps to ensure that we do not, through our folly, go over the edge." What Eisenhower and Mountbatten were talking about was the situation in existence today, when over $500 billion is spent each year on armaments of various sorts; when the nuclear stockpiles of the USA or the USSR alone contain the equivalent of four tonnes of TNT for every man, woman and child on the planet; when these stockpiles are sufficient to kill everybody on earth 12 times over; and when three nuclear bombs roll off the American production line every day.

Statistics like these become virtually meaningless because of their sheer magnitude. But try imagining what manner of giant strides could be achieved in the field of medical science with an annual budget of $500 billion. Perhaps then we could heal every man woman and child on the planet 12 times over. Or what about a world with four tonnes of food stockpiled for each and every person on the globe?

Our world is, in all probability, too far advanced on its murderous march to Armageddon for such alternatives to be regarded as anything but pointless, lightheaded nonsense. But every now and then a voice like that of Eisenhower or Mountbatten suggests it may not be too late. Lord Solly Zuckerman was another. As Chief Scientific Advisor to the UK Secretary of State for Defence, and the UK Government's Chief Scientific Adviser, Lord Zuckerman presumably held opinions worth considering. In a book published by Collins in 1982, called *Nuclear Illusion and Reality,* he wrote: "It is all but impossible to believe that the process of defence research and development is under rational control."

In the UK 54 percent of all government research and development is devoted to the military — costing a total of $1700 million in 1980. In the same year the USA spent nearly $11,000 million on military research and development, representing 47 percent of all expenditure on research and development. These figures are taken from an OECD report which showed that Australia spent $91 million on military research and development. Japan, despite its vastly greater Gross National Product, spent only $65 million. And in its 1982 budget Japan's total military expenditure was set at $12,000 million, representing 0.93 percent of its GNP. Even tiny and insignificant Luxembourg managed 1.1 percent of its GNP on its military forces. But more on Japan's seemingly inexplicable pacifism later.

Comparable figures for defence spending as a percentage of GNP for the USA are 5.5 percent and rising, the UK 5.2 percent, and Australia 3.5 percent. And before we congratulate ourselves on our parsimony it should be noted that 3.5 percent represents a cost of $11 million a day. Almost equally appalling is the revelation that the 1982 US budget has committed that country to spend as much on defence in the next three to four years as it has spent on its military in total since 1945. (The use of the word "defence" in this context bears close examination. The *Oxford Dictionary* defines its use in a military sense as "fortifications". For "fortifications" read every manner of destructive device that man can conceive and perfect.)

Strangely, all this spending by the world's superpowers on "defence" has not produced a safer world. Lord Zuckerman explains why: "The arms race can bankrupt the superpowers without adding anything to their respective military strengths. Deterrent systems today cost 10 times more than they did 20 years ago, when the political state of deterrence was just as operative as it is today. From the point of view of political-strategic value, nothing has been gained." So Britain was to discover in the Falklands.

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In 1981 Denis Healey, British Labor's long-time Defence Minister in Government, and Spokesman in Opposition, made the same point in more graphic terms. During a Parliamentary debate he observed: "Unless we can reach agreement with the Russians on achieving mutual security through arms control, the arms race will drag us all into bankruptcy. Modern technology raises the cost of new weapons much faster than any country can increase its wealth."

Lord Zuckerman again: "Forty years ago, during World War II, the arms race was still, to a large extent, a race for quantity. In recent decades the arms race has been a race for quality, at whatever point the race has been entered. Equipment that is most advanced technically has not necessarily proved to be the most useful in the wars in which nations have been engaged over the past two decades. High technology certainly did not pay off in Vietnam."

Despite all their "high technology" in Afghanistan the Russians were unprepared even for the "threat" of a head-on collision between two vehicles in a mountain tunnel. Their reaction, in sealing off the tunnel and causing hundreds of deaths, was unimpressive for a superpower protected by the world's second-most expensive defence (or fortifications) system.

This kind of unpredictable quirk of modern warfare is precisely what gives rise to a factor in the arms race which British Secretary of State for Defence John Nott refers to as "degraded operational ability."

Britain's "degraded operational ability" became painfully apparent during the Falklands War. Despite having condoned the spending of countless millions of pounds on nuclear weaponry, even that latter-day Boadicea, Maggie Thatcher, wasn't game to "nuke the Argies" — even though she did send nuclear submarines to the South Atlantic. In the simplest but most telling of ways the Falklands provided Britain with an embarrassing lesson on how dangerous over-reliance on ill-considered military high technology can be.

The basic design faults in the British ships were a classic example of this. The Royal Navy has a long and proud tradition, stretching back well over 1000 years, of ship-building and associated maintenance. Sufficient time, surely, to have picked up a few of the basics along the way. Why, then, did a study by the respected British technology magazine *New Scientist* find that the pride of the fleet, including HMS *Sheffield,* were little more than floating fire traps?

Among the startling blunders uncovered by this study were the following: generators that should have provided power to fire-fighting pumps were out of action; fire-fighting pumps did not work because vital parts were missing; breathing equipment containing compressed air was, in some cases, empty; foam mattresses aboard the ships burned easily, giving off clouds of toxic smoke; hydraulic fluid sprayed uncontrollably from burst pipes, feeding the fires; and sailors wore polyester uniforms that melted on to their skins.

All understandable, perhaps, on a fleet kept permanently in mothballs. But a life-and-death struggle in a theatre of war . . .?

Even so, the disaster that struck the *Sheffield,* the landing ships *Sir Tristram* and *Sir Gallahad,* and the *Atlantic Conveyor* and so on need never have happened had the support equipment been avail-

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able, or had some quite fundamental errors not been made.

Put in simplest terms, Argentinian Super Etendard aircraft succeeded in their attack on HMS *Sheffield* because the Royal Navy failed to distinguish between their own radar transmissions and those of the enemy. The British Harrier aircraft and the Etendard have radars that transmit on roughly the same frequency, in bursts of similar lengths. In theory the *Sheffield* should have had 17 minutes' warning of the attack. Helicopters flying above the *Sheffield* detected on their radars the Argentinian transmissions fully 17 minutes before the strike took place. But because these Argentinian transmissions were so similar to those of the Harrier aircraft, the principal war officer decided they were friendly. This fatal error sparked the second mistake which sealed the *Sheffield's* fate. The same war officer, now convinced the ship was not under threat, gave permission for the *Sheffield* to transmit messages back to London via a satellite link. These satellite transmissions effectively disabled the *Sheffield's* own radars, cutting out any chance of an early warning of the pending attack.

This black comedy of errors continued when the Exocet missile which hit the *Sheffield* failed to explode. But we have already learned how ill-equipped the *Sheffield* was to fight fire, and the rocket fuel aboard the Exocet did the rest.

The lack of early warning was the direct cause of the loss of many lives aboard the *Sir Gallahad* and the *Sir Tristram* when troops were being landed at Bluff Cove. And it was also probably responsible for the mysterious disappearance of two Harriers from HMS *Hermes*. It is believed the two aircraft mistook one another for enemy planes, with fatal results. Effective airborne early warning systems would have ruled out any such rudimentary error.

Even the formation of a special squadron, No 815, to counter the threat of the Exocet missiles was only partially successful. The squadron's Lynx helicopters managed to jam the Exocets' homing radar with spurious signals, luring them away from their original targets. But the Exocets, on one occasion, locked their homing heads on to the merchant ship *Atlantic Conveyor,* and sank her instead.

So technology giveth and technology taketh away. Britain had too much of the wrong sort — obscenely expensive nuclear weapons and delivery systems that were quite literally useless — and too little of the right sort.

Some commentators have even argued that Britain came perilously close to defeat in the South Atlantic. In its September 1982 issue, for instance, the *US Armed Forces Journal* carried a 12-page study of the campaign contributed by Anthony Cordesman, a former NATO official and former member of the Defence Secretary's office in the Pentagon. Mr Cordesman found that "with only slightly more luck and with better bomb fusing, the Argentinian Air Force might well have forced Britain's withdrawal." Of the land battle for the islands, he said: "The British were given an incredible amount of time to consolidate their landings and advance on Port Stanley, and were able to take many key objectives with little or no fighting." This, decided Mr Cordesman, was caused by "the rather peculiar conduct of the Argentine Army, which did so little fighting that British intelligence estimated its strength at around 8000 to 10,000 men at a time when it was actually around 15,000."

The Argentinian land forces will no doubt be encouraged to hear that Mr Cordesman rated their effort as "the worst performance of any regular army in the postwar period." The Argentinian Air Force was a different story. "Argentinian pilots rapidly adapted to flying very demanding low-altitude sorties, achieved very high accuracy rates with iron bombs, and could penetrate British air and missile defences when they concentrated large numbers of aircraft on a given target." The Argentinian Air Force also forced the two British carriers to operate outside a practical range, and "with only slightly more luck and better bomb fusing, might well have forced the British Task Force to withdraw."

> All this leapfrogging development of doubtful and imperfect weaponry doesn't stop the generals and politicians from demanding, and getting, more

Mr Cordesman was nothing like so complimentary about the much-vaunted French Exocet missiles. "Their 42-kilometre range and active-radar homing severely limited their capabilities. Only two of the six launches hit their target. The hit on the *Sheffield* did not explode; the hit on the *Glamorgan* did not sink the ship, and the hit on the *Atlantic Conveyor* occurred when a missile was diverted. So much attention has been paid to the fact that a $200,000 Exocet can sink a $50 million destroyer, and so little to the fact that less than $5000 worth of Mk-80 general purpose bombs or $13,000 worth of laser-guided bombs can do the same thing."

Mr Cordesman also pointed out that if all the Argentinian bombs which hit British vessels had exploded, six more would probably have been sunk or crippled. Nor did he have much in the way of praise for the RAF's bombing performance. "It took 10 Victor tankers to support one Vulcan sortie. Given the age and configuration of the Vulcan, it is scarcely surprising that most of its bombs missed the runway it was attacking, and that the few that did hit had little effect on a runway built over solid rock." And British land forces were "often forced to fight blind or advance slowly because the Harriers lacked systems that could provide reconnaissance capabilities directly relevant to the land battle." Of the naval battle he added: "If there is any lesson that is likely to emerge it is that the type 22 (frigates) and type 42 (destroyers) are filled with wiring, cables and electronics that make them extremely difficult to keep operational once hit."

Predictably enough, Russia and America were not sitting by idly while all the excitement was happening. The Falklands marked a new height of US and Soviet activity in using advanced intelligence assets to support a third party conflict. The Soviets launched a major Cosmos satellite program to support the Argentinians with data on British ship movements, and the US provided the British with valuable photo and other intelligence data.

The Falklands apart, the other conflicts of 1982 have graphically underlined the limitations of ultra-high technology. In the Iran-Iraq war, Iranian successes seem to have been based on a strong determination to carry the day in close combat, accepting, if necessary, considerable casualties. Both sides appear to have had difficulty in co-ordinating their complex weapons systems. As Col. Jonathan Alford, Deputy Director of the International Institute for Strategic Studies, put it: "It was not so much that they could not fly and maintain their aircraft, or operate their tanks, or fire their guns that was in question, as an apparent inability to integrate these in an operational context. At the most fundamental level there were serious inter-service rivalries and much jealousy. In short, it doesn't make much difference what you have if you cannot make it work together."

The Israeli invasion of Lebanon was based on armor, or tank warfare, and in many ways resembled the WW II blitzkreigs. The effectiveness of the Israeli armor was reflected by the wide disparity in casualties — between 10 and 12 thousand (mostly civilians) among the Lebanese, and only 220 Israeli soldiers. In one important respect the Israelis did use some high technology that proved successful. It seems that Syrian SA-6 missiles in the Bekaa Valley were destroyed by air-to-surface missiles homing in on the radiations of the missile batteries themselves. That may prove less significant than the fact that the Israelis had to collect the intelligence on the radar frequencies of the SA-6, and did so by flying drones (automatic dummy or decoy aircraft) over the Bekaa. What can be learned from this is that electronic intelligence collection takes time, and should ideally be undertaken before conflict begins. Gathering this kind of electronic intelligence can be expensive and involves little glamor, but without it the electronic war is lost before it begins. (But even the most carefully laid plans can fail to account for the unexpected. During the Falklands debate at the UN, Secretary of State Haig couldn't get through on the phone to New York. He was 10 minutes too late to change Ambassador Kirkpatrick's vote. It is worth noting that 10 minutes is about half the warning time the US will have of a Soviet missile attack, and a bit more time than the Russians will have to assess the reality or otherwise of an American attack launched from Western Europe.)

The Israeli use of drones to pinpoint the Syrian missiles is an example of the increasing use of weapons developed to fight weapons, and of how one technological advance begets another. All that Biblical begatting in the Book of Genesis is being repeated in modern warfare. The US Stealth bomber program is another example. It is being developed to try to circumvent radar detection. By careful design of shape and size, and use of surface finish and radar-absorbent coatings, planes can be made almost invisible to current radars. Shape and size are the most important variables, so the first development in the Stealth program is likely to involve drones. However, it appears the program can be counteracted by using lower-frequency radars. But all this leapfrogging development of doubtful and imperfect weaponry doesn't stop the generals and the politicians from demanding, and getting, more. The major scandal of the past three decades has been the developing and interlocking arms trade.

In the three years before the Falkland Islands War, Britain supplied more than $200 million worth of military equipment to Argentina. This meant that if the Argentinian Navy had shown as much determination as its Air Force and had not stayed in port after the sinking of the *Belgrano,* the British Navy could have been facing its own ships and weapons systems. During the war, according to the British *Guardian Weekly,* Israel supplied to Argentina a number of Bell military helicopters, Gabriel guided missiles and a credit of $50 million, arranged through a Panamanian bank.

There were also suspected charter flights of equipment via Tel Aviv to Montevideo for trans-shipment to Argentina, and supply of Mirage fuel tanks via Luxembourg to the Bahamas and Peru for transfer to Buenos Aires.

Top: Westland Battlefield Lynx helicopter. (Photo courtesy of Rex Features Ltd, London.) Bottom: The HMS Sheffield, sunk by an Argentine missile on May 4 last year leaving 20 British servicemen dead. (Photo by Richard Cooke, Camera Press London.)

But it is the French arms industry that seems to be basking in the most glory after the Falkland Islands War. As a result of the publicity given to the alleged success of French weaponry in the war, and in the Middle East, foreign customers have become fascinated with the characteristics and performing capabilities of the Exocet and the Roland anti-aircraft missile.

Venezuela, Kuwait and Qatar have inquired about the Roland, a supersonic missile for countering low-flying aircraft, which the Argentinians successfully used against British Harriers at Port Stanley and which the Iraqis employed with some success against Iranian Phantoms. Iraq bought the system for $1450 million and used it against two Iranian Phantoms, destroying both. Such details of successful "hits" are not generally revealed to the public, but are carefully studied by foreign military commands and their weapons ex-

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perts. Information about how equipment performs under operational conditions is infinitely more valuable than the results gleaned from experiments or demonstrations arranged by manufacturers. Unfortunately, for today's cannon fodder there is no substitute for the real thing.

Kuwait's and Qatar's interest in the Roland and the Exocet is a long way short of a guarantee of success for French manufacturers. Fierce competition comes from the US, which is pressing its attentions on the Gulf States, seeking signatures on the bottom of lucrative arms supply contracts. On offer is a comprehensive, integrated air-defence package incorporating coastal bases and using American missiles which complement one another at all altitudes. Until the Falklands War the US was picking up the lion's share of business in the Middle East, but that conflict and the Iran-Iraq war have revived interest in the goodies the French have on offer.

In August, France lifted its embargo on arms sales to Argentina, which badly needs replacements for the 50 Mirages and Skyhawks it lost in the war. Significantly, France has reneged on its contract to supply 50 AMX30 tanks to Chile, a country which supported Britain during the war. Twenty-six tanks have already been delivered, but French pressure is likely to stop the Chileans purchasing ammunition from Spain, the only other potential supplier. Oddly enough the British Royal Navy is now the largest customer for Exocet — the RN is in the process of deciding between the MM40 and the British Aerospace proposal P5T. The French did at least have sufficient savoir faire to refrain from displaying the AM39 version of the Exocet — the one that caused the damage to British ships in the Falklands — among its array of arms at the recent Farnborough air and weapons show in England.

The international arms trade has become much bigger business than most politicians would dare contemplate. World-wide spending on armaments, as mentioned earlier, amounts to more than $500 billion annually. Of that total about $100 billion changes hands between buyers and sellers in the arms marketplace. Between 1970 and 1976 the US, the UK, West Germany, France and Italy between them sold 12,000 aircraft and 30,000 missiles to other countries. Today three-quarters of the arms trade is with the Third World. The number of major weapons sold to Third World countries during the past six years was equal to those supplied during the previous 20. Africa, as a whole, is increasing its arms purchase at the rate of 20 percent per annum.

Saudi Arabia has become the world's biggest spender on armaments, shelling out a staggering $2000 each year per head of population. The Saudis don't seem to have taken heed of the Shah of Iran's experience — the most modern and sophisticated weapons can still prove ineffective against religious fervor. The Shah took delivery of a new and improved version of the Chieftain Tank five years before it became available to the British Army on the Rhine. But that still didn't save his throne.

Not surprisingly, the deadly and dirty business of international arms dealing is conducted with the hustling carnival air of real old-style hucksterism. On March 5, 1980, for instance, buyers and sellers met for the first international exhibition of military wares held in Asia. Malaysia's largest indoor sports arena, the national stadium, was bursting to the seams with rifles, machine guns, rocket launchers, ammunition, electronic accessories and scale models of tanks, planes and ships. The

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Hughes Aircraft Company typified the shameless attitude of the big business interests involved when they invited all comers to a multi-media presentation of "a combination of hardware, mock-ups and graphics to describe some of the 1500 programs and products that have made the company a free-world leader in the design, development and production of electronic systems for defence." (There's that word again.)

This exhibition was put together by an American company called Kiver Communications, and ran into a few unforeseen and unwanted problems when inconvenient political differences got in the way of the big-money dealing which should have ruled the day. Singapore, the original choice for the exhibition, turned down the privilege. China wanted to send a large delegation of arms experts, but could not obtain Malaysian visas. Israel and South Africa wanted to exhibit, but were refused because Malaysia recognises neither nation. One broker was overheard criticising US restrictions on arms sales, saying that if only such curbs were lifted America would redress its unfavorable balance of payments into a positive account! Altogether 230 exhibitors were represented at this macabre trade fair, but strangely, none were Japanese.

The reason for this is that in 1967 Japan's Ministry of Commerce and Industry issued a strict regulation against exportation of finished war materials for sale. But it is unlikely that this uncharacteristic reticence among Japanese manufacturers to benefit from world markets will hold sway much longer. Japan's formidable reputation for super-fast and economic mass production in the motor and electrical goods market speaks for itself. If and when that kind of expertise gets around to manufacturing deadly weapons for overseas sales, the consequences must be regarded with trepidation. And already the signs are there. American armaments and planes are being produced under licence in Japan, and negotiations are underway for joint production of missiles. The blurring of fine-line detail over exactly who is manufacturing what, and where, cannot be far away. And it is obviously in America's interest that Japan joins the party. Pentagon pressure has long been applied to Tokyo to act as a Western Pacific counterpart to NATO.

There are at least two important reasons why developed nations push arms sales as hard as they can. One is the development of the client-supplier relationship, which often binds the client as an ally, and the other is to ease the burden of the supplier's escalating costs in manufacturing weapons for its own use. And as the arms race moves into outer space these costs are going to escalate even further.

Javier Perez de Cuellar, Secretary-General of the United Nations, has best articulated the grave dangers of using space to further military ambitions. "Approaching storm clouds" was the way he described military space projects. He continued: "An arms race in space would increase the areas and potential for confrontation, adding a new dimension to the human destruction that would stem from it. It would also divert urgently-needed resources from programs of social and economic development." Austria's Foreign Minister, Willibald Pahr, believes: "For the first time in many years the spectre of military confrontation in space is rising before our eyes."

The military applications of space fall into several categories, including space-borne laser and particle beam weapons, and orbiting vehicles that destroy other satellites. Both the US and the USSR are already testing their laser and particle beam weapons. They are likely to be ready for launch within the next five years. The Soviets have already test-flown an experimental anti-satellite craft, while the US will launch its own version of the weapon by mid-1983. The American craft will fly to an altitude of about 30 kms inside a conventional aircraft, then home in on its target outside the atmosphere. The military budget for space activities in the US is $9000 million, compared with $7000 million for civilian projects. The USSR's corresponding figures are $14,000 million for military spending in space, out of a total budget of $18,000 million.

At present the Russians appear to have the edge. In 1981 they launced 89 spacecraft, 81 of which had some military significance. During the same year the US launched 12 craft, 10 of which were placed in space by the Department of Defence. As usual the Russian program is more extensive, the US one more sophisticated. The maximum payload among any of the Russian spacecraft is 19 tonnes, whereas the US Saturn 5 can push 130 tonnes of material into orbit. America's much-vaunted first reusable shuttle spacecraft can handle 30 tonnes, and it is significant that around 60 percent of its prebooked loadings for the next few years have already been taken up by the military.

On its June 27, 1982 flight the shuttle carried Department of Defence package 82 into space. This reportedly contained instruments to detect infra-red radiation and a space sextant designed to help future spy-in-the-sky satellites to navigate accurately without the need for guidance from earth. In fact the size and shape of the space shuttle were largely determined by military requirements, and the USAF is building its own launch site at Vanderberg Air Force Base so the shuttle can be loaded in secrecy.

A program known as CIRIS (Cryogenic Infra-red Radiation Instrumentation for Shuttle) is being developed to enable a distinction to be made between US and USSR jets and missiles using an infra-red telescope. The same equipment could also eventually be used to aim laser weapons against enemy targets. Conveniently, the 1967 UN Treaty on Outer Space forbids weapons of mass destruction, but not anti-satellite weapons or lasers.

The Russians are the most advanced in anti-satellite techniques. They have carried out tests where a satellite is launched and then followed a short time later by a hunter-killer satellite. The latter tracks the first satellite by radar, then blows itself up to disable its target. (James Bond followers will no doubt see in this some of the crazed genius of Ernst Stavro Blofeld.) There were seven such tests between 1967 and 1971, and a further eight between 1976 and 1978. The US anti-satellite program did not get underway until 1977, and the first test destruction is still almost a year away. Three methods appear to have been tested so far by the Russians to discover the most efficient way of intercepting satellites in orbit.

If all this sounds comfortably remote from Australia, it shouldn't. We are already involved in the war in space, courtesy of the United States. October 1978, amazingly enough, was the last time an allegedly complete list of US defence and scientific installations in Australia was provided for public consumption. These were (i) The Naval Communications Station "Harold E. Holt", North-West Cape; (ii) Joint Defence Space Research Facility, Alice Springs, commonly known as Pine Gap; (iii) Joint Defence Space Communications Station, Woomera, commonly known as Nurrungar; (iv) Joint Geological and Geophysical Research Station, Alice Springs, commonly known as USAF Detachment 421; (v) TRANET Station 112 at Smithfield, SA; and (vi) Portable geodetic satellite observation posts, currently operating at Perth and Townsville.

Desmond Ball, Senior Research Fellow in the Strategic and Defence Studies Centre at the Australian National University, has made a special study of American

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bases in Australia. He writes in the Victorian Association for Peace Studies, Peace Dossier No 1: "This list is very far from complete. It excludes, for example, the satellite tracking stations in the ACT (Orroral Valley, Honeysuckle Creek and Tidbinbilla); and seismic stations at Hobart, Adelaide, Charters Towers (Qld), Alice Springs, Mundaring (WA), Tennant Creek (NT) and Narrogin (WA); a solar observatory at Learmonth (WA); and an Omega VLF navigation station in Gippsland, Victoria. In addition, the American National Security Agency (NSA), the super-secret American electronic intelligence organisation, operates from a number of signals intelligence (SIGINT) posts in Australia."

By far the most important bases are Pine Gap, Nurrungar, and North-West Cape, which provide satellite early warning information, satellite surveillance of Russia and China, and nuclear submarine communications. The importance of these bases in the context of the arms race is difficult to overestimate.

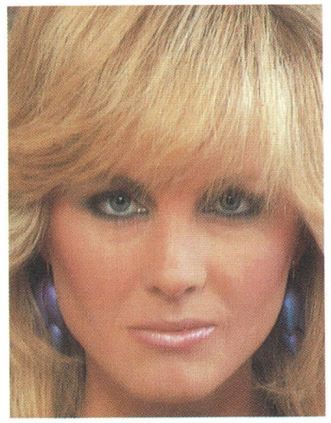
Des Ball's Peace Dossier records that Pine Gap, 19 kms south-west of Alice Springs, first became operational in 1969, and consists of seven large radomes and an enormous computer complex, currently being further expanded. It is controlled by the CIA, as was demonstrated by Gough Whitlam on May 5, 1977, when he read to Federal Parliament a telegram of November 10, 1975, from the ASIO liaison officer in Washington to the Director-General of ASIO in Melbourne. This telegram pointed out that successive American officers in charge of Pine Gap have all been senior CIA officers.

According to Ball a wide range of intelligence activities are undertaken, monitored and collated at Pine Gap, which was originally established as part of Project Rhyolite. This project and its successors involve a small number of very large antennae-carrying satellites in geostationary orbit capable of "sucking up like a vacuum cleaner" a wide spectrum of Soviet and Chinese military communications and radar transmissions, and beaming them back down to Pine Gap. These include information on the Soviet early warning and air defence networks, and data transmitted during Russian ballistic missile tests. Analysis of these signals has been a major factor in US monitoring of Soviet missile developments. The CIA also uses Pine Gap as a communications centre for remotely-placed agents who wish to contact America without detection by Russia.

Ball describes North-West Cape as "one of the most important links in the US global defence network." Official explanations for its existence cover communications with US submarines serving in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and communications with the US Navy's nuclear-powered ballistic missile submarines. Ball says North-West Cape's high-frequency transmitters are vital to US military operations, "as was dramatically illustrated during the American mining of Haiphong and other North Vietnamese harbors in 1972."

Nurrungar, in the Woomera restricted area about 480 kms north-west of Adelaide, is one of two ground stations for the American satellite early warning system. It provides a data link between the North American Air Defence Command (NORAD), the Strategic Air Command (SAC) and the National Military Command System on one hand, and the satellite early warning system on the other. Data is derived from infra-red charged particle and radiation sensors aboard the geostationary satellites of the Defence Support Program, which detects missile firings shortly after lift-off. This program has been described officially as "the most important" system upon which the US relies for early warning of ballistic missile attack. So any Australian naive enough to believe that little lot doesn't make us a target obviously has a head-start on the rest of us when it comes to burrowing into the sand for refuge.

Pet of the Year



MARILYN NATTY

Magnificent Marilyn! The hot 26-year-old airline hostess who made readers mad with desire when she appeared in our September 1982 issue is the 1983 Australian Pet of the Year. The flood of mail extolling Marilyn's charms was so overwhelming we considered setting up a separate post office box to avoid being snowed under. And that was even before we announced that the delectable Miss Natty was a finalist in our Pet of the Year competition.

It's heartening to see that truly outstanding feminine allure doesn't go unappreciated by *Penthouse* readers. Marilyn will receive a rich assortment of glamor prizes to complement the glamorous lifestyle of a Pet of the Year.

The honey-blonde temptress from Tamworth in NSW combines a quiet, unassuming personality with the sensuous grace of a woman who knows where she wants to go but is in no hurry to get there. Dare we say that seekers of good old-fasioned country comfort would be hard-pressed to go past this hostess with the mostest?

Marilyn was unaware that she had been chosen for the Big One when these pictures were taken. Our four finalists gave us their best shots in a photographic session staged as a build-up to this month's announcement. You'll be seeing more from that session in the months to come when runner-up Carla Adams and third placegetter Donna Lea Turner show off their winning charms.

Back to Marilyn as you see her here, innocent as the day is long about what was around the corner for her. Perhaps if she had known, this cool blonde would have smiled shyly and taken it all in her stride. Marilyn's like that.

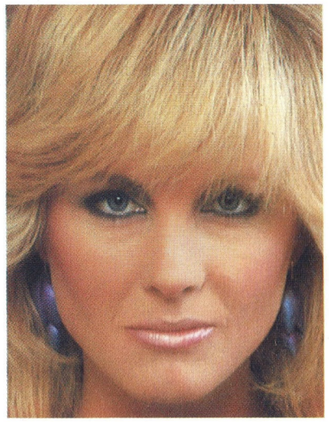
The Australian media spotlight zeroed in on her last year when the news broke that a hostess with a national airline had graced the pages of *Penthouse*. A week on the front pages of popular newspapers across the country left Marilyn as we had found her, calm and unruffled. This lady has no desire to take on the world . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON

In fact she told us just that when we interviewed her last September. "It would be far too big for me," she said seriously. You'll never hear Marilyn describing any complex plans she's laid to get to the top; she'd rather be off snorkelling, horse-riding or travelling the world in search of fun and adventure.

Happiness is her goal, and she makes no apologies for pursuing it relentlessly: "If I'm unhappy, I just kick up my heels and fly away." An awful lot of *Penthouse* readers are very glad that she flew in our direction.

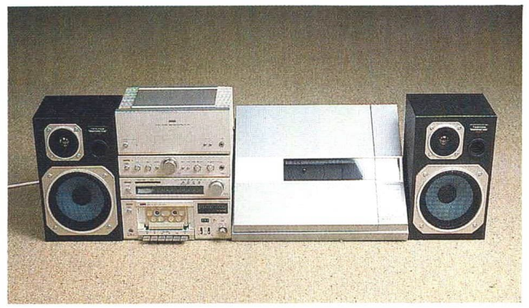
AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

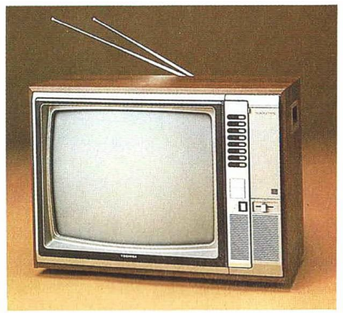


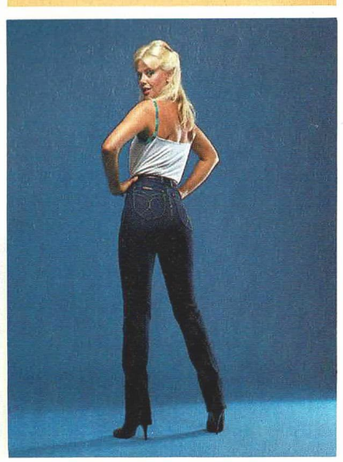
1983 PET OF THE YEAR PRIZES

Our 1983 Pet of the Year contest has left the winner, Marilyn Natty, and our three runners-up richer to the tune of more than $100,000 worth of prizes, gifts and contracts. Naturally, as Pet of the Year, Marilyn receives the bulk of the prizes. But Carla, Donna and Amanda each receive valuable consolation prizes, thanks to the generous response from our Pet of the Year sponsors. Here are the fabulous prizes our Pet of the Year and the runners-up will soon be taking home with them. A full list of the prizes and their features is on page 55.

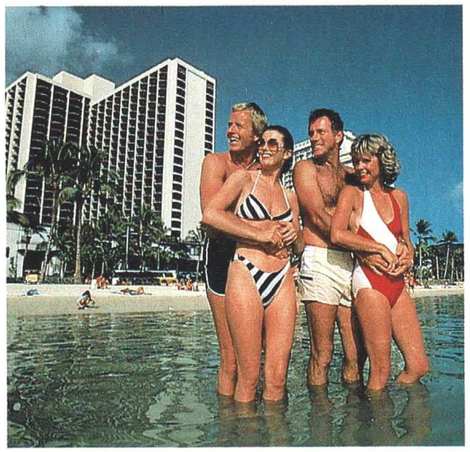
Our Pet of the Year Marilyn Natty is the type of girl who'll get the most from her **JEEP HAWK** CJ7. It's ready to take her anywhere in safety, style and luxury, thanks to the Hawk's unique combination of ruggedness, durability and comfort. And to make a great prize even better, it is fitted with anatomically-designed Scheel seats and a Sonic Concord sound system, as well as special rear seats and chrome wheel trims. And Marilyn won't have to worry about how the Hawk looks after a weekend exploring the wilds; Distinctive Detailers of Woolloomooloo will provide 12 months of luxury car care, in the form of cleaning, polishing and rust prevention care to keep the Hawk looking as good as it did on the showroom floor.



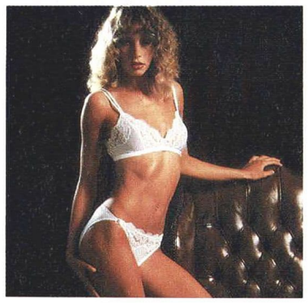




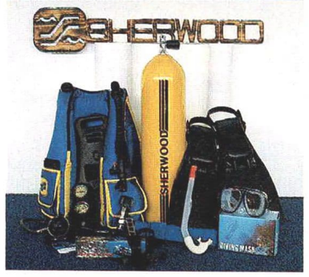
Clockwise from top left: **CHOPARD WATCH**, set with diamonds and rubies for the Pet of the Year and **ALEXIS BARTHELAY WATCHES** for the three runners-up, from Peter Berman Jewellery Importer. **TOSHIBA SYSTEM 15 MICRO HI-FI** system for the Pet of the Year, wth a V9600A video cassette recorder and a C2033 color television, from Toshiba Australia Pty Ltd. **FABERGE** prizes include jeans and designer hosiery, sportswear and fashion wear and a selection of Faberge Everyday fragrances and luxury bath powders. **RUF SUPER BED,** the ultimate bed for comfort with luxury features including a stereo cassette player, clock and radio, individually operated mirrored built-in lights, movable pedestals and storage areas under both sides of the bed, from Ruf International.

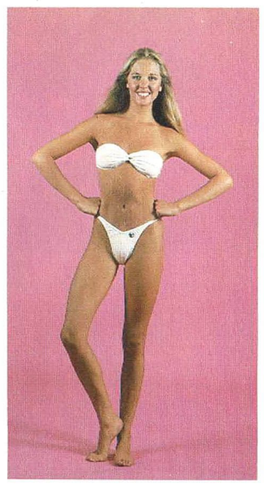


Clockwise from top left: **P & O ORIANA PACIFIC CRUISE** for our Pet of the Year, in "A" deck luxury to fully enjoy the sun and sea. **MANZO PARK LANE DIAMONDS** crafted this unique 18-carat gold and diamond-studded *Penthouse* key for Marilyn. **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES** return flight for two to Hawaii for Marilyn. **SKIPPER-A-CLIPPER SUNDECKER CRUISE** on the Hawkesbury River for one week for Donna and Amanda, from Clipper's Anchorage, plus a one-week cruise on the beautiful Gippsland Lakes. **CRAIG ROAD RATED STEREO SYSTEM** for the runner-up, from Sonic International, for the best in musical motoring. **PAN PACIFIC HOTELS** 14 nights accommodation at the Hawaii Regent Hotel on Waikiki Beach, for Marilyn.



KILLAWARRA
1979
VINTAGE BRUT
CHAMPAGNE
Produced by the Authentic French Method
Adelaide, South Australia
PRODUCT OF AUSTRALIA
CHAMPAGNE 750ml





Clockwise from top left: A **VIDEOBIZ GOLD MEMBERSHIP** for Marilyn; a year of free video swaps and discounts on other video gear. **WINDSURFER SAILBOARD,** from Sailboards Australia, for Marilyn. **OLYMPUS OM20** camera, from Elmay Marketing, for Marilyn. **BRIAN ROCHFORD** swimwear and beachwear for Marilyn. **PAKLITE LUGGAGE,** space-age, tough good-looking and practical, for Marilyn. **UNDERWATER WORLD** has given Marilyn Sherwood diving gear, a Scuba course and a weekend of luxury diving on the *Aqua Venture*. **TRIUMPH INTERNATIONAL** will give Marilyn a superb selection of sensuous lingerie. **SWIFT AND MOORE** Pty Ltd will give Marilyn three cases each of Killawarra Chablis, Chardonnay and Rhine Reisling, and four cases of Killawarra Champagne.

1983 PRIZES

• For the Pet of the Year, a $20,000 12-month modelling and promotions contract with *Australian Penthouse*.

• From Jeep Australia, a specially-built, unique Jeep Hawk CJ7 for the Pet of the Year, complete with Concord sound system, chrome wheel trims, special rear seats, and to keep Marilyn and her companion in perfect comfort, a set of anatomically-designed German-made Scheel front seats, ideal for when the going gets rough. Distinctive Detailers of Riley St, Woolloomooloo will provide 12 months of luxury car care for Marilyn's Jeep, in the form of cleaning, polishing and rust prevention treatment to ensure the Jeep remains in immaculate showroom condition.

• For the Pet of the Year, Peter Berman Jewellery Importer has provided an exquisite nine-carat gold Chopard watch set with diamonds and rubies.

• Each of our three runners-up will enjoy the elegance of Alexis Barthelay designer watches with leather bands.

• For the Pet of the Year, from Toshiba Australia Pty Ltd, a System 15 micro hi-fi system, a V9600A video cassette recorder and a superb C2033 color television.

• For the runner-up, Carla, also from Toshiba Australia Pty Ltd, a System 12 micro hi-fi system.

• For the Pet of the Year, from Ruf International, a superb Ruf Super Bed, the first double bed with separate comfort zones for each sleeper. It also features a unique flexi-slat support system, adjustable foot and head angles for added comfort, a stereo cassette, clock and radio, individually operated mirrored built-in lights and movable pedestals and storage areas under both sides of the bed.

• For each of the four finalists, from Faberge Australia Pty Ltd, a selection of Faberge Everyday fragrances and luxury bath powders, including Patage, Cavale, Tigress and Babe lables, as well as a Fiducia range of female anti-perspirant sprays, a range of Brut 33 male grooming aids and a wet pack and tote bag. There's also a range of Faberge stretch jeans and a designer range of hosiery, sportswear and fashion gear.

• For the Pet of the Year from P & O, a relaxing, romantic cruise for two aboard the *Oriana*, with fabulous meals, entertainment, and an endless array of diversions to suit any mood. An "A" deck, outside, twin-bed cabin will be Marilyn's luxury floating hotel room on the South Pacific.

• Also for the Pet of the Year, from Continental Airlines, two return air tickets to Hawaii. Continental will show Marilyn why their motto is: "If you can't fly Continental, try to have a good time anyway."

• For the Pet of the Year, from Manzo Park Lane Diamonds, a uniquely designed replica of the *Penthouse* key symbol, fashioned in 18-carat gold and studded with one carat of diamonds, hand-crafted by master jeweller Robert Manzo.

• For the runner-up, from Sonic International, or Craig Road Rated car stereo system, for the best in musical motoring.

• For runners-up Donna and Amanda, from Clipper's Anchorage, a one-week cruising holiday on the Hawkesbury River on a "Skipper A Clipper" Sundecker 30. Up to six people can enjoy the beautiful scenery, natural flora and fauna, beaches, historical sites and waterfront restaurants. The easy-to-manoeuvre Sundecker can be operated from the flybridge or cabin. Plus there's a one-week cruise on the serene Gippsland Lakes, the largest inland waterway in Australia, surrounded by beautiful sand dunes forming the remarkable Ninety Mile Beach.

• For the Pet of the Year, from Pan Pacific Hotels, 14 nights accommodation at the luxurious Hawaii Regent Hotel overlooking Waikiki Beach. The mood is tropical and open, with wide vistas of sky, greenery and waterways from the spacious lobby. There are restaurants and bars to suit every mood and the rooms are elegantly furnished, with teak and rattan decor. Naturally, they're air-conditioned and there's a twice-daily maid service for sumptuous holiday comfort — all luxury touches which make the Hawaii Regent Hotel the top choice in the world's top island resort.

• For the Pet of the Year, from Underwater World, a custom-made lycra wetsuit in bold, exciting colors; a Sherwood regulator; a combination depth and pressure gauge; a 62 cubic foot scuba cylinder and jacket-type bouyancy vest; a complete course of scuba instruction using Underwater World's proven teaching system, resulting in qualification to the NQS standard, Australia's own system which is highly regarded throughout the world. And after the training, an escorted weekend of diving from Aqua Venture, Sydney's newest and most luxurious dive charter boat, in the crystal waters of Jervis Bay, NSW.

• For the Pet of the Year, from Triumph International, a superb selection of soft and sensuous lingerie from Triumph's extensive range, to the value of $350.

• For each of the runners-up, $250 worth of Triumph lingerie.

• For the Pet of the Year, from Sailboards Australia Pty Ltd, a windsurfer sailboard complete with all accessories, so Marilyn can experience the exhilaration and freedom of sailboarding, the fastest-growing sport in Australia.

• For the Pet of the Year, from Swift and Moore Pty Ltd, a magnificent start to a wine cellar, with three cases of Killawarra Chardonnay, three cases of Killawarra Chablis, three cases of Killawarra Rhine Riesling and four cases of Killawarra Champagne — a magnificent and stylish champagne, made by the traditional "methode Champenoise".

• For the Pet of the Year, from Paklite Luggage, a range of HI-TEC "state of the art" luggage, fashionable, lightweight and tough as nails, thanks to a space-age fabric which defies tearing. It's easy to clean, good-looking and practical, and is available in brown, blue or olive.

• For the Pet of the Year, from Videobiz the total video people, a one-year Gold Membership Pass enabling Marilyn to swap as many video movies as she likes. Special discounts are also available to members on purchases of cartridges, blank tapes, head cleaners, games and other gear.

• For the Pet of the Year, from Elmay Marketing, an Olympus OM20 electronic automatic 35mm reflex camera with manual over-ride, for photo excellence.

• For the Pet of the Year, from Brian Rochford, a splendid summer wardrobe of swimsuits, shorts, tops and beach jackets.

• Each of the four finalists will also look like a million dollars in their spectacular evening gowns, valued at $1000 each, specially designed by one of Australia's foremost couturiers.

Is the lifesaving
movement all washed up?

YESTERDAY'S HEROES

BY MARGOT BARLOW

Few things are more synonymous with the Aussie macho image than the surf lifesaver. Of course, footballers also have their place as national heroes, but it is the surf lifesaver who continues to epitomise the bronzed Aussie ideal.

Or does he? Where does the legend end and the myth begin? Old-timers who remember the heydays of surf rescue like to think that the SLSA still stands by its founding qualities of courage, daring and selflessness. Critics of the movement (and there seem to be more and more of them) believe that apart from a handful of truly dedicated people, the real "beach Anzacs" died out long ago. They maintain that the surf lifesaver of today is more interested in putting on spectacular carnival events and drinking in the clubhouse with his mates than in finding ways of making surf rescue more effective.

Abusive comments like: "Those clubbies are a bunch of dickheads the way they march up and down ordering people about," and "I come to the beach to relax — not to be told off if I swim outside the flags", are more likely to be heard on the average beach these days, rather than praise and gratitude from the public for a job well done.

While enforced conformism appears to upset some beach users, the clubbies' dedication to drinking disturbs many others. Of course, there remains a dedicated core within the clubs who genuinely care about surf rescue, and whose efforts continue to allow other club members to justify the title of "lifesaver". But why should a hard-working minority go on supporting the many who use the clubs mainly as a convenient beachside watering hole?

One club champion who insisted on remaining anonymous said: "I'd like to think that all lifesavers are bronzed Aussie-type guys, but unfortunately we are not all like that. The majority are social lifesavers and they are the ones the public sees most. But we've got to put up with them because the top guys like Mark Bennetts, Mark Rayburn and Grant Kenny are too busy competing and training to keep the clubs running."

In light of the SLSA's past image as champions of the surf, it's sad to think that the clubs may have degenerated into a haven for beer-swilling, out-of-condition ockers who would be hard-pressed to rescue a jelly blubber from a bathtub, let alone a drowning surf victim.

Naturally, most surf club members are hostile to the suggestion that they are not doing the best job possible. "Any guy who thinks we're not good enough is off his tree," commented one club member as he sat, can in hand, watching the action at a surf carnival on one of Sydney's southern beaches. "What scares a lot of guys are the patrols and having to do a Bronze. And then they've got to swallow a bit of pride and march up and down like fairies. A lot of guys come up to us afterwards and call us dickheads. But you can put up with that. What you get at

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP QUIRK

the end of it is worth it — the comradeship, the surf clubs shows. It's a damn good life."

On an official level, the SLSA claims it is becoming harder and harder to maintain adequate beach patrols. Not, they claim, because of the standard of membership, but simply because they cannot keep up with the rapid opening-up of Australia's coastline.

"We have a bigger job now than we ever had," said SLSA administrator Ernie Davis. "Access roads are being built to beaches that were once remote, and where there has never been a beach patrol. Caravan parks are springing up everywhere along the coastline. The public's leisure-time is increasing so they are spending more time on the beach mid-week, when only the council-employed beach inspectors are on patrol.

"To carry out our work we have to drum up sponsorship and rely on the generosity of local government. We get annual grants from both State and Federal governments, but they are nowhere near enough to cover the cost of new equipment and clubhouses."

Still, in these days of deep recession and cutbacks in government grants, the SLSA coffers appear to be reasonably healthy compared with the situation faced by many other needy "community causes". In fact, Australian governments of both political persuasions have contributed over $2 million to surf lifesaving projects since 1976. The SLSA attracts many corporate sponsors who see the publicity potential of having their names emblazoned on surf boats, reels and other equipment. The major ones are Mobil Oil, Mayne Nickless Limited, Tooheys Limited (who fund the Tooheys 1000 Surf Carnivals) and Speedo Knitting Mills. And many individual clubs have corporate backers of their own.

Local councils, particularly in metropolitan areas, can be remarkably generous with funding — like Sydney's Warringah Shire Council, whose policy is to begin construction on a new clubhouse as soon as one is completed. An average clubhouse costs around $500,000.

All this for an organisation which only operates one or two days a week from October to April. Wouldn't the money be better spent employing well-equipped, full-time professionals?

Ernie Davis was adamantly opposed to the suggestion. "It just wouldn't work," he said flatly. "Our members don't want to become full-time. They only want to be rostered on patrol once every three weeks in summer. Anyway, the SLSA tradition is to remain a voluntary organisation and that's the way it's going to remain."

In the meantime, most surf rescues are conducted by council-employed beach inspectors, yet it is the voluntary surf lifesavers who enjoy the best equipment and facilities. As one ex-beach inspector and former president of a Sydney surf club put it: "Any beach inspector who publicly criticises the SLSA gets quickly hauled into line by his council. The surf club vote is very strong within councils. Many councillors are also members of surf clubs — or their sons are — so the interests of the clubs often become paramount when councils are making decisions about funding. If anyone queries a decision made about the SLSA the general attitude of the councillors is: 'They are a voluntary body doing a good job, so don't hassle them.' So most beach inspectors, including myself, have learned that if they want to keep their jobs they must keep their mouths shut about gripes concerning the SLSA."

When a voluntary organisation performs a much-needed public service it seems almost sacrilegious to criticise it. But doesn't any organisation — voluntary or professional — need an occasional overhaul?

When *Penthouse* called one of the pioneers of Australian surfboard riding, Nat Young, he was more than willing to discuss the problem of "an organisation that confines itself to outdated patrol techniques and is more interested in getting pissed at beach carnivals than making surf rescues." Like many board riders, Nat Young started out as a member of a surf club but then became disillusioned by antiquated rules and regulations. "I couldn't stand the heavy drinking and their fraudulent idea of what real surfing was about," he explained, speaking from the headquarters of his chain of surf shops. "The pathetic thing is that little has changed since I was a member. The Association is still out of step with current surfing trends and surf rescue improvements. It's gotten to the stage where I don't believe they can justify the amount of money spent on them by governments and councils."

Nat was adamant that his criticisms do not extend to the original ideals of the volunteer surf rescue movement of 75 years ago. "In the early days there was a definite need for volunteers to perform surf rescues. At the time, councils really didn't know how to deal with the problem. When you look back at the history of the SLSA it was a revolutionary organisation founded by some very courageous people. But that was years ago. These days, most clubbies have lost touch."

Sydney architect John Witzig also recalled some unfortunate experiences as a surf club member. "I've always considered the surf clubs to be the epitome of the most backward, reactionary organisation imaginable," he said. "But maybe they've changed a bit. I can't be certain whether change has filtered through to most clubs — probably it's still very much the same as ever — but my local club at Whale Beach has seen a radical change for the better. It's dominated mainly by younger kids instead of these rigid old-timers. I've never heard any complaints about their standard of surf rescue, yet things are so much more flexible."

Nat Young claims that most surf rescues are carried out by beach inspectors and surfboard riders. "I'm quite sure that surfboard riders save more lives in a month than most surf club guys would save in a year," he said. "I don't care how many howls of protest you get over that — it's true."

The "howls of protest" at one Sydney beach when they heard that one were more like the noise of a herd of wounded bulls. There was a flood of comments like: "Those bloody board riders are playing with themselves if they think that", yet a few of the younger club members agreed, at least in part, with Nat's statement. "I'm in the club and I'm also a board rider and I've seen a hell of a lot of board riders save people," said 20-year-old Mark. "I've done it myself."

Because of the nature of riding waves, surfers are usually in dangerous areas, like on the edge of rips where unwary swimmers tend to get into trouble. "Unlike surf club guys who confine themselves to small patrol areas, we are used to all types of surf conditions and wave patterns," continued Nat. "When swimmers get sucked out to sea in rips, surfers are able to rescue them quite easily on their boards before the clubbies have even seen what's been going on."

Ever since the infancy of the Australian board riding movement in the early Sixties, board riders and clubbies have never seen eye-to-eye. It is simply a clash of ideals. The surfer likes to retain his (and lately, her) individualism in the surf, and the main aim is the pursuit of the perfect wave. For many board riders, surfing is a way of life. On the other hand, a surf club member usually joins a club to be with his mates and to participate in competitions. In most cases he unquestioningly follows the rules laid down by the Surf Lifesaving Association.

Not surprisingly, the two groups have clashed in the past — often violently.

As a group of independent free thinkers, any criticisms surfers make about the SLSA are never really taken seriously by the people who count, namely the councils and the administrative side of the SLSA. "It's a pity, really, because I believe we have some valid points to make," said Nat Young. "For a start, local government should stop pouring so much money into surf clubs and start thinking along the lines of having small, professional groups on each beach like I have seen operating in California. It would work out to be a lot cheaper than building those monolithic clubhouses up and down the coastline."

Nat isn't the only person connected with surfing and surf rescue who uses the Californian method as an example of what could be achieved here. As a leading board manufacturer and life member of the SLSA, one could say that Barry Bennett has a foot in both camps. "Of course, a professional body based on the American lifeguard system is the ideal," Bennett said. "But I think it would be too expensive to set up here. Councils and governments are not prepared to pay for the sort of mobile patrol units they have in the States, and just setting up and buying the equipment would be too costly."

The Californian system that idealists like Nat Young want to see on Australian beaches is a professional body of lifeguards split into small groups who patrol every beach along a coastline. In

THE GIRLS MAKE WAVES

Until 1980 women were unable to gain entry into the Surf Lifesaving Association. They were not considered mentally or physically equipped to handle the rigors of competition or surf rescue. The glory of surf lifesaving remained a strictly male preserve until the late Seventies, when officials started to become nervous about the big drop in club membership. Women had been pushing to become full members long before then, but the needed boost in membership was an incentive for clubs to officially open their doors to women.

Women have since proved themselves to be as competent as the men in most areas of surf lifesaving. Surf carnivals now include a female version of the Ironman competition, female boat crews and female Rescue and Resuscitation competitors. Yet old traditions die hard. There are many clubbies who still argue that women are out of place within the clubs except in the hand-maiden roles of operating radio patrols, administering first aid or collecting donations.

Ask a group of clubbies relaxing over a few beers after a surf carnival how they feel about female membership and you'll get a mixed bag of comments — ranging from the jocular variety about women's swimsuits slipping off during competition, to genuine (albeit patronising) concern over a female's ability to perform rescues, to outright hostility about sheilas taking over a man's sport. In the light of these attitudes it's not hard to understand why many women just can't see any place for themselves within present club structures.

"They band together and drink themselves stupid and exclude everything else," said one 18-year-old Bondi bathing belle. "Including what they're supposed to be there for in the first place," quipped her friend. "They get so carried away with the macho thing. It's the same in other parts of Australian society — lifesavers, footballers — you can put them all in the same league. They're clubbies." Another friend agreed, adding: "They sit around the beach looking stupid in those bloody horrible cossies and caps. They aren't all dedicated to lifesaving. It's mostly a social thing." These are bitchy comments, but to many women this is the reality of surf lifesaving.

The determined ladies who seek entry into the clubs generally have similar feelings, but few care to openly air their grievances. They want to get what they can from being a club member, and the fewer waves they make about the way the SLSA is run, the easier it is for them. "The guys who disapprove of girl lifesavers usually aren't prepared to say it face-to-face," said one woman surf lifesaver. "I'm a member of Bondi but I originally joined North Bondi surf club with two other girls. We weren't actually told we couldn't train to become patrol members but no-one made us feel welcome, so we changed clubs."

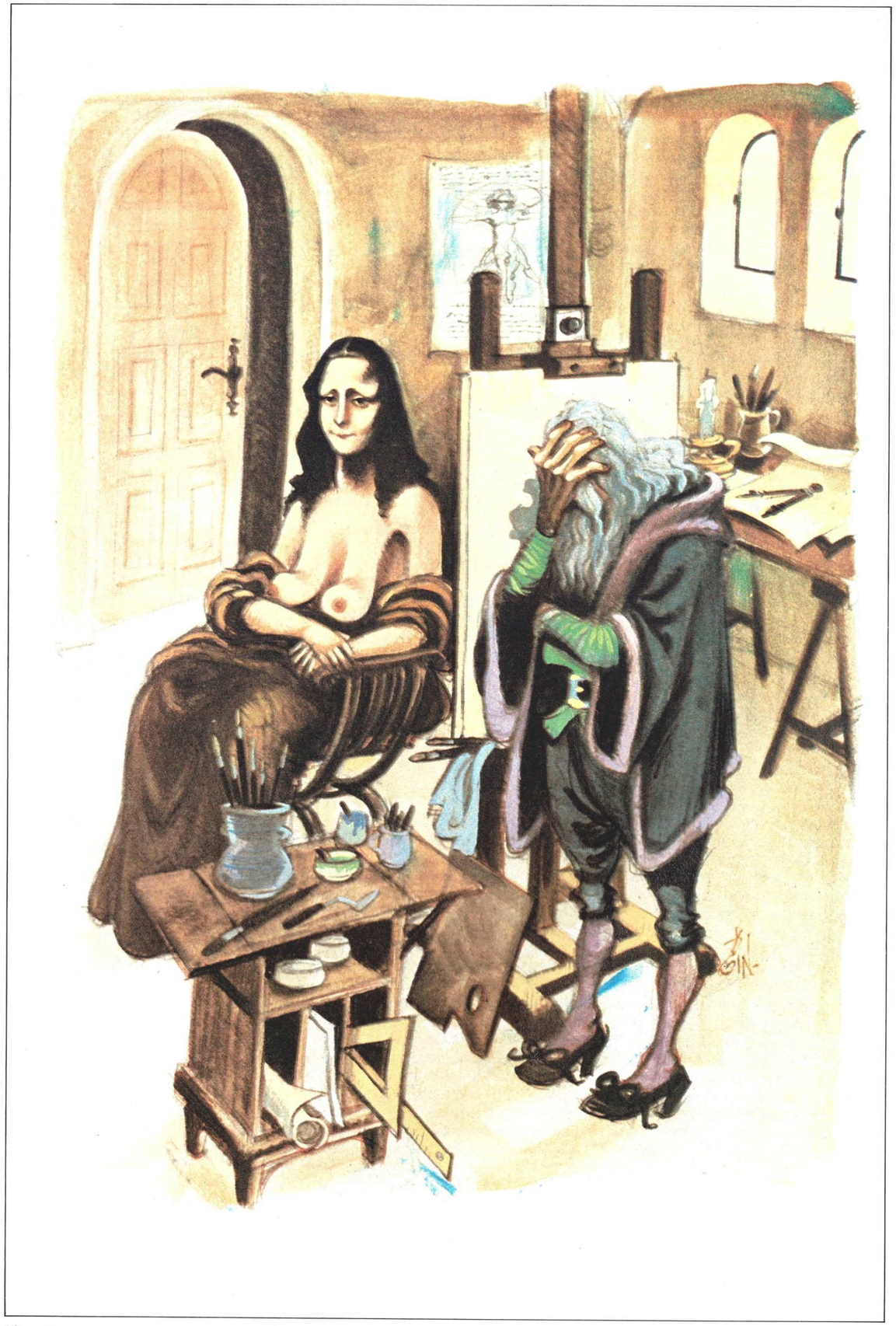
A member of Sydney's Era surf club, Dr Helen Carney, believes it is essential for more women to join clubs to help break down the barriers. "The squad I was in was the first all-female team to gain their surf lifesaving Bronze at Era," she said. "I'll never forget the looks of bewilderment on the faces of some of the club members, especially the older ones, but I think our presence in the club is pretty much accepted now."

Helen agreed that the situation for women in some other clubs may not be as easy. "There is a strong desire within the whole association to maintain the status quo," she said, "but I have no idea what the objectors to women's presence think we are going to do. We are not out to change things radically. The clubs have their own momentum. Most female surf lifesavers simply want to find their own place within the club structure. It makes it hard when the Keep Out feeling is very strong in some places."

Helen takes her patrol work very seriously. "I see my role as a surf lifesaver in a literal sense," she said. "I've completed the training and I'm there to assist people who get into difficulties. I'm not out to compete at carnivals — although many women members are and good luck to them — nor do I wish to gain entry to the carnival beer tent. The skills I feel I can contribute involve saving people's lives."

Helen's optimism wasn't shared quite so wholeheartedly by the Bondi club member. "We can make a different environment for ourselves but it's often a continuous process of being just that bit more dedicated, plus never showing we mind the sexist remarks."

Attitudes can differ significantly from club to club: "If your fathers or brothers are members of a particular club, or if there are already a few girl members, it makes it a lot easier," she said. "We've made a lot of progress in two years, but it will take quite a while before girl clubbies are totally accepted everywhere."



principle, it sounds similar to the Australian system, but it differs in that the Californian method aims to protect *all* areas of beach coastline — not just small, specially-designated areas. American lifeguards are spaced along beaches, while Australian surf lifesavers tend to huddle around a central belt and reel.

Ex-President of the American Lifeguards Association, Sheridan Byerly, had this to say about the Australian system when he visited our shores three years ago: "The concept that infringes on a bather's rights and human dignity is to confine the bathing public to an area less than 75 metres wide to ensure that there is someone watching them. He was referring to the SLSA's time-honored flag system.

"Our system operates on a totally different concept and is geared to fit the needs of the bathing public. They (the SLSA) have tried to conform the public to the narrowness of their views."

Ernie Davis disagreed strongly. "Bathers have to be shown where the safe swimming areas are, otherwise you'd have people in difficulties all over the place. Of course, we do rescue people who swim outside the safe zone, although there are a number of guys who think we shouldn't bother with people who flaunt the rules. I don't take such a strong line."

As far as Ernie Davis is concerned, the US system is incompatible with Australian conditions.

"Apart from the fact that the beach topography in the States is different from here, the expense would be enormous. Each Californian beach has a control tower every 200 metres, radio links to large boats, and lots of sophisticated equipment for beach surveillance. It all costs millions of dollars every year.

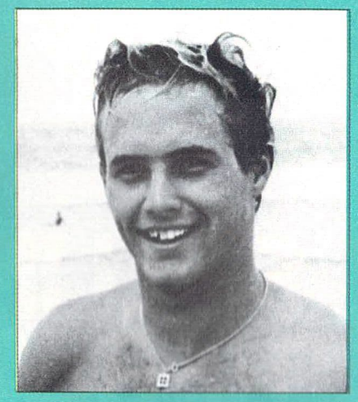
"Admittedly," he added, "a lot of their revenue is received from beachside carparks, but bear in mind that two million people will visit a popular Californian beach on one week-end.

The most popular metropolitan beaches in Australia only attract crowds of up to 30,000."

Some would argue that we could adapt the Californian system to suit Australian conditions and population levels. Carparks may even prove to be a perfect way of easing hectic traffic problems in beachside suburbs during the summer months.

After all, why shouldn't the public be prepared to pay for a professionally-run service designed to give them the freedom to enjoy all areas of a beach with the knowledge that if they do encounter difficulties, help is always near at hand? It is beyond doubt that the SLSA will always play a prominent role as a voluntary body, but while the social aspect of being a clubbie is viewed as more important than the role of surf lifesaver, the public's freedom will continue to be jeopardised.

AN IMAGE OF IRON



A few more Grant Kennys wouldn't go astray in the Surf Lifesaving Association. Looking at the way the SLSA promotes its Ironman champion, it appears the association members feel the same way. After all, Grant Kenny embodies the bronzed, super-fit lifesaver image. He's definitely not the type of guy who'd have sand kicked in his face, yet it seems that even if someone dared, Kenny would do little more than tell him where to get off. He's not the aggro type. In fact he is almost meticulously low-key about everything connected with lifesaving, except for competition. Combine that with an unparalled capacity for winning and Grant Kenny becomes the best thing the SLSA has going for it. "If it hadn't been me it would have been someone else," said Kenny with typical modesty. "I don't feel I am being used as a prop to back up the surf lifesaving movement. Competition is my big driving force and if it weren't for the clubs I probably wouldn't have the opportunity to compete on such a level."

Anyone who has ever seen Grant Kenny compete will agree that he's the type of sportsman who would have been the hero of any other highly competitive sports association. His enthusiasm for competition leaves little time for anything else. "There's a surf carnival on every week-end from northern NSW to up here on the Sunshine Coast," he said. "For about six months of the year I am competing in something every week-end. There's so often a lot of travelling involved so it does get quite hectic. That leaves me little time for any of the other club activities."

Kenny does perform ordinary patrol duty for his club at Alexandra Headland, "but apart from that my role is as a competitor," he said. "The great thing about the clubs is there is a role for almost everyone. Competitive sport is my thing, while someone else may prefer administration or radio patrol or first aid. The clubs bring a lot of different people together."

It all sounds awfully worthy and just a trifle naive, yet Kenny does not come across as a blindly loyal follower of anything — except, perhaps, his desire for competition. He admits that if it wasn't for the work of the less competitive-minded clubbies who spend their time drumming up sponsorship, organising functions and doing all the other essential jobs in a voluntary organisation, he wouldn't be able to devote so much time to competition. Maybe that's why Kenny is so defensive about the clubs, especially about accusations levelled at the ritual of club drinking. "I've never seen excessive drinking in the six years I've been a senior member," he said. "We have functions just like any other club and people drink and have a good time just like anywhere else. But I've never seen anyone go overboard."

Never? "Well, there have been odd occasions but it doesn't happen very often." And to the question of using the clubs as beach pubs: "It just doesn't happen as far as I can see. Maybe it's the case in some of the southern clubs but it doesn't happen up here."

It could not have been put more eloquently by Premier Joh himself. But no — that's not fair. Grant Kenny makes statements that sometimes *read* as shallow rhetoric, but which don't sound that way when he says them. He does admit that there are a considerable number of clubbies sporting sizeable beer guts, but says, "You'd be surprised at how fit many of those guys really are. Many are really good swimmers and the ones who aren't perform other kinds of duties that are necessary to the clubs."

At this stage it began to appear as if Kenny had been brain-washed. Maybe the title "Ironman" is meant to be taken literally? But there was a crack in the armor (be it ever so small) when it came to improving the standard of beach patrol: "The Californian lifeguard system has a lot going for it and I wouldn't mind seeing a similar set-up here," said Kenny. "Paying people for their work would make them feel more responsible and create a higher standard of lifesaving. We would still need the voluntary side of things, and I think safety rules like setting up flags in safe swimming areas will always be an essential part of beach patrols — voluntary or professional."

When a casual waiter makes his confession, he lets slip quite a mouthful . . .

SPILLING THE BEANS

HUMOR BY ADAM BOWEN

It was Beef'n'Burgundy Nite at the biggest bowls club in the southern suburbs. In the Wally Gribble Memorial Auditorium hundreds of mums and dads were hoeing into baked dinners and enjoying the onstage talents of Ken and His Magic Violin.

In the huge and sweltering multi-racial kitchen I piled six more red-hot plates of grey, leathery beef swamped in murky brown gravy on to my tray. Dolores slapped a hunk of pumpkin, 15 bullet-like peas and two lumps of spud on to each plate and I was off, backwards through the double doors and into the packed auditorium, which was throbbing to the wanton sounds of I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen.

A voice from the throng called out: "Waiter!"

I feigned deafness and beetled across the puce and violet carpet towards table 12, eager to dispense my tempting trayload before the whole lot congealed. On arrival, I started dumping "Beautifully Braised Slices of Beef Swimming in Succulently Savory Sauce Sicilienne, Accompanied by Country Fresh Vegetables Baked to Perfection" into every empty space on the paper tablecloth.

"But I ordered pork," croaked a woman.

"Never mind, Madam. The beef's lovely," I replied enthusiastically, squeezing rapidly through the minute space between the backs of plastic chairs.

"Waiter!" cried an elderly gent who resembled Frank Hyde with severe sunburn.

"Yes, sir?"

"Is this beef rare?" We both stared at his portion of grisly, gravy-saturated brown death.

"Well, sir . . . it's . . . unusual."

I confess. I'm a casual waiter. I'm with the Silver Service Staff Agency. Have tuxedo will travel to hotels, motels, clubs, pubs, restaurants and private functions. I'll pour champagne at terribly trendy 21sts; I'll pick up

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAEME DAVEY

SPILLING THE BEANS

dirty glasses until dawn at a downtown disco; I'll serve stagnant Stroganoff at a factory annual dinner-dance; I'll slake the thirst of the alcoholic hordes at an RSL club Beer and Prawn Night . . . I'm one of the faceless phantoms in penguin suits who minister to the merrymaking millions. I have a tireless tolerance of sore feet, indecisive diners, arrogant drunks and the legions of ordinary men and women who quite suddenly develop a superiority complex when confronted by a servant. But I love my job. I love my customers. That's the kind of bloke I am. A liar.

Yes, it's true. I had to tell whoppers to get work as a casual waiter in the first place. And the second place, and so on . . . I've lost count.

The catering business, like showbusiness, is a world of make-believe. I think it was Kirk Douglas who said: "All the functions are a stage and the waiters merely players."

Flashback:

I was a 25-year-old, out-of-work actor, deeply in debt, when on a scorching summer afternoon I arrived at the headquarters of the Silver Service Staff Agency: an ordinary, partly renovated, partly demolished home in Sydney's western suburbs.

No-one answered the door chimes, but I could hear a telephone ringing and somebody answering. I moved around to the back of the house.

From the backyard came a male voice speaking rapidly: "I'm afraid so, Mrs Vauntridge. With our banquet waiters, we feel it's necessary to improve the rates in order to attract a more professional standard of staff . . ."

My hopes of employment sank . . . banquet? . . . professional?

The tiny backyard was almost entirely occupied by a Clark Rubber Pool, about two metres high and three metres in diameter. In the middle of the pool, surrounded by a floating desk and three floating telephones, was a man's head, talking into one of the phones. A smoothly coiffeured, attractive head in its early 40s. It smiled at me and beckoned me over. I was considering whether I should strip off and climb into the pool when the owner of the head slammed down the phone, told it to get stuffed, leapt out of the pool, gripped my hand and said:

"Adam Bowen? I'm Darryl Windsor. Come inside."

This very short, slim, dripping man led me into a partly renovated/demolished office, talking 19 to the dozen: "My clientele is expanding, growing all the time, so there's plenty of work for smart, keen, ambitious, efficient, punctual, courteous, hard-working, well-groomed, experienced waiters."

Well that counts me out, I thought. But I immediately assumed the well-rehearsed character of an eager young army officer and told Darryl a series of apalling lies. He believed some of them and seemed to be impressed by my quick answers and almost sarcastic reverence for rules and regulations. He agreed to take me on trial.

"On one condition," he intoned gravely as he took my hand in a farewell shake.

"What's that?"

A nervous tick started to flicker beneath his right eye. He looked down at my trousers, suspiciously, then looked back at me, the twitch subsiding.

"Don't ever wear flares."

"Oh. No. Of course not." I smiled my best smile and extracted my hand from the aging whizz-kid's grip. The phone rang.

As I hurried to the front door, a dishevelled young man in crumpled waiter's clothes stumbled out of a bedroom with a desperate look in his puffy, red eyes.

"G'day!" I chirped.

> The one and only time I had attempted silver service, the head waiter didn't get angry. He just laughed until tears rolled down his chin. Then he sacked me

"Coffee . . . coffee . . . " he mumbled.

A couple of weeks working for Darryl and I could be just like that guy, I thought as I let myself out. Lucky devil . . .

In an ethnic part of town, sandwiched between a Greek bridal accessories boutique and a greengrocer, I found a second-hand clothes shop with a vast selection of badly-tailored dinner suits. Aided by two argumentative middle-aged Middle European ladies, I tried to select an outfit that would grace both a Double Bay dinner party and a bucks' night at a football club. I ended up with a suit that Norman Gunston would be proud of.

My first Silver Service Staff assignment was inauspicious: drink waiter at a businessmen's party in a characterless office block on the North Shore. My co-waiter was a part-time ballet dancer who clearly considered me beneath contempt. We were supervised by a finicky little caterer called Mr Snelling. He followed me around like a snapping puppy as I bumbled through the preparations: "That tablecloth's crooked! You've got to get 307 glasses of whisky out of each bottle . . . those lemon slices must be thinner . . . get your trays ready . . . here they come!"

We were almost trampled underfoot by a stampede of thirsty, noisy, greedy, aggressive estate agents who drank quicker than we could pour and ordered faster than I could remember.

They all looked the same: a nightmare crowd of drink-demanding clones. To abate my confusion, I tried the Adam Bowen Memory Aid: "A brandy and dry for the green tie . . . beer for the glutton with the Rotary button . . . Bacardi and coke for the typist he wants to . . ."

Next morning I was recovering in my crumbling beachfront flat when Darryl rang me. He was breathlessly speedy.

"Adam, you can do silver service, can't you?"

"Of course, Darryl," I lied.

"You've got to be good. This is a VIP job. One of our banquet waiters is sick. How good are you? Have you done much silver service?"

"Yeah, yeah. Quite a lot. In Britain." (The one and only time I had attempted silver service, the head waiter didn't get angry. He just laughed until tears rolled down his chin. Then he sacked me.)

I raced around to St Vincent de Paul's local boutique for fringe trendies and, by some miracle, found a woollen, double-breasted tuxedo which must have belonged to a 1940s dance band leader. The jacket was extremely smart. The trousers were extremely baggy. No-one in his right mind would seriously wear this suit. Except, maybe, a desperado posing as a professional waiter . . .

The Yacht Club is a magnificent, olde-worlde waterfront mansion which commands a spectacular view of Sydney Harbor. Its members are the crispest upper crust on the nautical loaf and everything about it is ship-shape.

A sartorially splendid assortment of waiters and waitresses assembled in the spacious and elegant dining room to receive a final briefing from the head waiter. The crockery and cutlery gleamed on the 77 shining white tablecloths and the scent of summer blossoms filled the air. It was all a far cry from the pushing piss for a mob of voracious real estate agents.

"You look terrified," said a short, curvy, blonde waitress with twinkling blue eyes.

"Do I?" I attempted a nonchalant laugh.

She smiled. "Don't worry about all this bullshit. It's just another wedding." She was very pretty, very neat and efficient-looking.

"I'm Adam."

"I'm Susie. I've got to do the bridal table. Commander Briggs. Really up himself. Where did you get that dinner suit?"

"You like it?"

"Er . . ."

We were interrupted by a solid hulk of a South American head waiter called Alberto. Dark brown eyes glowered and swivelled in his chunky face as he mapped out the plan of campaign and impressed on us the importance of precision and protocol. I started to sweat.

All the others looked relaxed or bored. Susie winked at me. We were ordered upstairs to serve pre-dinner drinks to the 200 guests. It was easy: endless champagne for the blue blood brigade.

I began to relax and feel like an extra in an old British society movie. I smiled, I bowed, I excused-me. I said "After you, sir" with repulsive obsequiousness. I sang "After you, madam" to a gorgeous bridesmaid, ran my eyes across her bouquet and poured champagne all over the hand of a red-faced blimp.

"I say! Watch what you're doing, steward!"

"I'm most awfully sorry, sir."

The guests began to dwindle. I was still topping up the glasses of ladies and chaps I never thought really existed until now, when my eyes caught the pop-eyes of Mr McPherson, the assistant manager — an excitable, alcoholic Scotsman (and former valet to a prominent politician). He beckoned me over, agitatedly.

"What the hell are ye doin', laddie?"

"Serving the guests, sir."

"Don't answer me back!" he barked, puce in the face. "Get doonstairs to yrr station."

My station was table 13, as luck would have it. And there, in an atmosphere of candle-lit, sumptuous comfort, I served the entree of Smoked Snowy Mountain Trout to 12 ancient mariners and their spouses. Alberto lumbered up behind me, hissing: "Top de wine up, clear de plates. Hurry."

In the furnace-like heat of the kitchen stood a line of waiters and waitresses lining napkins up their arms to protect them from the heat of the huge, scorching platters of meat, gravy and tomatoes we were about to silver serve to the waiting gentry.

McPherson, looking quite loopy, stood by the server, screaming out: "Table 10, hurry it up lassie! And remember! *Nobody* serrves until Susie serrves the brride and grroom. Table 13, gatta moove on laddie!"

I scooped up a heavy, piping platter loaded with 12 hunks of rump steak, gravy and tomatoes, balanced it precariously along my left arm, and scuttled out of the kitchen, sweating profusely. By the time I reached table 13 I was already straining muscles I never knew I had.

I stood by my station, bravely trying to project an air of confidence, my eyes riveted on the bridal table: a vision of white, pristine elegance. Directly in front of the merrily chattering bride and groom was a perfect two-tiered wedding cake, surrounded by virginal sprays of flowers.

Susie approached the happy couple, the steaming platter of gravy-soaked flesh poised on her outstretched arm. She looked across the room to Alberto for her signal to serve.

He nodded. She moved forward just as the bridegroom, in an exaggerated expanatory gesture, flung out his arm. It bashed the platter into the air, sending gravy, steaks and tomatoes flying.

Screams of horror rent the air as scalding dinner splashed all over the silk-swathed bride and showered down on the bridesmaids and the tablecloth. The platter landed on an usher's shoulder. He grabbed it, flung it aside and it quite neatly sliced through the little columns which held up the second tier of the wedding cake, freshly decorated with cooked tomato and gravy.

Susie burst into tears and ran from the strife-torn bridal table.

Alberto made frantic gestures to the rest of us to serve up and thundered across the room with the near-apoplectic McPherson to assuage the scene of devastation.

"How frightful . . . poor gel . . . quite ghastly . . . what happened darling? . . ." was muttered as I gingerly edged around table 13, delivering the dinner with the dexterity of an arthritic ping pong player.

> A large bead of sweat ran down my nose and plopped into Mrs Slingsby-Wentworth's wine glass

"No sudden moves, anyone," I joked hopefully. But I was ignored, which was fortunate, because I was perspiring so much that a large bead of sweat ran down my nose and plopped into Mrs Slingsby-Wentworth's wine glass.

Suddenly Alberto was behind me, hissing in my ear: "Get a move on, for God's sake!" Then he was gone.

I doubled my pace and the platter left my arm and dropped its contents on the floor between Captain and Mrs Jellicoe. I couldn't believe it. Why me, Lord?

In a panicking sweat, I was on my knees, scooping the remaining three steaks and some tomato segments back on to the platter, together with some carpet fluff. But still, to my astonishment, the diners ignored me.

I was on my feet in a flash, smiling ingratiatingly and picking fluff out of the gravy. But Alberto was back by my side, glowering: "Haven't you finished yet? Give me that!"

He wrenched the platter from me and finished the job, while I painstakingly served the vegetables, waiting in terror for the discovery of carpet fluff. But, strangely, no. Thank you, Lord.

Later, I staggered into the kitchen with an overloaded tray of dirty dishes and dropped half of them on to the floor in a hideous series of splintering crashes. McPherson materialised from nowhere and astonished everybody by enquiring quite sympathetically if there was something wrong with me. "I'm just a bit nervous tonight, sir."

I immediately became a celebrity amongst my fellow waiters and was often greeted with great affection: "It's the dropper!"

Darryl now put me to work at less important functions, like a drinks party for tax inspectors, who were the dullest people imaginable. When I presented a tray of savories or drinks to a circle of these whispering, grey-suited ghosts, they would eye the contents with deep suspicion, and each would wait for the other to make the first move.

"They're not a very lively bunch," I commented to my fellow waiter, a gnarled ex-jockey.

"Well, at least they're breathing."

Then there would be the "blood bath": a big industrial company's annual booze-up, a student ball or a 21st in the outer suburbs.

At these occasions the customers often out-numbered the waiters by 50 to one and behaved like caged animals, unleashed for the first time with a licence to rape and pillage.

By contrast, there would be the academic ladies' sherry party or an elegant, candle-lit dinner for 30 American oilpersons. Here, on the top floor of a skyscraper, in the company of nine fussy waiters, I would have the overwhelming task of pouring wine for five people and standing patiently by as the diners made extremely careful and polite conversation about business and nothing.

A very agreeable camaraderie existed between casual waiters and waitresses. We all came from different crawls, runs and walks of life, so there was always information, viewpoints and job experience stories to swap: The night when the normally amiable and tolerant Terry snapped and floored an abusive television executive with a beautifully executed right hook . . . The elderly lady at the Yacht Club who ordered a glass of water and popped her false teeth into it . . . When Susie accidentally tipped a glass of port down a lady's cleavage . . . And the balmy afternoon when Mr Schmetter's catering truck spilled crockery, cutlery, linen, glassware and a wedding feast for 150 on to the Pacific Highway . . . Poor Mr Schmetter. He seemed to invite trouble. He was a short, middle-aged German with a toupee and a tendency to panic.

One brilliant summer's day at the Kirrawee Wildflower Gardens, Schmetter,

SPILLING THE BEANS

inappropriately dressed in a heavy, three-piece tweed suit, was attempting to supervise a literary luncheon for 200 ladies and their guest speaker, a famous female writer. We suddenly made the horrifying discovery that we were short of entree dishes . . . 27 portions short, to be exact. I found Schmetter fussing around the kitchen and whispered the news in his ear.

"Vot?" he yelled, turning purple. "Vot are vee goink to do?"

"Bugger me," said Edna, the huge cook.

"Oh no," cried Schmetter. "They vill kill me. They vill kill me." He slumped into a chair, holding his head in hands.

"I've got it!" Edna exclaimed. "Those pieces of whiting for the Apex do tonight!"

She galloped to the freezer and dragged out a large, white plastic tub.

"Run the hot tap, Susie! Make some of that instant white sauce, Leanne. Quick!" she shrieked, up-ending the tub and sending three large chunks of frozen whiting fillets skittering across the kitchen floor. As we all gazed on in horror, Edna, with the grace of an elephant, jumped up and down upon the frozen blocks of fish, smashing and crushing the ice and pounding the stiff whiting fillets into the kitchen tiles.

"Oh, mein Gott! Lock the doors!" screamed Schmetter, streaming with sweat.

"Shut up Schmetter! Come on youse blokes, grab these fish and throw 'em in the sink. How's that sauce, Leanne?"

Choking back hysterical laughter, we waiters speedily transported the icy, gritty fillets from the floor to the sink, where Edna deluged them with the scalding water from a boiling pot of potatoes. Susie lined up 27 entree plates on to which we whacked 27 semi-limp and ragged whiting fillets. Leanne, a comely young redhead with an overdose of freckles, bathed each fish in a burning swamp of instant white sauce, while Edna showered parsley on each portion.

It *looked* delicious. Susie tried a bit and declared it edible, so we served it up. Schmetter, a hunched figure in the corner of the kitchen, learned to breathe again. There were no complaints from the lunching ladies — not that any opinions were solicited.

They probably enjoyed their whiting entrees immensely — unaware of the backstage preparations. That's the magic of catering make-believe . . .

There's not an overwhelming amount of magic at the big clubs, but there's steady money. So I fell into the tender trap of becoming a regular drink waiter on Ladies Day at a big club.

I was running late that fateful Wednesday, pulling on my chartreuse monkey jacket as I dashed through the A-La-Carte dining room, where an elderly flirt in a fox fur played popular ballads of yesteryear on a grand piano. I burst through the doors of the Mixed Lounge, to be greeted by the roar, clank and tinkle of 120 poker machines, and hurried past the large, oval-shaped bar, strapping my cumberbund to my waist.

Unfortunately, my eyes were distracted by these final adjustments to my costume and I collided with a middle-aged woman carrying little stacks of coins for the pokies. On impact she dropped the coins and they cascaded all over the mauve and chunder-colored carpet.

"Oh no. Oh no," she howled.

"Oh shit," I said.

"Look what you've done."

I was instantly down on all fours, scrabbling up the coins. "There's five dollars worth there," she nagged, following me as I fossicked under tables, feet and chairs. "Three dollars worth o' 10s and two dollars worth o' 20s."

> Edna, with the grace of an elephant, jumped up and down on the frozen blocks of fish, smashing and crushing the ice and pounding the stiff whiting

I scraped up the right amount, dumped it into her hands and with a brief apology, took hasty leave and almost collided with a hefty man carrying little stacks of money for the pokies.

The door marked Staff Only opened just before I reached it and my way was blocked by a bear of a man in his early 50s, who appeared to be bearing his burden in life with bad-natured tolerance and five midis of New. He was Bill Barry, Assistant Manager (fondly known as Alky Bill).

I smiled nervously into his rumpled, red face as I affixed my clip-on bow tie to my shirt collar. He eyed me with displeasure.

"G'day, Mr Barry."

"Yer might as well call me Bill, Adam. I'm not gunna be your boss much longer."

"Why? You leaving?"

"No. You are. You'll get the bloody boot if yer late again. Now get in there an' give Susie and the boys a hand."

Hundreds of mostly middle-aged women were packed into the big, barn-like auditorium, lunching at long, long tables. On the stage, a fashion show was being presented by an ageing mannequin and her team of not-so-youngish models: "Now, I know how with-it you girls are, so there's no need to tell you how popular cheesecloth is right now. And here's Lorraine in a very pretty frock that comes in plenty of sizes. Lovely, isn't it? That's another of Grossberg's Oriental Spring Specials . . . and so reasonably priced . . ."

I weaved down the aisle, doling out the brandy lime and sodas, advocaats and cherry brandies, beers, rum and cokes . . .

The fashion show was replaced by a handsome Scotsman in a kilt, belting out jolly reels on his accordion. The ladies started clapping along, whooping and whistling. Time for a drink. Throwing caution to the wind, I sculled down a beer and felt Alky Bill's solid paw on my shoulder. "What the hell're yer doing'?"

"I've been flat out since I got here."

"Yer not on a break."

"I'm not a robot."

He looked as if he were going to protest: "Yes you are." But instead he said: "Yer a drink steward. Now get out there and sell the drinks."

The ladies were applauding loudly and shouting for an encore from the Scotsman. The compere came breezing on, wearing a waggish grin. "Do you wanna know what Scotsmen've got under their kilts, ladies?"

A roar of "Yes!" brough the handsome Scot bounding back on stage minus kilt, in a pair of scarlet jockettes. Yells of joy and laughter from the ladies.

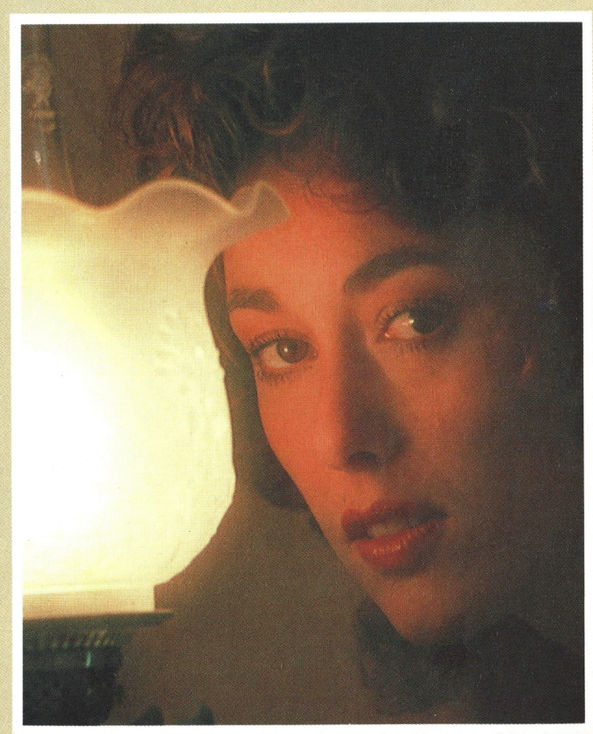
Several trayloads later a hush had descended on the auditorium as a stout Italian tenor rendered a sob-inducing version of Seagulls Over Sorrento.

I leant against the Carpet Bowls Bulletin Board and counted out my 39 cents in tips. Susie swished past carrying a tray stacked with empty glasses. She flashed me a smile and I, moved by the heart-tugging sentiments of the music, crept up behind her and pinched her on the bum.

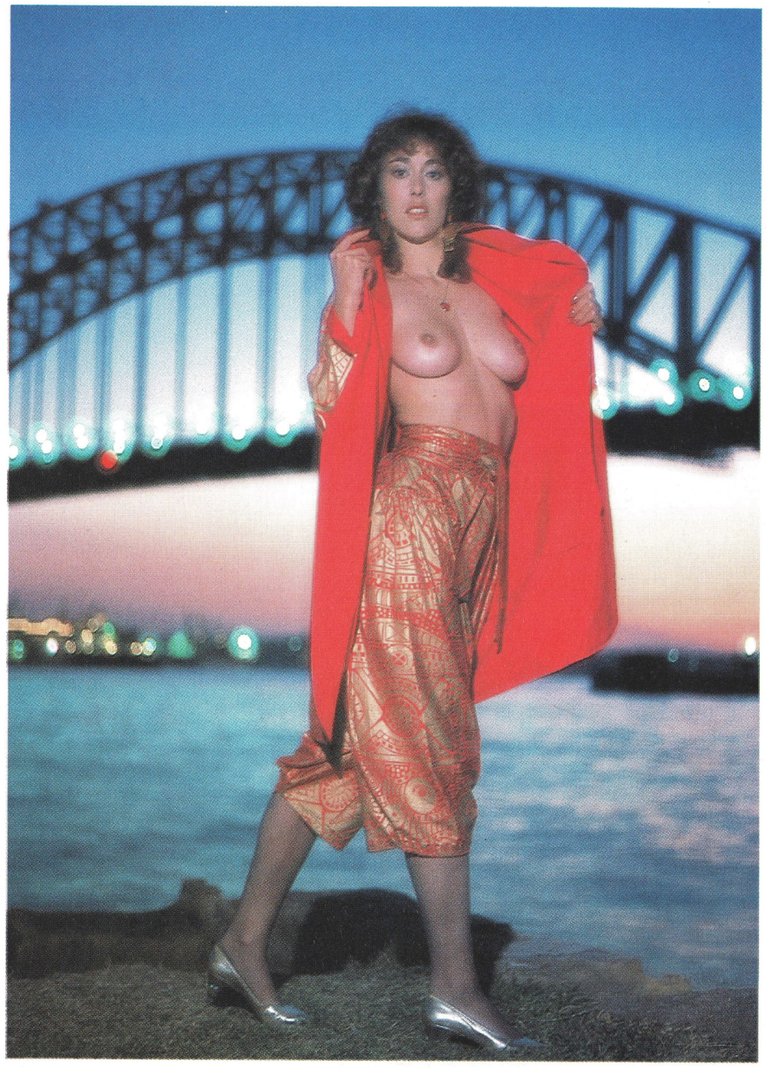
She shrieked in surprise and dropped her tray of glasses to the floor. The deafening smash of glass quite shattered the romantic mood of Seagulls Over Sorrento.

There was a horrible moment of total silence, during which I saw all the casual waitering jobs of my past flash before my eyes. Then the music and some ladies' chatter returned and I saw Alky Bill lurching towards us. Something in his expression told me that this was my last Ladies Day at the big club . . .

There are many confessions to make of behind-the-scenes blunders, drunken debacles and scandalous society socials . . . I remember a particularly shocking orgy aboard a ferry . . . A hauntingly horrific hoe-down at the homicide squad dinner-dance . . . And the night the keg burst at Ronnie Snigg's 21st. But in telling these stories, I run the risk of offending my fellow human beings and, at all costs, I wish to avoid that. I love my fellow humans, I love my job. I love my customers. That's the kind of bloke I am. A liar. ○+



WENDY MAREE



SELF-EXPRESSION

23-year-old Wendy Maree is "trying a bit of everything at the moment." Our New Zealand-born Pet of the Month is a fashion design student — a damned good one, as a matter of fact. She's in her final year of a course at a prestigious Sydney design college and she's keeping those wide brown eyes open to any influence which may inspire her innovative work.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER GLOVER

Artistic expression is what Wendy is all about. It's plainly evident as she walks into a room, a tall splash of vivid color and style. And you know it as she speaks, letting her hands add emphasis to the words that spill from her in staccato bursts.

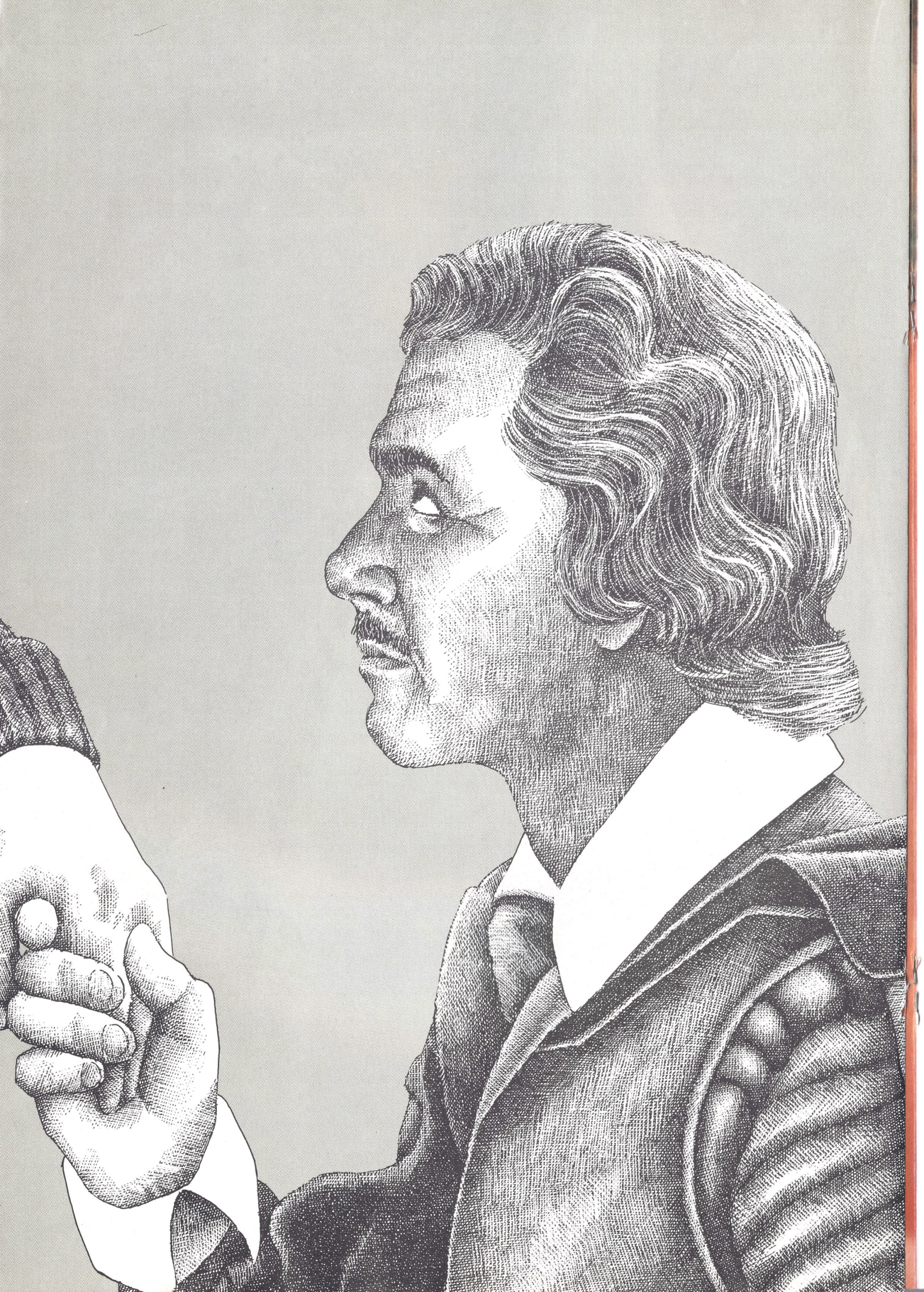
"I've been drawing and painting since I was old enough to pick up a crayon," she says. "And my family has always encouraged me to further my creative impulses." Her Dutch parents have also instilled in their daughter a strong degree of freedom and independence, another aspect of this eye-catching young woman that is evident in her confident manner.

Like many of her fellow students Wendy stretches her budget with part-time work in a design house and by making clothes for friends. And when she has time you'll find her in the surf or sprawled in the sun "fixing" her voracious reading habit.

There are not enough hours in the day for men at the moment, Wendy claims, but she does admit to a red-biooded fantasy life. So what's her favorite sexual whimsy? She laughs, throwing back her mop of hair. "It would have to be the one where I'm dropped off on a deserted island with a year's supply of suntan oil . . ."

Go on, we urge, does Robinson Crusoe get into the act? "No," comes the quick reply, "But I sure find a good Man Friday — and better ones for every other day of the week."

MISS WENDY MAREE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Heterosexual
male prostitution is growing
in Australia, but the good time boys still
have a lot to learn about the tickling of fancies

AMATEUR NIGHT

BY SALLIE-ANN HUCKSTEPP

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID BROMLEY

If you are a regular reader of Australian Penthouse, *you will know of my own experiences as a prostitute — as a learner in the wild west town of Kalgoorlie, and later as a street girl on Darlinghurst Road in Kings Cross. Over the years I climbed the hierarchy and finally ended my career as a call girl. When I was approached to do a story on male prostitutes I was both fascinated and titillated by the prospect of being on the other side of the sheet, so to speak.*

I once read that when Errol Flynn was just starting his career as an actor, he would hire out his sexual services to any woman who could afford him. What a wonderful picture that conjured up in my mind — the dashing, handsome Captain Blood at my sexual disposal! However, as this investigation will reveal, the fantasy and the reality of male prostitution could not be in starker contrast.

Everyone is aware that female prostitution exists — that it's a flourishing industry — but few people realise that male prostitution is also thriving. And we know nothing about what type of man hires out his body and why women are prepared to pay for him. There was only one way to properly investigate these questions: by actually going out and sampling the goodies myself.

My first discovery when talking to other women about male prostitution was that we all shared variations of the same fantasy. Each of us had visions of suave, sophisticated, handsome men who were confident and self-assured. Naturally, these fantasy men were all sexually superior. None of us had ever made any moves toward fulfilling this fantasy — in fact, most of the girls were surprised to learn there were places which would supply a man, at a price.

Most of us had imagined meeting a guy in a bar who would casually mention his price. Or perhaps the fantasy focused on a two-line ad in a tatty Kings Cross sex paper. Everyone agreed that paying a man had nothing to do with being unable to "get it" — today it's not difficult for anyone to find sex. But in the last 10 years women have been looking at themselves and their sexuality differently. Magazines with nude male centrefolds, women dressed in high fashion with gorgeous men lying at their feet, and the use of half-dressed men to sell even cosmetics all signify the more aggressive stance women are presenting. Sex without love is now no longer purely a man's option. Healthy, well-adjusted women can now enjoy sex without commitment and without having to suffer guilt feelings.

Male prostitution, despite the greater degree of sexual liberation, isn't for every woman. Women who were brought up on Barbara Cartland romantic fantasies could find the thought of buying a man offensive. But the woman who is looking for

AMATEUR

a purely physical relationship without any emotional strings can now pay a man, take her pleasure and walk away without any guilt.

To find men for hire I sifted through the various publications in Sydney which display large ads for massage parlors and escort agencies. There were only two advertisements exclusively offering male escorts and neither of them answered the phone, although I rang many times. The next step was to ring around the female establishments to see if they could also provide male escorts. A couple of them had small lines at the bottom of their ads stating "Male escorts available", so I started with these. But the ladies on the other end were vague and unsure as to whether they could actually provide a gentleman, and what his fee would be.

I then rang the female agencies which didn't advertise men. Each time a pleasant voice answered, but once I explained I was interested in a male escort, the voice became abrupt or abusive and I'd be left hanging on a dead phone. It became obvious that a woman who wanted to hire a stud needed a lot of determination . . .

Eventually I found a couple of ads for massage parlors which also offered male escorts. One — "Studs with style, for sophisticated and kinky ladies" — made me think I'd struck the jackpot. The secretary said they had one male escort named Tony. I explained that I wanted to have dinner with him and was worried about him being presentable. Natasha assured me he was intelligent and handsome, and wouldn't appear for dinner in shorts and thongs. "But," she added, almost as an afterthought, "he's a bit rough, if you like them that way." Tony's minimum charge was $150 for the first hour and $100 for each subsequent hour. With visions of some hulking great brute who got his kicks out of sado-masochism, I decided to plough on and see what other options were available.

The next massage parlor had a large advertisement offering a great selection of ladies and services, with a short line advising that male escorts were also for hire. The phone was answered by a friendly young voice belonging to a man named Joe. He was most helpful and explained they had four gentlemen on offer. Although I felt a little embarassed, the anonymity of the telephone and Joe's reassuring, friendly voice soon relaxed me.

He asked how old I was and what I looked like, explaining that this would give him an idea of whom to recommend. He then gave me detailed descriptions of several men who were available. There was a 28-year-old with dark complexion, and another aged 36, bearded and tall. His recommendation was a 34-year-old, five feet ten, dark and of Maltese extraction who was handsome, intelligent and a good conversationalist. All very well, but was he good in bed?

Joe laughed and said all reports on him had been favorable. The fee seemed reasonable — $200 for four hours — and Joe hinted that if we were enjoying ourselves, the escort would probably be happy to stay longer at no extra charge.

I nominated a night the following week and promised to ring back and confirm when I'd made up my mind. The conversation had quite impressed me; Joe had been courteous, friendly and extremely helpful.

My next call was to an agency in Cabramatta. I was answered by a bubbly, giggly girl and after all the previous negative inquiries, I felt things were starting to look up. Yvonne offered a selection of four men: an Australian, 28 years old, blond, tall and well-built; a bearded 30-year-old

He leaned over and whispered, "Next time we go out together I won't charge you." My only thought was that if there was a next time, he'd have to pay me

Italian man; a Greek entertainer with dark complexion; and a handsome, tall Austrian. The Australian sounded perfect and Yvonne recommended him highly. The fee was a little more expensive than the previous agency, at $100 for a single hour or $400 for a six-hour booking. Yvonne assured me that all services were included in the fee and explained that I would also be responsible for the dinner bill and my escort's taxi fares. Again I promised to ring later in the week to confirm the booking.

Later I rang several more agencies, two of which offered male escorts for men. When I inquired whether they also catered for women, both secretaries said, in frosty tones, that their clientele was exclusively male.

After careful consideration I decided on Joe's agency. His organisation offered the most reasonable charges, and he'd impressed me with his open, informal manner. I made a booking for the following Monday night with Charlie, the 34-year-old Maltese. To protect my anonymity I said I'd stay at a motel for the evening, and I promised to ring on Monday afternoon to give Joe my hotel and room number so that Charlie could meet me. Then Joe broke in to say Charlie had just walked into the office. Would I like to speak to him? I panicked and, feeling ridiculously shy, declined. I put this odd reaction down to the fact that a woman paying a man is still considered rather "naughty".

All the women in the office were hungry for details of my adventure. The general feeling was that it was all a lark, and just as acceptable as finding a casual sex partner in any other manner. We were all surprised at the price scale, and decided that men just don't come cheap these days.

Monday arrived and I made a booking at an inner city motel. I rang Joe and he said he would ring me just before he sent my escort out, as a precaution against this being a false booking. When I reached my motel room at 9.30 that night, I made a final call to Joe to let him know I'd arrived, and immediately he called back to assure me my date would arrive within half an hour.

I sat down to wait. An hour later I was still waiting, and becoming rather annoyed. Another half-hour and there was still no sign of my escort. Not a good start to the evening at all. I was ready to ring the agency and cancel, but then there was a sharp rap at the door.

Apprehensively, I opened it and was immediately devastated. Instead of the handsome man I'd imagined, my escort was an unattractive, scrawny-looking character with a severely battered face. He was fairly well-dressed — if you like John Travolta's style in *Saturday Night Fever* — but Charlie was a far cry from my fantasies of Captain Blood. However, I decided to press on and we drove to the quiet little restaurant I had booked.

Dinner was a rather strained affair to begin with, until my date started to relax a little. Charlie was a pretty amazing guy, if only for the fact that his ego was so unnaturally enormous. He had little interest in any conversation that didn't focus upon himself, apart from the odd bit of sickly sweet and obviously insincere flattery. His manner was extremely flowery, and at one stage he leaned over and whispered to me: "You are so lovely, next time we go out together I won't charge you." My only thought was that if there ever was a next time, he'd have to pay me.

Charlie said he'd been a male escort for four and a half years; it was his only source of income. He saw himself as a knight in shining armor, bringing excitement and excellent sex into the lives of his clients. Sex, and his own abilities in that area, featured very heavily in his conversation. In fact he provided me with some very explicit descriptions, over the veal, of his prowess at oral sex. By this time I realised I'd made a horrible mistake in booking Charlie. It would have been difficult to find a less intelligent and more boring individual.

When I asked the average age of his clients he very proudly told me they ranged from 16 to 70. Curious, I expressed some doubts about his ability to perform when confronted with a woman of 70. He became indignant and flustered in his attempts to explain that he saw all women as wonderful and attractive, and never had any trouble making love to any of his "wonderful women".

Proudly, Charlie explained that his price wasn't fixed and that on many occasions he had dropped his fee to accommodate less wealthy clients. They came from all walks of life: adventurous, single girls in their teens and 20s, married housewives with unsatisfactory sexual partners, widows and divorced career women. Charlie claimed to earn an average of $500 a week after giving half his takings to the agency. However, he continually stressed that although the money was definitely important to him, giving pleasure to the needy was his main motivation.

Charlie just didn't ring true. Although he'd done a lot of talking I wasn't sure just how much of what he'd said was really an expression of his fantasies. We finished our meal and I asked for the bill. While I counted out the notes, Charlie casually looked the other way.

We went back to the motel and I confessed, hesitantly, that my purpose was to write a story. His reaction amazed me: he seemed to preen himself like a peacock, and, unbelievably, attempted to build himself up even more.

Grudgingly, Charlie admitted he had "on rare occasions" serviced male clients — usually it would be the husband of one of his female clients. Each time it had been a threesome, and although he said he hated doing it, the money was too good to knock back.

I asked Charlie why he thought women were prepared to hire him rather than pick a man up in a bar or at a party. "Because there's no commitment with me. Most of my clients are married women in their 30s and 40s who complain about their husbands refusing to meet their sexual demands. A lot of my ladies change in the years they've been married and they're ready to experiment, to try new things. Their husbands can't or won't keep up with them, and they get restless. Not wanting to lose the security of married life or the material comforts they worked so hard to obtain, nor break up a marriage with children that was good in all respects except sexually, by coming to me they can have their cake and eat it too."

Charlie was talking less and less and his hands were wandering in places that made me feel uncomfortable. I tried to throw him off the track a bit by asking how his girlfriend felt about this job, and he confided that he was married with two children of his own. His wife apparently didn't approve of his occupation and left him some time ago, taking the children with her. I'd opened a flood-gate: for the next half-hour he whinged and wailed about his marital problems and constantly asked for my advice.

I was furious! What the hell was going on? I wasn't interested in hearing this sort of crap. Traditionally, female prostitutes will act as sounding boards for every hang-up in their clients' lives. Charlie seemed to be confused as to his role in this client-prostitute relationship. If a man pays a prostitute $200 he certainly doesn't expect to be deluged by all *her* marital problems. My vision of a purely sensual experience — of having a man do anything I desired — was going horribly wrong.

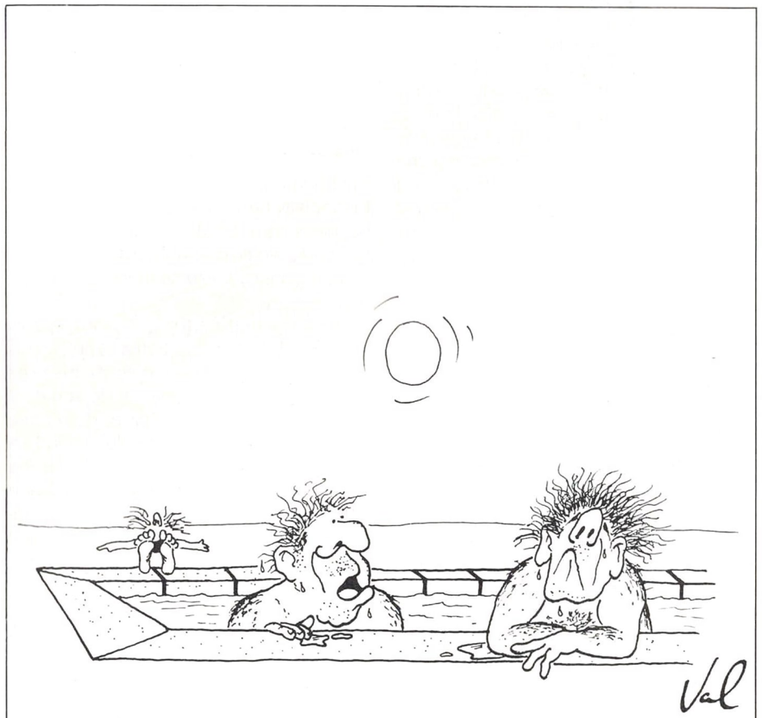
At this stage I was in two minds about going to bed with Charlie. He possessed no visual appeal; in fact, Charlie was just plain ugly. Eventually I decided I really had nothing to lose, and I figured he must have been good in bed because he certainly didn't have anything else going for him. Surely he couldn't have survived four and a half years as a hooker without being sexually proficient?

Charlie, naked, was no Adonis. His sexual skills — the primary subject of his conversation — were non-existent. His continual boasting of his prowess at oral sex was just that. He was totally inept and clumsy, handling me like an ice cream cone. When he entered me, after very little foreplay and despite my protests, his rhythm could only be compared with that of a man hammering a nail into a piece of wood. When I tried to stop him and make my own needs apparent, he disregarded me totally, caught up in his own efforts to climax. Again I felt like the prostitute instead of the client, but when I tried to push him off, it was obvious he wouldn't be happy with anything less than orgasm, so in order to end the whole terrible business I faked it.

I'd had more than enough of Charlie and my only aim was to get rid of him as quickly as possible. Throughout the evening no mention had been made of his fee. When I dropped him at a cab stand on my way home, I slipped the money into his hand. He took it without any acknowledgement. Although I had seriously considered refusing to pay him at all, I wasn't sure how he would react, and decided it was easier to pay up and be done with him.

My evening had been a disaster from beginning to end. An expensive disaster — with Charlie's fee, the motel bill and dinner, the night out had cost more than $300. If Charlie had been wonderful, I wouldn't have minded in the least.

After complaining bitterly to my editor, I decided to try again. The principle still appealed to me — the idea of being able to make a choice as to whether I wanted to go to bed or not, without feeling obliged because a man had spent money on me. So many men feel that buying a woman dinner is a passport into her knickers.



"Sorry about my artificial leg shorting like that."

AMATEUR

Perhaps one of the greatest advantages of "paid-for sex" is that the woman can be openly sexual without the need to flirt or play games; there's no wondering what's going to happen, and no confusion. It's a matter of choice. Paying distances you, and also gives you the feeling you can take charge if you want to, without worrying about damaging a male ego.

I rang the agency which had supplied Charlie in order to complain. My reasoning was that they were providing a consumer product, and if I had paid for any other product and found it unsatisfactory I wouldn't hesitate to complain. Joe answered the phone and I explained that my evening with his employee had been less than satisfactory — that I had been promised a handsome, intelligent and sexually competent escort, and had found myself instead with a man who struck out on all counts. Joe was stunned — almost speechless. Apparently I was the first customer to make a complaint. He apologised profusely, but made no mention of a refund.

About 10 minutes later I received a call from an irate Charlie. He venomously informed me he'd just been sacked because of my complaints. "You seemed like such a nice person, but you're just a bitch. Don't worry, you'll get the money back."

Charlie hung up in my ear. Incidentally, I never did receive the money from him.

I then rang Yvonne and made a booking with Craig, the 28-year-old blond Australian, keeping my fingers crossed for Friday night. The next day there was a call from a man introducing himself as George, who explained he was one of the partners in the business which had sent Charlie. I offered to meet him for lunch when he explained he was prepared to refund me for Charlie by taking me out himself. Lunch seemed a good way to get a few questions answered, and I wanted a good look at him before I committed myself for an evening.

George proved to be an interesting although extremely evasive man, about 40, balding, thickset to plump, with glasses. As an escort or bed partner he didn't appeal to me in the least. Indeed, he didn't look to be suitable for the business at all. Still feeling rather angry about my night with Charlie, I tried to find out why George would employ a man so unattractive, in every way, but he very neatly sidestepped each question. I put it to him that if a man hired a female escort for an evening he'd expect her to be not only attractive but totally compliant in bed; surely a woman could expect the same. He couldn't give me any satisfactory answers. George was apparently just a canny businessman who was exploiting the sex-for-sale business for everything he could get. I declined his offer of a "refund" — George didn't measure up physically, nor I suspected sexually, to my fantasy.

On Friday night my new escort arrived punctually — and what a pleasant surprise Craig was. Tall, well-built, with smiling green eyes. He was no male model, but he was good-looking in a rugged Australian way. Craig was such a contrast to Charlie. He was quite happy to admit, modestly, that this was his first job as a hooker. His manners were impeccable and he took over the tasks of pouring drinks and lighting my cigarettes with unaffected ease. Dressed fairly well in a sports jacket and tailored pants, he may not have been the picture of high fashion but at least he wasn't decked out for a night at the disco.

I asked him about his reasons for becoming an escort, and he admitted he'd really taken it on for a bit of a laugh. "A friend of mine works as a receptionist for the agency, and she was telling me how they're a bit short on guys. She convinced me I had nothing to lose, and here I am." Financially he was well off, with a thriving business as a builder. Craig agreed that his mates would probably give him a hell of a ribbing if they knew he moonlighted as a male escort.

> As Craig was leaving I slipped the fee into his hand and he thanked me for the evening, his embarrassment evident

He answered all my questions openly and thoughtfully, never trying to puff up his own importance or to represent himself as anything other than a novice. He admitted he couldn't imagine what his performance would be like with a woman he wasn't attracted to; in fact he doubted whether he could manage any sort of performance with such a woman at all. Homosexual encounters were definitely out for him, but he expressed a red-blooded interest in taking two ladies to bed at once.

I found myself relaxing. When I admitted I was planning to write a story he took it all in his stride, even apologising for being so inexperienced.

We had been half-lying across the bed, talking, when Craig suggested he give me a massage. I lay face down on the bed and he stroked my neck and back through my clothes. Then he unbuttoned my shirt, suggesting it would be more comfortable if I took off my clothes. When I'd undressed, he gave me a sensual, stimulating massage that went on and on, while all the time he was talking to me, whispering. Then it seemed natural and nice to screw him, and he kept asking me to tell him what I liked.

He never hesitated to do anything I asked, and his whole manner was flattering, respectful and seductive. It was obvious my pleasure was more important to him than his own.

Although it wasn't the greatest sexual encounter of my life, it was at least satisfying. As Craig was leaving I slipped the fee into his hand and he thanked me for the evening, his embarrassment evident.

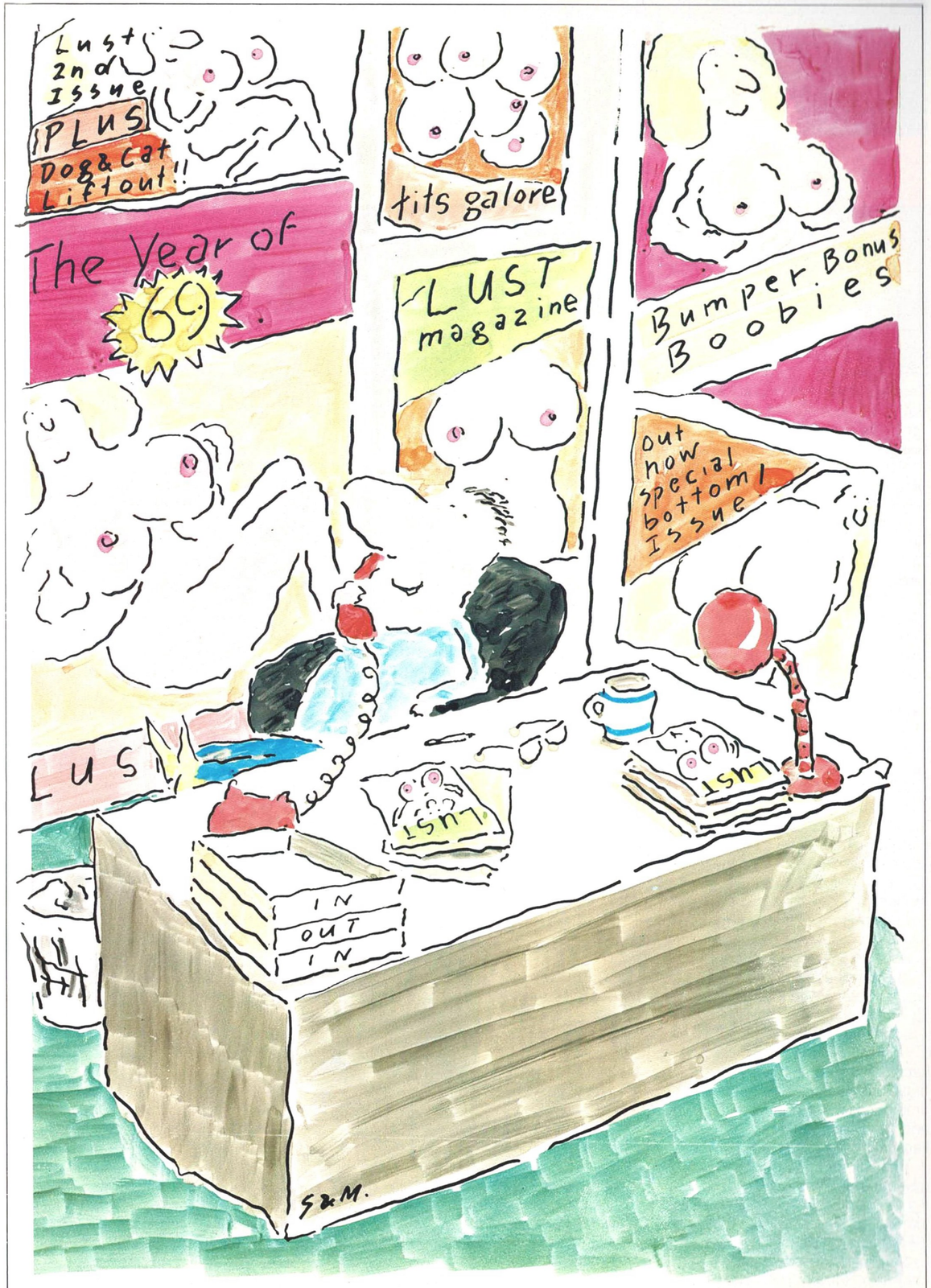
The difference between my two escorts was astonishing, but more astonishing still was the shoddy conduct of the whole business. Obviously the advent of heterosexual male prostitution is still too recent to be properly organised. In all my own years as a prostitute, from the tin sheds of Kalgoorlie to my hey-days as a $500-an-hour call girl specialising in fetishes, I have never witnessed such unprofessionalism. Even the sleaziest places I worked in operated more efficiently and effectively. In my somewhat unique position of having once provided the same services, I was really upset and disappointed by the standard that is offered. Sadly neither of my "paid-for men" came anywhere near my expectations of sensual or sexual pleasure.

Consequence-free sex is basically what the male prostitute is offering to women, and men have been able to get that for thousands of years. I feel it's about time women had the same opportunities, with similar standards of service available to them.

The function of any prostitute, regardless of sex, is to satisfy the client's sexual needs. And the first lesson any serious hooker learns is to cater specifically for each individual. As to that, the male prostitution business needs a good kick in the pants! As far as I could find — and I'll admit I became discouraged after the second attempt and refused to entertain a third — no female prostitute could command the prices these men did and hope to stay in business.

My expectations of sophistication and sensitivity were never realised. The typical Australian male attitude to sex apparently prevails even when it's being sold. Where the female prostitute learns to become suppliant, able to satisfy most male needs, the male prostitute hasn't even attempted to learn about the nuances of the female body.

Today's woman is more aware that her sexual fantasies and daydreams are healthy, exciting aids to her sex life. But if this is the best the Australian male prostitute can offer, I'm afraid women are doomed to boring sexual inequality!



"Actually, I'm giving it all up to write children's stories.

NO FIXED ADDRESS

Australia's premier Aboriginal rock band is making new music for the oldest struggle in our history

BY ROGER CROSTHWAITE

It is a hot November mid-afternoon in nothern NSW, the sky an ageless pale blue as the wind blows the dust off the trampled paddock. The Tanelorn music festival has been going for a couple of days and the wine and beer-swilling hard rock boys from the Sydney pub scene have been rubbing shoulders with the nuts-and-seeds, flute-playing hippies just fine.

Pass me another beer and a slice of that vegetarian pizza, Jack. Let's kick back under this Australian summer sky and think how good it is to be here.

The Lucky Country: rock and roll among the gumtrees and nothing to worry about for a few days except maybe the legendary windstorm, the willi willi, that threatens to blow down a few tents and get red dust in the wine.

But up on stage something is different. After two days of distinctly middle-class urban white Australian rock, another sound from another time comes drifting down from the stage, only to be whipped around the paddock like a scrap of paper by the ever-present willi willi. The didgeridoo drones like the voice of a 40,000-year-old man, indescribably sad and dark. Then the words:

"You can't change the rhythm of my soul,
You can't tell me what to do,
You can't break my bones by putting me down,
Or by taking the things that belong to me . . ."

Six young black men are on the stage, combining the ancient sound of the Aboriginal instrument with the trappings of modern rock to produce a hybrid reggae/rock song, so sad it makes even the beer-smiling, Lucky Country Sydney boys stop and watch . . . and listen.

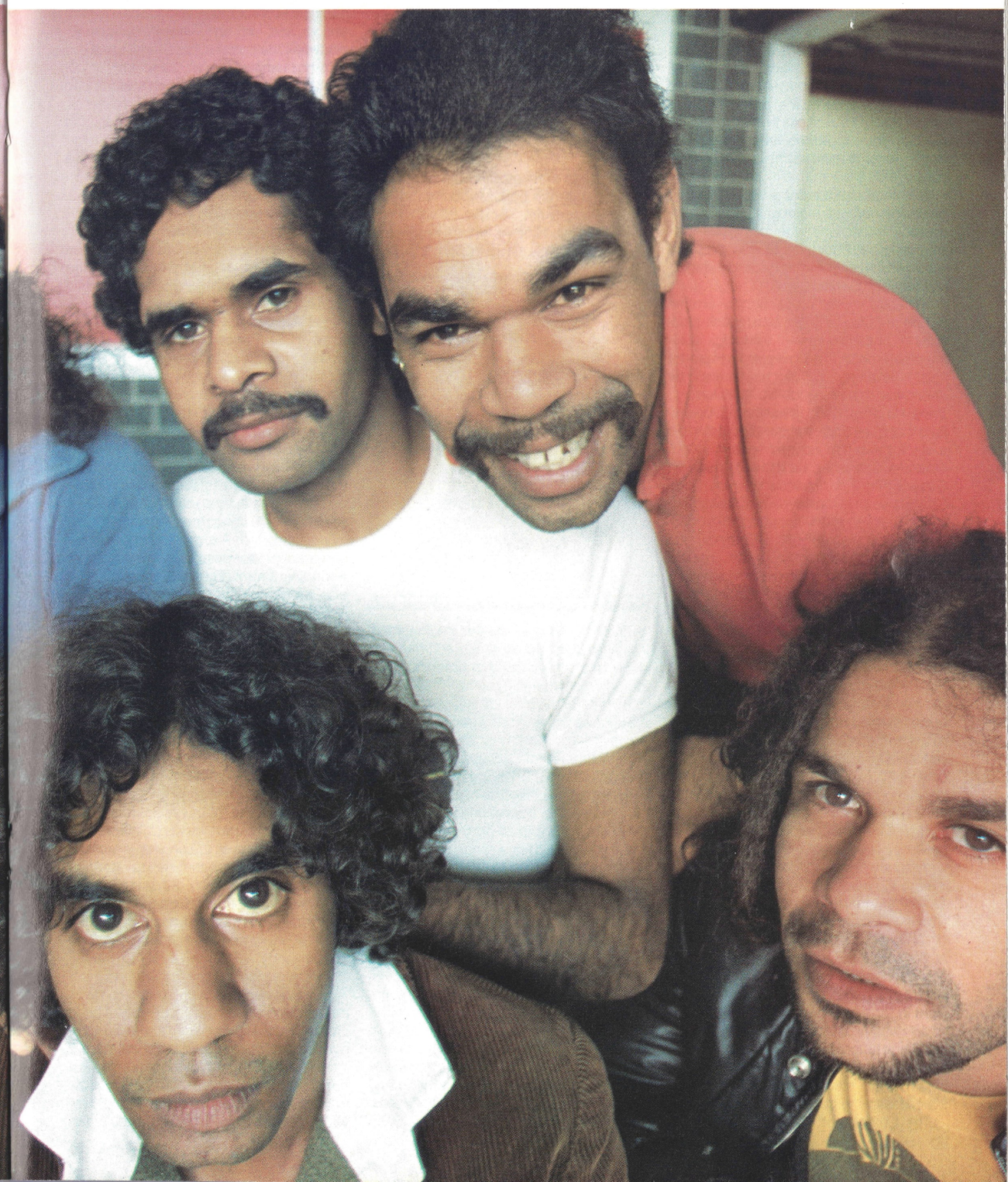
"We have survived the white man's world,
And the horror and the torment of it all;
We have survived the white man's world,
And you know you can't change that . . ."

The words are whipped around the paddock by the willi willi, and along with the scraps of paper and the dust are blown into the cloudless, ageless Australian sky.

No Fixed Address, the Aboriginal band from Adelaide who turned heads at Tanelorn, are making history — the first black Australian band to have a charting record, the first to tour with overseas acts of the stature of Ian Dury and The Clash, and the first to woo young white Australians into hotels and clubs to listen to their music.

They've not only battled the usual problems that face new bands in Australia, but also those associated with being an Aboriginal band on a circuit where the audience is almost exclusively white. The pubs in which they find themselves playing in Sydney, for instance, draw the Sydney suburban surfie set, an audience which is totally unaware of the struggles facing blacks in Australia. But No Fixed Address are getting through and establishing a foot-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILL BURGESS



NO FIXED ADDRESS

hold in an area dominated by white bands up until now.

"It's been a long time coming," according to the band's didgeridoo player and percussionist Billy Inda. "Rock and roll has been in Australia for, what, nearly 30 years now, and the reason no black bands have come up is that we've been too busy fighting the system.

"It was harder back then than it is now. It's more relaxed now — well, not too relaxed, but a bit of the oppression has been taken off our backs in this country so we can get out and do other things. But that's why I think it never happened before."

Billy Inda has a point — it's difficult to be concerned with making thoughtful, progressive music when the majority of your time is spent dodging the over-enthusiastic attentions of the police and trying to find work in a white society.

"There's been black bands around before but they only played at black functions or at their relatives' weddings, playing mostly country and western or country rock," he explained. "But now there'd be about five black bands in Adelaide . . . there's a black band in northern Queensland that does covers of our songs; there's a black band that popped up in Western Australia just after we'd been there. In Queensland, in Melbourne, in Alice Springs, yeah . . . all over, they're springing up."

The "springing up" of No Fixed Address was a long and tortuous process marked by violence, prejudice, *and* the more usual setbacks that beset any band trying to make a start in Australia.

But there was no turning back — because what was there to turn back to? A slow burn-out in Adelaide, being hassled by the police, Saturday night fights in Hindley St, and little or no work to find. A report handed down by the South Australian Attorney-General's Department last year spelled it out: although accounting for only 0.8 percent of South Australia's population in the 1981 census, Aborigines appeared in 9.1 percent of Supreme and District Criminal Court cases. *And 37.8 percent of all people sentenced to prison were black people.*

At the age of 16 Bart Willoughby, the skinny, shy drummer and songwriter for No Fixed Address, was one of them.

"It wasn't exactly prison," Bart recalled in the sun-drenched record company office overlooking Sydney Harbor. "It was like a boys' home, because I was only 16. I went in for a break and enter and got out when I was 17, but while I was in there this black guy taught me a bit of guitar. When I got out I went down to this college for black music studies in Flinders St and started learning guitar, drums and bass."

The College for Aboriginal Studies of Music was the focal point for the black music scene that was evolving in Adelaide, with dozens of young blacks learning instruments and forming bands, as well as playing in the college's own ensemble. It was there that No Fixed Address started to come together. One small haven in the edgy existence of urban black people in South Australia.

"Every night in Adelaide the coppers will go into a pub and drag out four or five black guys and lock them up," said Bart, sitting on the edge of the record company lounge suite.

"It's the same all over — like in Sydney it happens in Redfern, in Melbourne it's Fitzroy, in Brisbane it's the valley," Billy chimed in.

"Every five minutes I'd be stopped in the street by the police, and most of the time I'd keep quiet," Bart recalled. "There were a couple of times when I was picked up that I went a bit over the edge, but

> Some coppers didn't like the way they were portrayed in the picture so they picked John John up in Hindley St and busted his hand

everyone goes over the edge sometimes, especially when they've had too much to drink, and you've got that pressure coming down on you all the time. Then they'd chuck me in the back of the van and give me a good hiding. That's happened a few times.

"I eventually told a couple of policemen that picked me up, 'Look, I'm not the type who likes to be picked up all the time, like I play music and I don't intend to do anything wrong. I've been picked up so many times you should know what my name is. I just don't want to be harassed.' And luckily these two coppers were all right. They could see what I was talking about and they left me alone."

In 1980 No Fixed Address and black heavy metal band Us Mob — both formed from the informal jam sessions at the college — were asked to appear in a semi-documentary film about black bands on the road. Members of both bands acted in the movie, *Wrong Side of the Road,* recreating scenes from their own experiences while trying to earn their keep as travelling rock musicians.

The movie was released in 1981 and went on to win an Australian Film Institute Award that year. And it attracted quite a bit of attention for the two bands involved — not only in musical circles.

The film became an eerie prediction of things to come. "Our bass player John John Miller left because of that movie," Bart said. "Some coppers didn't like the way they were portrayed in the picture, so they picked him up. A couple of them recognised him one night in Hindley St, and they busted his hand. That freaked him out because he had a child with his girlfriend and they were living together, so he was afraid for their safety as well.

"Then we decided to see the police, and we went around to the doctor's the next morning — but he'd 'lost' the X-rays. We were still wondering what to do when these two coppers got John John again, and that really freaked him out, and he cut it. So we had to find another bass player."

And then came a string of cancelled bookings in Perth, leaving the band on the wrong side of the Simpson Desert with no money to get back home.

"These people who cancelled us had answers like, 'You'll bring in the wrong sort of crowd' or 'You play the wrong sort of music' or they'd say they had a previous booking or there was a mix-up at the office, or some bullshit like that," Billy recalled.

Promoter Ken McMillan was under no illusion as to the reasons for the cancellations: "They were definitely racist. Once the venue owners discovered the band was Aboriginal they cancelled them. They said they were concerned that the patrons who followed No Fixed Address were predominantly Aboriginal, and they claimed Aboriginal patrons got drunk, fought and created tremendous problems."

But salvation came in the form of successful Adelaide school-of-hard-knocks graduates Cold Chisel, who tacked No Fixed Address on to their sell-out shows in Perth.

Chisel's Don Walker said at the time: "No Fixed Address wouldn't like people to think this is just an act of charity . . . we know what it's like to get all the way to Perth and have gigs blown out."

No Fixed Address played as support to Cold Chisel at the Embassy Ballroom, and for a while the future looked a little rosier. There was money in the pocket, there was petrol in the truck, so they set out for Alice Springs. Near the town of Norseman the truck hit a car head-on. One person in the car was killed and the truck and $80,000 worth of equipment were both reduced to matchwood.

Yes, it's a tough life.

But whoever the patron saint of rock and roll bands is, he started to keep an eye on No Fixed Address after that. After outplaying most of the other bands at the Tanelorn festival in November 1981, No Fixed Address became a hot property. Record companies, smelling a dollar or two, came sniffing around in their time-honored fashion, waving cheques and making promises.

Wisely, the band linked up with former Little River Band guitarist David Briggs on his own label, Rough Diamond. Briggs' experience in the studio and open mind about what ought to get an airing on record impressed Billy: "He's no old fart. People think because he was in the Little River Band he's into middle-of-the-road stuff, but he's not — he listens."

Briggs was astute enough to allow No Fixed Address to pursue their own course, the strange and haunting music of Australian Aborigines.

"I was brought up in the bush so I was surrounded by it all the time," Billy recalled. "When I was a little kid all my aunts and uncles used to come around to my father's place and we'd have a great time singing and playing Aboriginal music.

"My father is a pedal steel guitar player, and when I was in about grade two or three he got a band together . . . they were called the Ravens. Played country and western."

"I'd wake up in the morning to the sound of Charlie Pride," Bart grinned. "That's why we still have a couple of country songs in our set. Because our old people like them. And I don't give a damn if some punk doesn't like it," Billy added adamantly.

When No Fixed Address started out they were playing what any other band plays in the beginning — rock standards, a few country tunes, anything that makes the people dance. The turning point that separated No Fixed Address from the pack was when someone in the band suggested to Bart he could write a song.

"I went away and wrote a song, brought it to them, and they laughed 'cause it was so shithouse. Then I tried again and I came back with From My Eyes:

'I need the sunlight so that I can see,
Don't take away the sunlight or I will die like a seed,
I need sunlight so that I can fight for my rights,
So I can be free.'

The gentle, heartfelt reggae tune was the first of Bart's string of compositions. "We played that and another reggae song at a football club gig and the people liked them, they wanted to hear them again, so that's when we started getting into reggae," Bart said.

Since then he's been the mainstay of No Fixed Address, writing five of the songs that appeared on their six-track mini-album, entitled *From My Eyes,* singing them and still shining as a drummer.

He penned the gentle country rock song Sunrise, the only track on the album to break away from the politicised reggae they've become best known for.

The launch of the No Fixed Address album wasn't without drama. Bob Hawke was invited to attend the reception and say a few words. He did — condemning the track Pigs, written by guitarist Chris Jones:

"They're always on the move,
They call them the boys in blue,
They'll kick you in the head,
Until they leave you dead."

Hawke called it an injustice to police. Aboriginal spokesman Gary Foley labelled Hawke "a conservative small-l liberal member of the establishment." Whichever way, it wasn't the quiet free-drinks-and-twiglets do everyone had been expecting.

"The style of music will be changing," says Billy. "Reggae is just a starting point for us to develop our own sound. Next time we'll sound a lot different. Our culture is unique — we want a sound that's unique. Next time we record we want to incorporate more traditional music — more didgeridoo, and clapping sticks, some island drums."

Bart: "We want people to be able to bop on to it if they want to. But we also want

> We want to get a strong black feeling across to white people. We want them to understand; we want to educate them

some people to listen to it properly, listen to the words. We want to get a strong black meaning across to white people. We want them to understand; we want to educate them. Our songs 40,000 Years and Uncle Willy, they're about blacks struggling in this country in the early days . . . and they're about modern-day strugglers too.

"If we go overseas, as the record company wants us to do, we won't be going just to play around. We want to explain what it's like here for black people. We're going to let people overseas know that Aboriginal people do exist, because a lot of people outside this country don't know we're here.

"You know, we heard the Indians in America have picked up on No Fixed Address. Apparently on the reservations they go around singing, 'We have survived the white man's world . . .' "

But back in Adelaide the situation for black people, especially the young ones, doesn't improve. "I think it's gotten out of hand now," Bart said.

"The street kids are getting younger and younger. And they do really crazy things — things that I would never have done when I was on the streets at their age. "We're talking about kids, you know, 12 to 15 years old. And by the time they reach 18 they're wrecked."

Even having a successful record and appearing on *Countdown* hasn't guaranteed the members of No Fixed Address immunity from the problems of life on the road or life as a black in Adelaide.

"When I get back to Adelaide I still hide . . . bury myself in the woodwork," Bart admitted, while Billy laughed ironically. "I suppose I'm too well-known there now."

The band showed up in Brisbane during the week prior to the Commonwealth Games for a Rock Against Racism concert, with Adelaide's electric folkies Redgum and Melbourne's avant garde Hunters and Collectors. Only 2000 people turned up for the show, expected to be one of the major events of the Games protest calendar.

When No Fixed Address arrived for their other booked gigs at Brisbane Hotels they found "There's been a slip-up at the office" or "We've got another band booked for that night" — the same old story.

Once again Cold Chisel came to the rescue, taking on No Fixed Address as supports for a series of theatre and pub shows. The band walked the financial tightrope and made it back to Melbourne, breathing sighs of relief.

But worse was to come. Billy Inda's baby daughter was struck on the head in an accident and lapsed into a coma, and Billy knew he couldn't stay at the other end of the country.

He quit the band and legged it back to Queensland to be with his family. Nobody had the heart to ask him if he was coming back.

Singer, percussionist and didgeridoo player Joe Geia, Billy's cousin, succumbed to a tempting offer to join another band and work in Sydney. But since then John John Miller has been coaxed back into the band, bringing the line-up back to its four original members — Bart Willoughby, John John Miller, Les Graham and Chris Jones.

They're still working almost non-stop wherever they can get gigs. The debt arising from the truck accident in early 1982 still hasn't been paid off. So No Fixed Address has to keep working.

And they're still fighting the last-minute cancellations, the police harassment and the cold fact that it remains a white man's world in Australia. Still fighting the system.

"We were here first and now we're treated second.
And the government doesn't give a damn;
He's tearing us apart, he's taking everything,
Including rights to human rights.
We're the victims of the stupid system,
We're the victims of a white man's dreams."

THE SCIENCE OF SUCCESS

BY JOHN BAY

In sport in the Eighties, the "mind game" is *the* game

Forget about the glory of king and country or how you play the game. In competitive sport in the 1980s, winning is the objective. Today, as a result of economic pressure and massive public interest, two factors combine to motivate the modern sportsman — ego and money. In the Eighties, every professional competitor, from the Test cricketer to the League fullback, has a material reason for making the grade. For him, sport is work — and if the athlete can only manage a mediocre performance he faces the same fears as the rest of the workforce: redundancy, bankruptcy or the bullet from his sponsor. Sport has become a serious business, and a lucrative one for the winner. So the sportsman who wants to stay in front of his opponent will often go to extremes, punishing

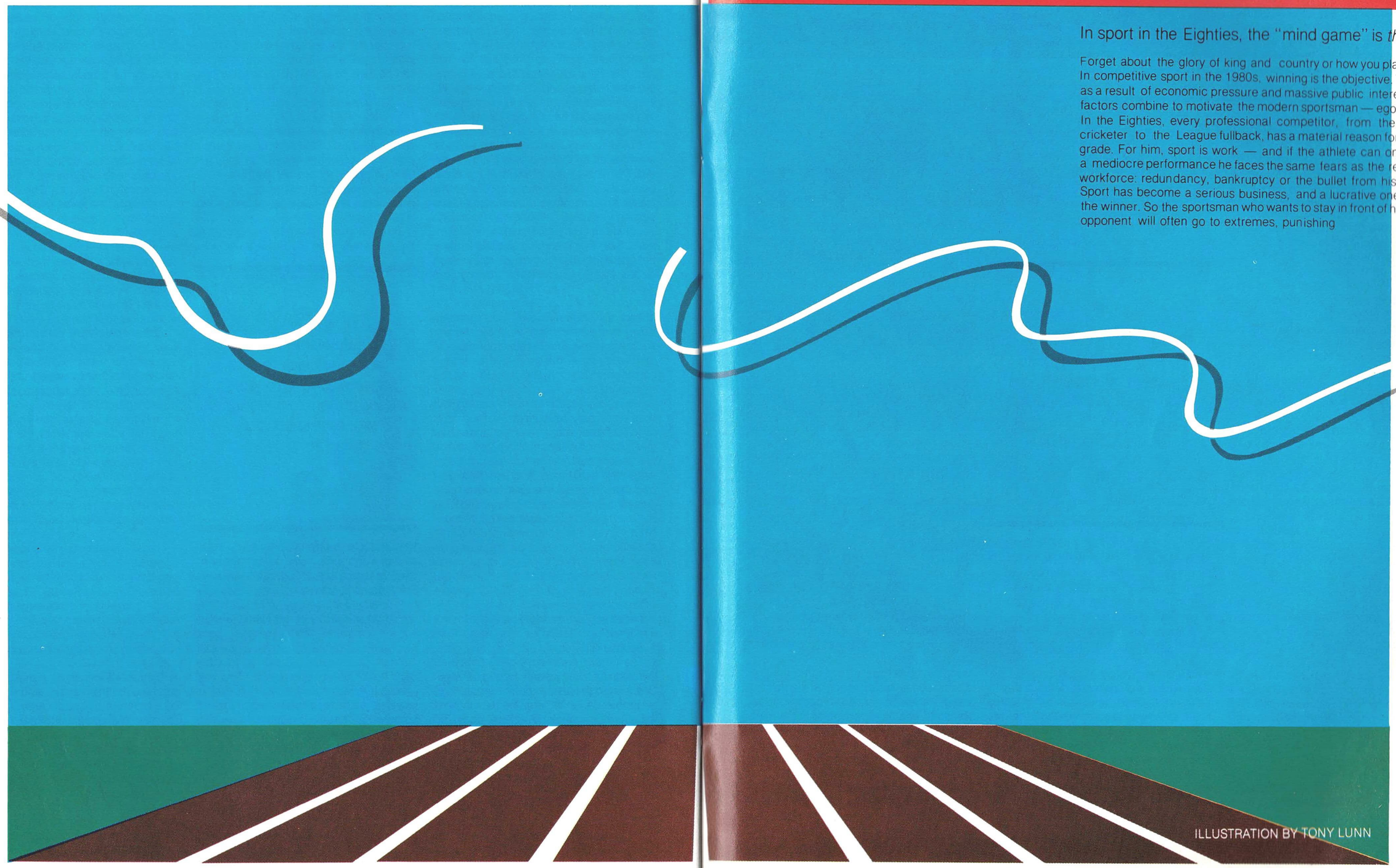


ILLUSTRATION BY TONY LUNN

SCIENCE OF SUCCESS

his body with gruelling diets and physical routines. But the physiological aspect of many sports has attained such a high degree of sophistication that the majority of today's competitors' fitness levels have reached an insurmountable plateau. On the physical plane the players are equal in ability. Now, the competitor who wants the edge on his fellows is exploring a new frontier of sports science — the mind.

There is a moment in every successful sportsman's routine when his mind switches from the "let's get it over with" anxiety which is the prelude to every event, and makes a conscious decision to make victory happen. A champion is a person who is so single-minded about this will to win that there is no chance for doubts about the outcome of the event to enter his mind. My job as a sports psychologist is concerned with motivating the modern athlete's thoughts into these positive patterns. Today, the pressure on the professional sportsman to raise his level of performance in order to maintain his standard of success, and thus his standard of living, has made the improvement of his mental approach essential.

Sports psychology has developed over the last few decades on both an academic and a practical level. But many of this country's top coaches and competitors still regard it as an eerie and unnatural discipline — a threat to their tried and tested methods. This attitude persists, despite the fact the world's leading sporting nations, East Germany and the USA, employ more than 500 sports psychologists between them. Even a superficial look at successful sportsmen, like Wimbledon champion Jimmy Connors, Rugby League lock Ray Price and marathon runner Robert De Castella, shows that their consistency does not merely stem from a physical advantage. Their winning edge is obviously the result of mental tuning.

The science of success in sport is concerned with self-expression. Your sport offers you the opportunity to perform to the fullest extent of your abilities. Sport promotes the organised expression of talent. The sportsman who has trained his mind to enjoy the challenge and to rid itself of external influences is the one who has the capacity to be a champion.

For the spectator, the competitor's reaction to winning rather than the process of victory is often the highlight of the game. But the player derives his satisfaction from watching his strategies succeed, expressing his talents and ultimately defeating his opponent. His success in the sporting arena is often dependent on his mental habits as much as on physical training.

The sports psychologist's task is to investigate the sportsman's mental patterns: the recurring thoughts, feelings and images which influence his performance. To a great extent, the "mind game" is *the* game. Everyone carries around his own personal psychological baggage, a unique perception of reality which controls the way he initiates actions and responds to other people. When a person is under pressure, whether it be in a social situation, during an argument or a sporting event, that habitual or subconscious behavior makes him react in either a positive or negative manner. If he can teach his personality to react in a positive manner, then he will increase his chances of winning.

With these factors in mind, it is obvious that sports psychology has a particular relevance to junior sportsmen. If they can be taught the correct mental habits at an early age, they have a greater chance of success when they play sport at senior level. Over the last three years I have worked with over 1000 junior sportsmen between the ages of 12 and 16. The majority of this work is concerned with self-awareness, confidence, concentration training, self-esteem and motivation — factors which prepare the sportsman for life as well as for sports.

> The sportsman who has trained his mind to enjoy the challenge and to shun external influences is the one with the capacity to be a champion

A sportsman's concept of his abilities — his self-image — plays a significant part in the way he approaches his sport. If he considers himself to be beneath his rivals, then he is unlikely to defeat them. If, on the other hand, he considers himself to be a winner or at least the equal of his peers, this attitude combined with the right physique and the neccessary amount of talent will probably make him one.

It's a case of what you see is what you get. Sportsmen are always limiting themselves with statements like, "I can never sustain long rallies," or "I can't train any harder," or "I shouldn't make this mistake, but I always do." Such a negative statement usually turns into a self-fulfilling prophecy. If this sort of sportsman does find himself ahead of an opponent he didn't think he had a chance of beating, he will often start to feel uncomfortable, considering that he doesn't deserve to win, and will correct the situation by making stupid mistakes and setting himself on a deliberate downward run.

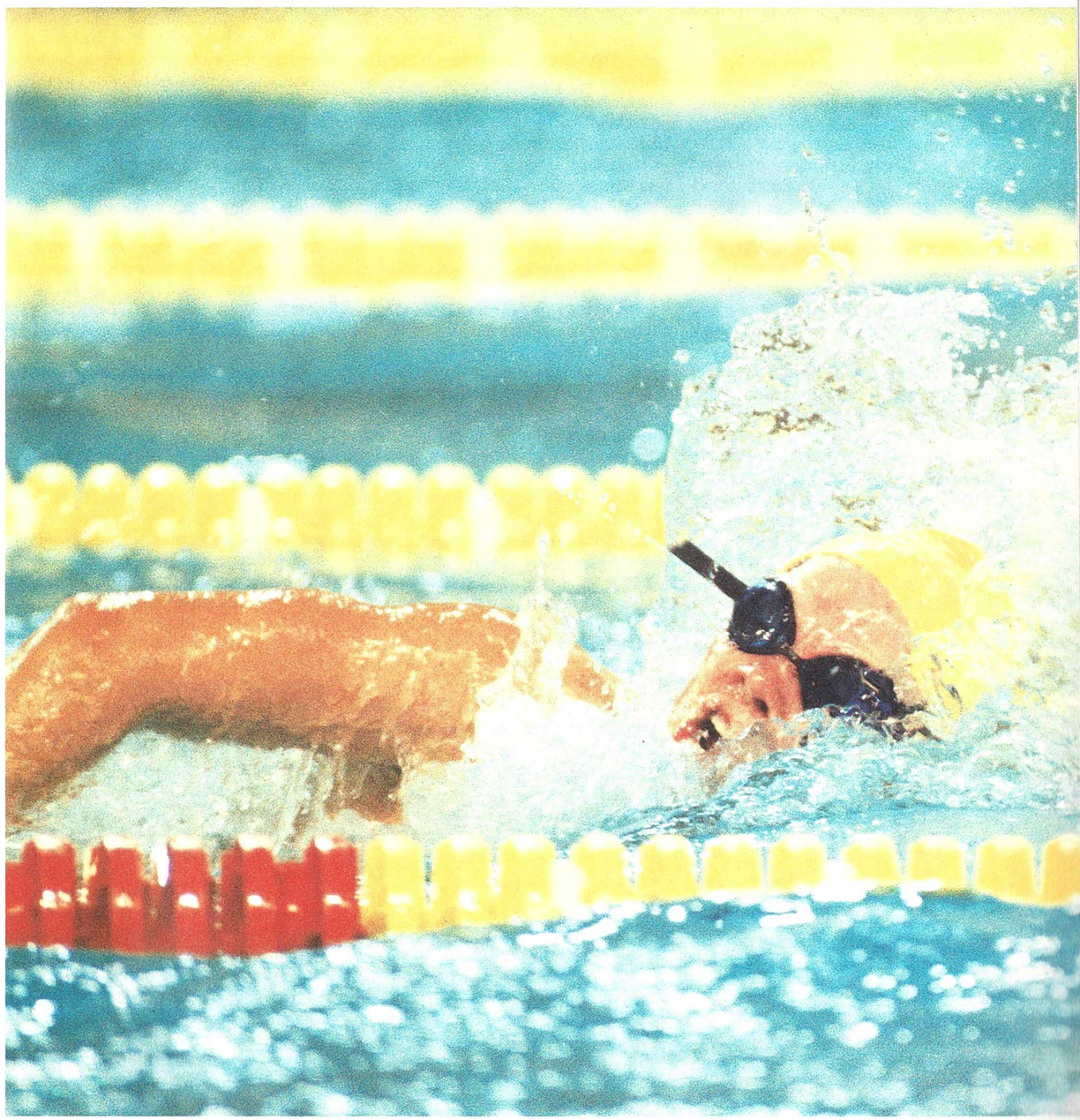
There is a certain element of cheating when it comes to motivating the sportsman. By that I mean he must cheat himself — conning himself into doing what he had previously thought was beyond his capacity. Motivation means boosting your self-image, believing in your abilities, and making winning a habit. Motivation is governed by two emotions — desire and fear. The successful sportsman is more likely to avoid failure. Basically, he has to talk himself into winning.

Mental training involves other important factors such as arousal levels, aggression, self-awareness, confidence, imagination and strategy. A sportsman like Kangaroo second-rower Wayne Pearce has to feel aggressive if he wants to perform well. A gymnast, on the other hand, is more likely to want to feel calm and centred. Jimmy Connors can use aggression in a positive manner. It not only motivates him to perform well, but also lets his opponent know that he won't be beaten. Connors instinctively directs his aggression at his opponents rather than losing control and forcing it upon himself or court officials.

The sportsmen who consult psychologists present a variety of complaints, but the most common of all is lack of self-esteem and confidence. Self-awareness is a critical factor for the modern competitor. Many sportsmen are quietly destroying themselves with self-criticism and self-pity. This lack of confidence is the result of a combination of negative mental habits, such as an individual's internal dialogue (which goes something like: "I can't do this" or "I shouldn't do that"), imagined fears and a failure to cope when the pressure is on. This can combine with insufficient training, rehearsal and preparation to undo the competitor's chances.

Imagination then becomes a critical factor in the sportsman's preparation. Imagination can be either the hero or the villain of the event. Many champions describe dreams of victory prior to their event. In many cases this is not a dream in the classic sense, but a conscious mental and visual rehearsal of their performance. Because what is experienced in the mind is real to its owner, negative thoughts can destroy a sportsman's drive in the same way that positive predictions can build him up.

So just what happens when a sportsman enters a sports psychologist's office? And how does the psychologist probe the athlete's consciousness and then go about influencing him in such a way that the athlete's thought patterns will provide an automatic physical response which utilises his abilities to their fullest extent? At present this discipline has developed a theoretical base, so it is relatively top-heavy with academic professionals but



light on experienced practitioners. There is a trend towards the introduction of experienced sportsmen to the ranks of the sports psychologists, a move which will offer a practical, common-sense approach to working with sportsmen rather than the analytical, abstract method.

The first thing the psychologist attempts to do is to put his client at ease, establish some sort of rapport and encourage freedom of expression. At first the athlete is probably worried that he is dealing with some clinical, superior sort of a shrink, rather than a kindred spirit.

It is important for the psychologist to get a picture of and a feeling for the athlete's world, his sporting environment and the areas where he either helps or hinders his own performance. This is done by asking pointed questions, observing the sportsman's body language, facial expressions and the way he talks about himself. The real art of the interview is to lead the conversation in such a way that the client trips upon new ways of coping as well as positively reinforcing his dreams and goals. The method is particularly effective if you can change the sportsman's way of looking at his competitive situation without direct instructions — letting him convince himself to change.

Relaxation sessions and instruction in self-hypnosis can also assist an individual to get a clearer view of his problems and to rehearse a change in strategy. Often a great deal of counselling, training and intuitive dialogue is necessary to match the right prescription with the client's personality. It can be particularly difficult to get the right recipe for change — like trying to pin down just what makes Greg Chappell a champion batsman by assessing only the mechanical aspects of his play.

Sports psychology's success can be illustrated by its effect on Geoff Richards, who was Sydney's Rugby Union fullback against France in 1981. Richards was given the job of goal-kicker only two days before the match. He came to see me, asking for help in changing his reluctant

attitude to kicking duties. I provided a visual exercise for him to use every time he prepared for a kick. This helped to restrict his doubts about his kicking ability and concentrated his attention on the goal posts, reliving his best kicking efforts and telling his right boot what had to be done. The exercise worked. Richards kicked Sydney's winning goal in the rain from 40 metres out from the posts.

Tennis player John Alexander was feeling tense and frustrated during close matches when he came to see me. After discussing his background and development in tennis we came to the conclusion that during his early years in the game he had been trained to withhold his naturally aggressive temperament. This tended to block his rhythm, smother his positive feelings towards his game and ultimately destroy his confidence at crucial stages. Alexander has now learnt to express his emotions on court and to present positive body language to his opponents, instead of stifling his game.

Champion jockey Malcolm Johnston's form was slipping towards the end of last year. He was feeling a lot of stress and tending to blame himself rather than considering other factors every time he lost a race. During our consultations, he came to realise that there was no need to put himself down for factors beyond his control, like the ability of the horses he was riding. His attitude was transformed after that moment of self-realisation.

A further example of the way a psychologist can influence the attitude and behavior of sportsmen can be seen in the changes in the Australian women's coxless pairs rowing team after a number of consultations. They were worrying too much about their ability to win. When they started to do that, they began to lose rhythm, boat swing and power. Now rowing is very much a team sport. If the rowers' minds are not synchronised to the same extent as their bodies, then maximum performance may never be obtained. I gave the girls several relaxation sessions during which they learnt to be in touch with each other mentally, by way of experiencing images and feelings which I introduced, while lying a metre apart and rehearsing their races. I also gave them a goal card to take to the championships at Thunder Bay, Ontario.

The girls practised the mental, visual and emotional program I prepared for them and it appeared to take their minds off their worries and focus them into a confident feeling about their team effort. They won the world championships.

The mental training of athletes is only just getting off the ground in Australia, but it is obvious from the examples mentioned above that sports psychology can have a positive effect. The ability of the practitioner is vital to the success of the program. But the sportsman must have the necessary qualities for success too.

The question, "What makes a champion?" is a fascinating one. From my experiences in the sporting arena I have noted a number of common factors in the make-up of a champion's personality. Pride and ego are vital ingredients in the champion's character. These two traits mobilise the competitor's positive energy, focusing the mind in one direction — winning. Commonwealth Games swimming gold medallist Tracey Wickham's mental approach provides an excellent example of the way a champion's mind works. Tracey has a positive addiction to winning. When she trains, she often imagines that the team-mate swimming in the adjacent lane is her most feared opponent. So she repeatedly lives an event before it happens, pushing herself to the limit, touching in front of her team-mate, thus reinforcing the belief that she will win when she does compete against the girl she wants to beat.

Despite the pressures which are placed upon them, champion sportsmen have the ability to enjoy competition and the challenge which confronts them. They relish the game when they are on top of their opponent, but they also know how to reverse a losing situation. Jimmy Connors is one of the finest examples of the art of turning the tables when he is down. One of his frequent opponents, John Alexander, has pointed out that Connors has the ability to deny the reality of a loss. Connors can come from behind, refusing to accept that he could be beaten, even though his chances are slim. He will start to hit the ball harder, pump himself up and use body language to let his opponent know that he means business. More often than not, he will win back the initiative and the match.

Courage is another vital factor in a champion's make-up. Parramatta and Kangaroo rugby league lock Ray Price's fearless approach to his game — his dynamic will to win and emotional expression of courage — is one of the best examples of a successful aggressive attitude. Price's consistency and dedication have an important influence on his team-mates' attitudes too. He has inspired the whole Parramatta team to premiership-winning heights.

Champion sportsmen don't take heed of criticism or the attempts of their opponents to belittle them. They concentrate on their own performance rather than their adversary's. This results in a concentration of energy against the opposition. A quote worth remembering when considering the necessity for self-confidence is American Edward Hubbard's statement: "The greatest mistake a man can make is to be afraid of making one." The champion has no time for self-criticism, self-doubt or self-pity.

Like Jimmy Connors, Chris Evert-Lloyd is another tennis champion with a talent for utilising her mental strengths to defeat her opponent. Evert-Lloyd makes a point of soundly defeating a new adversary during their first encounter. This reinforces the memory of defeat in that girl's mind the next time she meets Evert-Lloyd, and she has to overcome those negative feelings about her chances of winning every time they clash. Evert-Lloyd's ability to pressure her opponent is similar to John McEnroe's approach. When he is down a set or about to play for a match point, McEnroe says he lets his opponent know that he is not letting the tension inherent in the situation get to him. "I believe my opponent is feeling the situation more than me, and I let him know that," says McEnroe.

Champions also have a high level of self-esteem and a belief that they are, or will be, the best in their chosen sport. The intensity and effort involved in their training gives them a sense of worth and the internal dialogue they conduct with themselves during those long hours, boosts that sense of self-worth. Commonwealth Games marathon gold medallist Robert De Castella says his acceptance of the hours of sweat and effort involved in preparing himself for his event gave him the conviction that he deserved to win, and that single-minded conviction about his worth was revealed when he pushed himself through the final 10 kilometres of that memorable run through the streets of Brisbane.

Team spirit is just as important as individual motivation. There is no room for conflict in a winning team. They must be bonded by a common desire to defeat their opposition. But there are other factors involved in maintaining morale. I played with the 1976 Sydney rugby union premiers Gordon, and one of the vital ingredients in the team's success was the general agreement that captain Murray Fox was the only man for the job. There were no arguments about leadership. Every man had a role and that role was accepted and reinforced by other team members. The team got on well on a social level as well as on the football field, and it respected and obeyed the coach, who was responsible for putting the goal of the 1976 premiership into every player's mind in a memorable fashion. In the dressing room before the grand final, there was nothing left to say. The tension was high but there seemed to be a sort of dullness in the air. It took a cry from Charlie Blunt to clear it. "Do we want to win today?" he shouted. The affirmative yell from every player boosted and bonded our common desire and we ran on to the field and blitzed Eastwood 33 to 4.

My work with the Commonwealth Games swimming team gave me new insights into the development of team morale. I realised how important it was for every swimmer to relate to his or her fellow team members, to understand their motivation and the monumental effort each individual had made to make the team. This meant that every competitor knew just what it meant to be standing on the blocks before a race. Everyone understood just what was going through their team-mates' minds. The result was that total team spirit lifted individual performances. A swimmer who won gold inspired the next competitor. I'm certain this high team spirit boosted the swimmers' efforts, particularly in the 4 x 100 metres men's relay, and especially in Michael Delaney's second leg effort. He could feel the team's support when he hit the water and responded with a super swim. The team's morale also provided a great platform for Neil Brooks to express his confidence and power in the water. Emotion fuelled his performances. One of the greatest displays of confidence I have ever seen was Brooks standing on the blocks waiting to take over from Graeme Brewer, who was finishing his relay leg in the 4 x 100 men's relay, waving to the crowd with both index fingers raised, indicating that Australia was number one.

Even though cricketers' individual performances often overshadow the team effort, teamwork is still an important factor in first-class cricket. Consultations with the NSW Sheffield Shield cricket team, which has not won the Shield since 1964, centred on developing morale and a positive self-image. I was also concerned with giving the team a "never give in" attitude, which is vital in a game which stretches over four days. Getting the team to talk openly about its deficiencies, as well as its resources, definitely boosted morale.

As the list of examples throughout this piece shows, mental discipline in modern sport is as vital as physical ability. The science of sporting success involves the mobilisation of the athlete's personality, talent and his ability to utilise a situation — even a losing one — and turn it to his advantage. The athlete must convince himself that he is unbeatable, by shutting out his doubts and anything that is likely to divert him from his desire to win.

Sports psychology teaches the athlete to enjoy his contest rather than see it as a tortuous struggle; to play with ease and a positive approach, and to practise his moves in his mind before he takes to the court, the ring, or whatever is the arena. The champion dreams his victory — then he realises it, instinctively.

Performing to the limits of your potential should be the ultimate goal — in sport and in life. According to the psychologist's code, the sportsman must locate and trigger the set of thoughts and emotions which will allow him to perform to the best of his ability, moving with confidence, looking his opponent in the eye — and beating him.

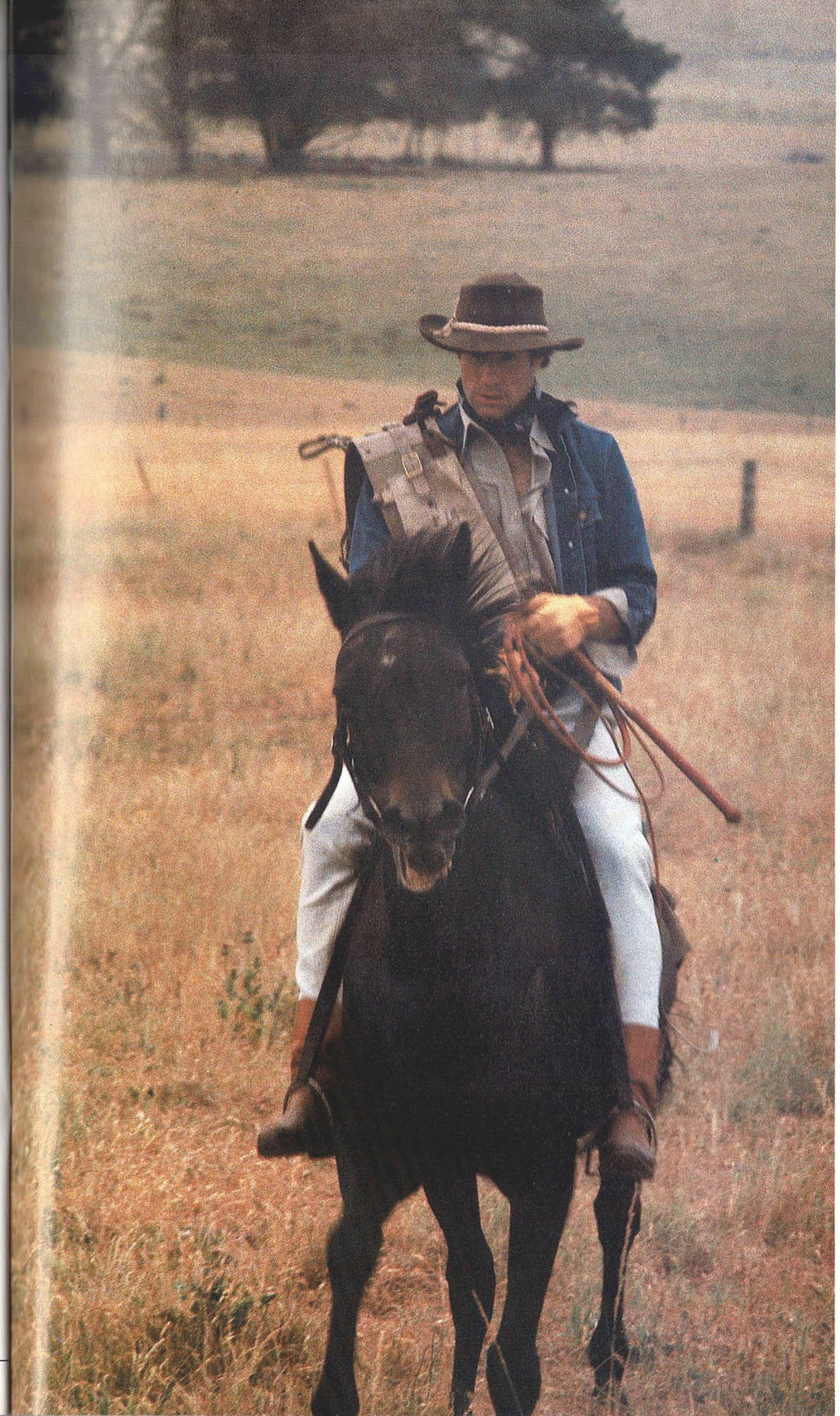
Take a new look at an old-timer

TRUE BLUE

BY SUE SMITH

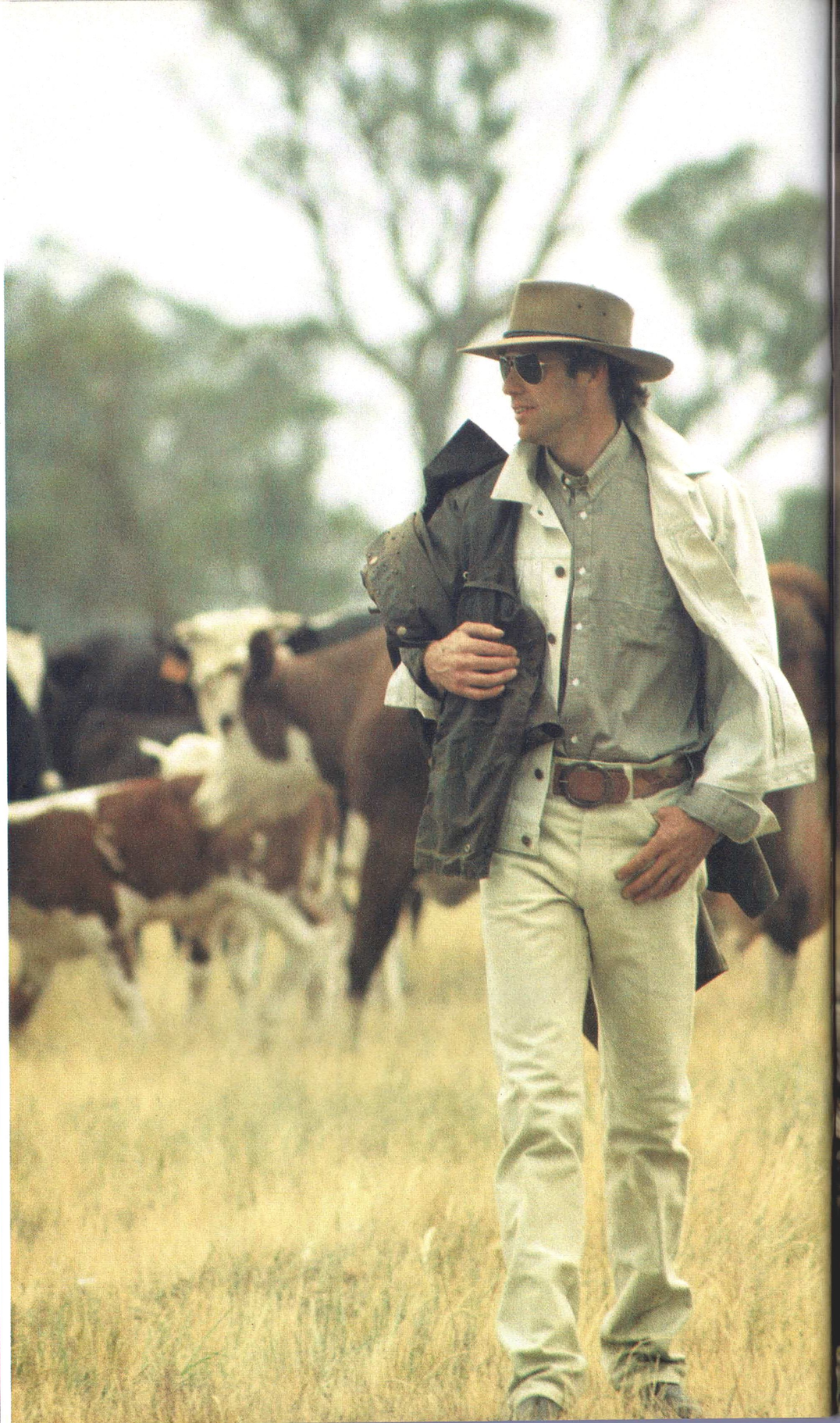
Denim is making a big comeback in the cities — but it was always at home in the country. Vigorous and vital, it is the ultimate in functional clothing — you can work long and hard in it, or dress it up and take it to town. With the long harsh days of summer coming to an end, it's time to look at denim for its easy appeal through the months to come . . .

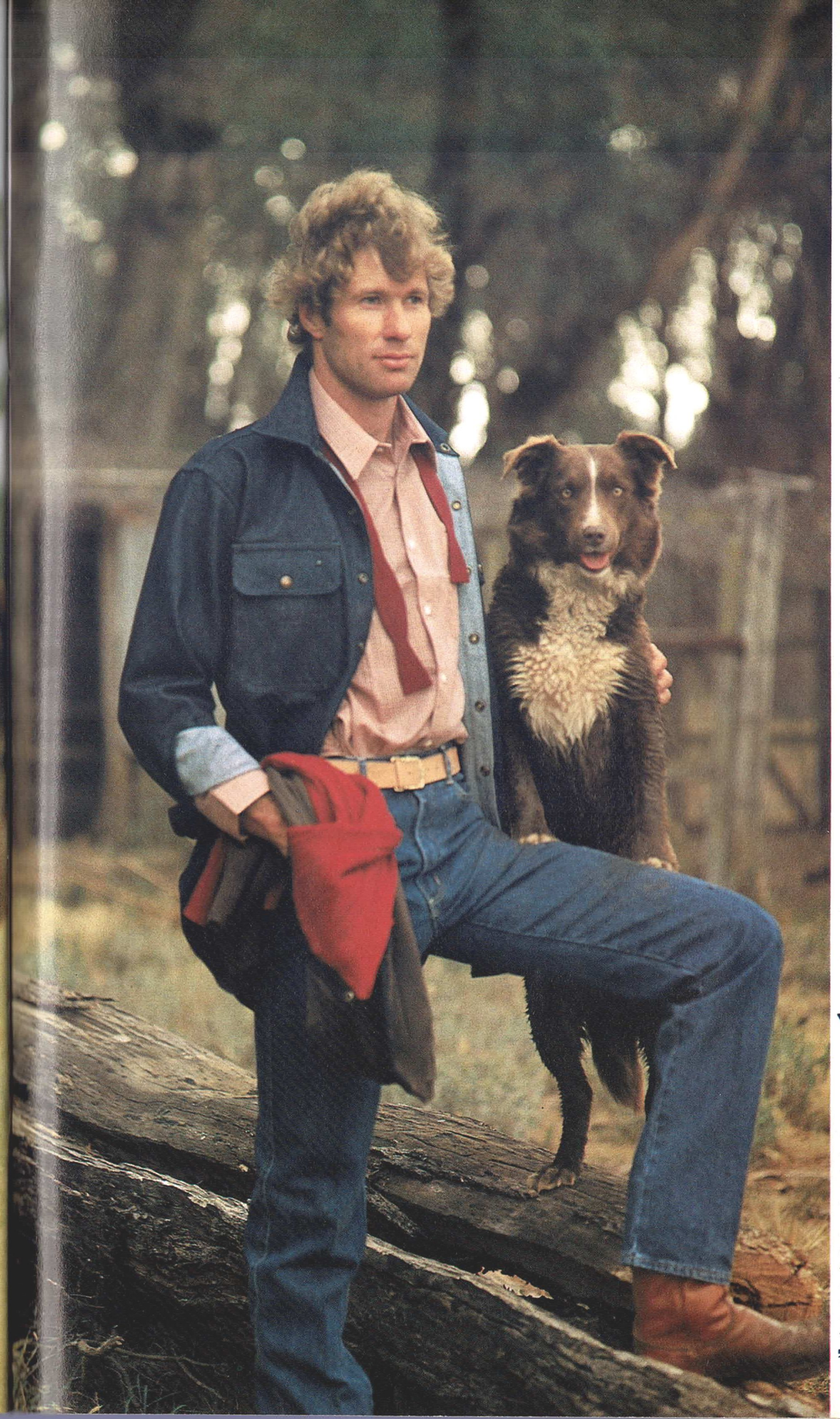
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON



Moleskins $54; Bushman's boots $84; Deerskin Roper gloves $41; Canvas water bag $98; Stockwhip $91.50; Akubra hat $45. All from R.M. Williams of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Toowoomba. Levis denim jacket $54.99 from department stores and jeaneries. Shirt $11.95 from Eastern Suburbs Disposal Centre, Sydney.

Moleskins, $54; Longhorn Slimfit Jacket, $73; Akubra drover hat, $39.80; Drizabone, $94.70. All from R.M. Williams. Shirt, $39 at Najee, Sydney city, Double Bay and Melbourne. Ray-Ban sunglasses, $66.50 at Optique, Double Bay, Bondi Junction, Mascot, Redfern and North Sydney, NSW.

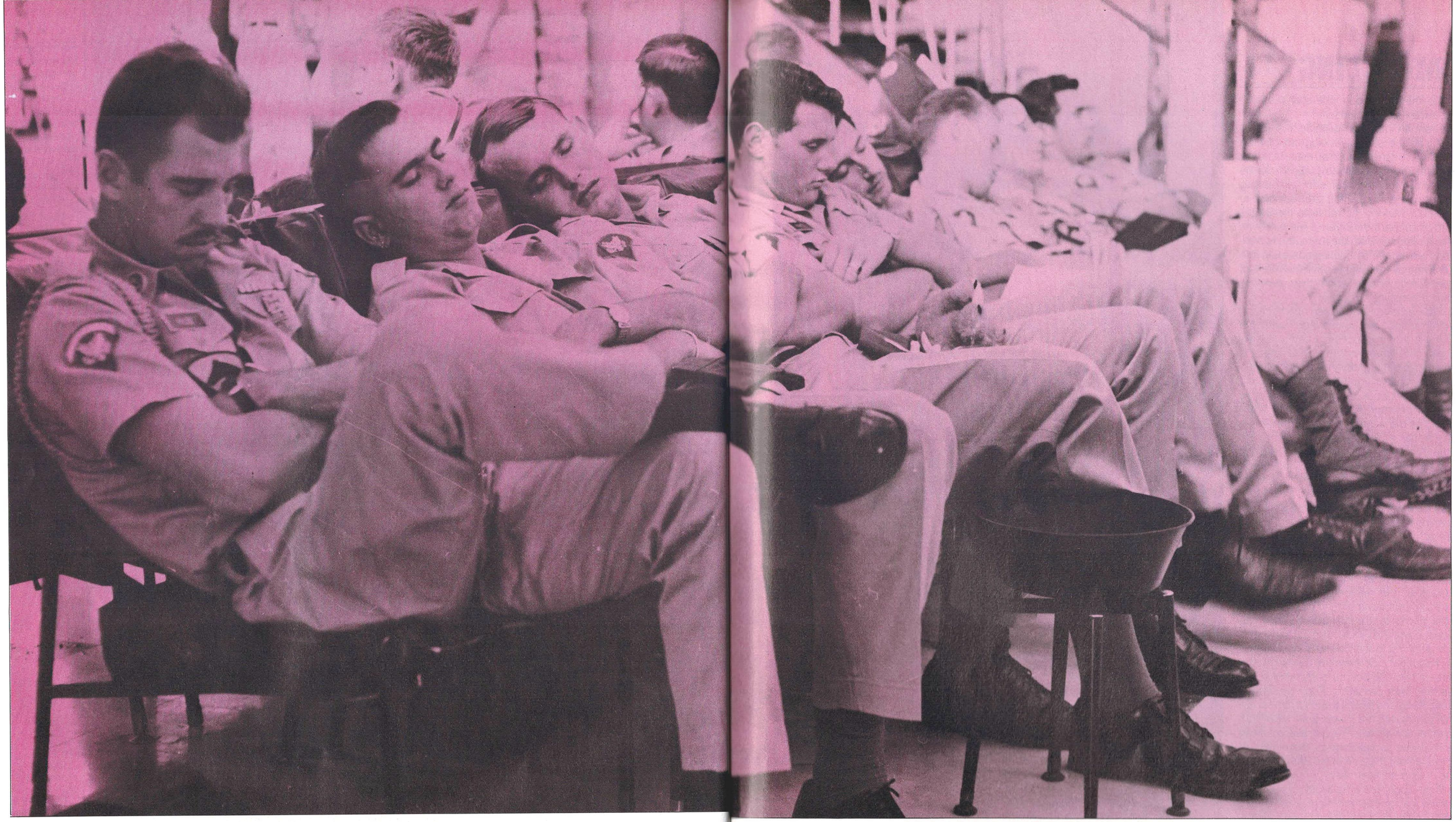




Denim Overshirt, $47.50 from R.M. Williams; Shirt, $39 from Najee Sydney and Melbourne; Stone-washed denim jeans by Amco, $35 at Eastern Suburbs Disposal Centre; Sweater, $79 at Il Tacchino, Sydney; Aussie leather belt, $18.50 at L'Uomo, Sydney; Bow-tie, $25 at Five Way Fusion, Sydney.

White cotton tee shirt, $65 and Shaft jeans, $69 from Masons, Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide; Cerrenti sweater, $71.50 from Il Tacchino, Market St and Mid-City Centre, Sydney.

Giorgio Armani jeans, $95 at Masons of Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide; Artisan shirt, $55 and denim waistcoat, $85 from L'Uomo, Sydney; Bow-tie, $25 at Five Way Fusion, Paddington and Double Bay, Sydney; Bushman's boots $84 from R.M. Williams.



THE PENTHOUSE HISTORY OF CRIME IN AUSTRALIA — PART IX

PEACE, LOVE AND DRUG SMUGGLING

BY DENIS WHITBURN

From the conclusion of the turbulent gangsterism of the Twenties, when the Sydney and Melbourne underworld relied heavily on cocaine and morphine for revenue, until the "love and peace" ethos of the Sixties, the connection between the criminal element and drugs was minimal. Police and customs authorities during that period were able to allocate narcotics to a lower rung in their pecking order of concerns.

Significantly, the first major drug bust of the Sixties — one of international importance — involved working members of the NSW Police Department in a scheme of entrepreneurial skill that shamed the abilities of more prominent criminals of the day. The Corset Gang, as the narcotics ring became known, grew out of the involvement of a young NSW Special Branch Officer, John Egan, and a senior officer from the same department, one who ran a Kings Cross nightclub on the side. Using his Special Branch training, Egan fell in with his senior in a watch smuggling operation until his partner was caught and dismissed from the force.

Looking around for other opportunities, Egan was enthusiastic when a friend, a member of the Painters' and Dockers' Union and a man considered to be in good standing with Sydney's underworld, brought up the possibility of the two trying their hand at smuggling heroin. At the time — 1966 — there was next to no market for the drug in Australia, so the audacity of the idea was staggering. They would smuggle the drug *out* of Australia to America once a customer could be found at the other end. Using a contact from his Special Branch association who had formerly been with the CIA, Egan was able to get assurance of a US sale

SMUGGLING

— to the Mafia, controllers of the illicit American drug business.

From an initial run bringing in a $6000 profit on the sale of a kilogram of pure heroin (a run made while on leave from the Special Branch) to his resignation from the force four months later after exhausting his leave, Egan's Qantas airfares came to $46,000! Making the move to the States with a new partner, Bryan J. Hill, who was also a resignee from the force, the two ex-cops moved the smuggling operation into full swing by recruiting active members of the NSW Police, to whom they gave the title "cleanskins".

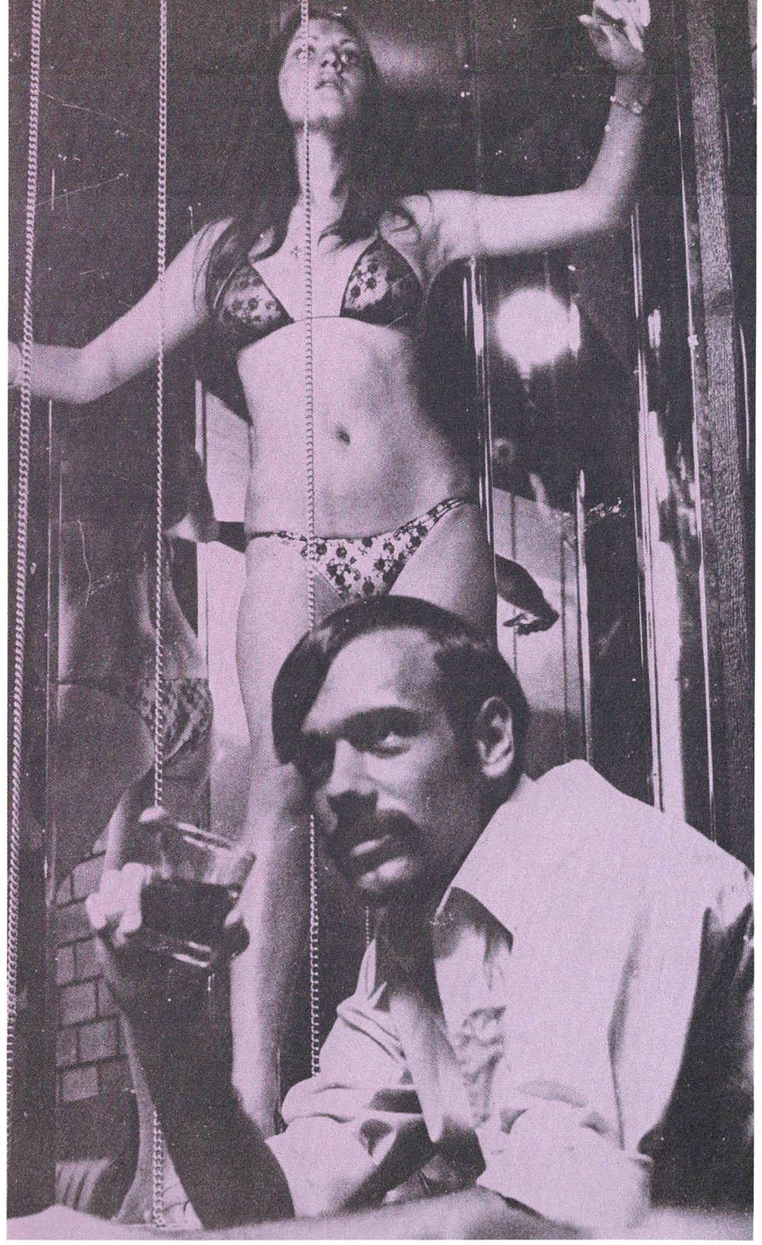
With a Hong Kong-based agent, Glenn Reid, acting as go-between with the Chinese heroin suppliers, Egan's "cleanskins", on leave from the force, made a seven-day run from Sydney to Hong Kong, then by various routes on to New York. The couriers were paid $1000 for the pick-up and delivery. At any one time there would be more than one courier travelling on the same flight, each unknown to the other, with someone else overseeing the trip to ensure no-one got light-fingered with the goods.

Six months after his first US sale, Egan was flush with $250,000, unaware that his winning run was about to be brought to an abrupt halt.

"They're on to you," a detective told him one night in the bar of Sydney's Tattersalls Club. A clerk in the Department of Customs had lumbered the couriers through anomalies in their passports and brought them to the attention of the Commonwealth Police, who passed the information on to the United States Bureau of Narcotics. Somewhere between the three, there had been a leak and after the warning was passed to Egan he flew to Hong Kong and had Glenn Reid cancel further purchases, then went on to New York to meet up with Hill. The two slipped away from police surveillance to Miami, where they planned to go on to the Bahamas and then return to Australia.

Egan appeared to have gotten out of the racket just in time and he may well have, had it not been for a slip-up made by Reid. He was arrested at customs in Honolulu carrying two kilograms of heroin lifted from the last batch in his possession in Hong Kong — a batch Egan had ordered destroyed. Co-operating with the US narcotic authorities, Reid was able to contact Egan with a request that he call, which Egan did — thus setting up the scenario for his own arrest. Jumping bail, Egan fled to England and hid for three years before being grabbed and taken back to the States by US authorities. He was convicted and sentenced to eight years.

Commenting on The Corset Gang, Dr Alfred McCoy believes that "by the late 1960s it was evident that, in addition to a growing demand for drugs, NSW had a police force with the requisite tolerance for corruption to sustain a high level of drug trafficking." That corruption was also to permeate other government departments involved in curtailing illicit narcotics activities in Australia.



The Vietnam War was the counterpoint between the low-profile drug culture that came with the Sixties youth "revolution" and the high-profile social problem it grew into by the Eighties. Between the two points, dealing in narcotics moved from the hands of individuals returning from Asian jaunts with enough supplies to satisfy their own needs and those of their friends with enough left over for a healthy profit, to the control of individuals with long, experienced backgrounds in crime. And, later, opportunists new to crime: the type who have been referred to as "silver-tailed larrikins", men very much in the public eye through legitimate business enterprises who were not averse to dabbling in narcotics-related schemes.

Sydney's Kings Cross and Melbourne's St Kilda were the focus of a drug sub-culture based mainly on marijuana usage in the mid-Sixties, surfacing publicly in the first drug bust in Victoria in 20 years and a spate of drug robberies from chemist shops around Sydney. The ranks of the Police Drug Squad in NSW were increased during this time and a senior member of the police force admitted there was a big problem to tackle. For years, police and customs had only to deal with shady chemists, most of them well known to the authorities, and underworld figures dabbling in trafficking of heroin (for predominantly Chinese customers along the eastern seaboard of Australia). But that was changing as teenagers took to the trade.

"Yes, we had read about drugs," Bernard Delaney, a former narcotics agent, writes in *Narc!* — his book of insights into the Australian Bureau of Narcotics. "We associated them with America. We were aware that many people in that country advocated the free use of marijuana. We knew that it was the drug of choice among the many radicals who protested on a variety of issues all over the university campuses there. We had even gained some insight into the dreaded LSD, and we had wondered how anyone could be silly enough to use it." Delaney also felt those who lived through the late Sixties could be forgiven in their belief that the "curse of drugs" would pass them by; except those living in NSW.

Why the exception? The NSW Police — "A hard core of corruption runs right through its ranks," Delaney states in *Narc*! "Its many honest policemen are not allowed to go about their work as they might. Those corrupt policemen who protect certain criminal elements are in turn protected by equally corrupt senior officers and politicians,"

In this respect, Sydney was ripe for the drug injection that came with the launch of the R & R program as the city became a rest and recreation centre for US servicemen on one week's leave from active duty in Vietnam. For many, the journey into the "heart of darkness" that the unofficial war had become had led them to drugs, both soft and hard, as an escape from the reality of fighting a war they sensed could never be won. Strategically, the US forces could not have been placed in a better location for easy supply of narcotics.

Bordering the highlands of Burma, Thailand and Laos, The Golden Triangle is a mother lode for the heroin merchants, a Hong Kong-Bangkok based group of syndicates involving members of South-East Asia's Chao Chow overseas Chinese com-

THE END OF THE INDEPENDENTS

On the evening of September 22, 1974, 29-year-old John Stuart Regan, a violent stand-over man and pimp, was crossing Chapel Street in the Sydney suburb of Marrickville to enter an illegal casino — one of the dozens flourishing in and around the city. Before he reached the club eight shots were fired and he fell to the street. Regan's death stood as an example to any other hoodlum who might entertain the idea of "going independent". Not satisfied with his earnings from standing over Darlinghurst's prostitutes and SP bookies, and from dabbling in fraudulent real estate deals, Regan had larger ambitions. He started to muscle in on some of the top casinos, including Sydney's prestigious 33 Club, demanding payment from the widow of the club's founder, Michael Moylan Sr.

Outwardly, it appeared Regan had become too ambitious for his own good and in a changing environment where the "independent" could not be tolerated, he had been dispensed with. Regan's mother declared her son was murdered for another reason: because of his involvement with the vigilante "Independent Action Group for a Better Police Force", an association bent on fighting crime and corruption in the NSW Police. In letters to the Police Commissioner, the group made accusations concerning individual bribes paid to police and public officials.

Plainly, Regan's activities could not be tolerated by either side; both the police and the underworld had more than enough to keep them occupied without the added worry of the young firebrand hoodlum disrupting "the business" established with the coming to power, in 1965, of the Liberal-Country Party coalition under the leadership of Robert Askin. At the time of Regan's death, the coalition's hold in the state seemed to be open-ended.

The top five illegal casinos — Moylan's 33 Club (located 300 metres from Darlinghurst police station), Perc Galea's Forbes Club, the Kings Cross and Double Bay "Bridge Club" fronts (with an estimated $2 million a week turnover on five roulette wheels, six blackjack tables and craps games), and the Goulburn Club — operated without police intrusion. Collusion between the casino owners and the police was so blatant that one lavish suburban casino was reportedly inspected before its grand opening by detectives, and the opening of another in Sydney was attended by a Police Commissioner.

With the police crackdown on SP bookmaking during 1965-66 receding in public memory, the bookies moved into a new era of sophistication. The independent ones gave way to a criminal-controlled conglomerate basing its operations around a network of telephones using dummy company addresses as fronts. One SP bookmaker was estimated to have had up to 200 phones at his command. The $550 million SP bookmaking turnover in NSW calculated in 1962 had climbed steadily, so that it almost tripled that figure by 1980. Profit on turnover has been gauged at 10 percent, and considering the small circle of pockets this profit was going into, the bankrolling of other high-profit schemes removed from the racetrack was not a problem for criminal entrepreneurs.

Making inroads into the lucrative licenced club scene — numbering 1149 clubs in 1967 with just under 20,000 poker machines — through various sham "services" and straight-out standover tactics, criminal influences were mobilising to take control of both legitimate club essentials (entertainment, liquor, food) and of the poker machine business. The key to this takeover was the quiet formation of an association between Australian and American organised criminal interests and an American poker machine company (linked to the New York Mafia) which was determined to push local manufacturers out of business. One of the angles used by the American company was to send cheats into clubs to play the Australian machines. When takings consequently dropped, they would come in with their own machines, guaranteeing a higher turnover. The Americans were going for the lion's share of a $400 million industry involving poker machine sales in NSW.

Vice, except during intermittent "window-dressing" crackdowns, continued as ever to be a way of life in Sydney. "Mr Sin" has been a popular figurehead for Sydney vice since materialising through press coverage of call girls and commercial sex in the Sixties.

Organised car theft rings (responsible for an increase in stolen cars in NSW from 40,000 in 1974 to 1000 a week by 1982, making it a $150 million a year Australia-wide racket) and the various other activities associated with the ebb and flow of the criminal echelon, continued to play a role in completing the picture of a city in criminal ferment.

Only those underworld figures with the knowledge, the muscle and the power to manipulate within their own ranks as well as within the corridors of establishment power came to get big shares in the organised criminal revenue. Boys on the level of John Regan either had the sense to stay in their place on the underworld ladder, or had to face the consequences.

SMUGGLING

munities, people who promote a "free-masonry system" in Asia and in foreign Chinese communities. The Corset Gang is credited with the first mass importation of Asian heroin into America, thus drawing the attention of US narcotics agents away from the traditional Turkey-Marseilles-New York route exposed in the *The French Connection.* The Vietnam experience of US servicemen escalated the demand for Asian heroin, so that by the war's end, The Golden Triangle would become a conduit for continuous supply in America, Europe and Australia — up to 70 percent of world supply of illicit opium.

Australia — and particularly Sydney — took the "R & R boys" to their hearts . . . and pockets. For those who had lived through World War II there was a sense of *deja vu* in seeing the GIs linked arm-in-arm with the local girls taking over Sydney's nightlife, injecting the leisure-time economy with US dollars and generally helping to delude Australians into the belief that once again the two nations were fighting side by side in a righteous war. The underside of the GI influence was just as dark as the lie behind the propaganda.

Those GIs who were already heavy users of marijuana (or cannabis, as was the popular terminology among law enforcement bodies) were as generous with their "dope" as they were with their dollars. Turned on to marijuana, then heroin, by the nightmare Vietnam had become, they proceeded to turn on those of their Australian hosts susceptible to new experiences. And it was not only the new converts who were hooked.

Figures publicly exposed as controllers of the underworld have continually denied involvement in narcotics but, as McCoy points out in his document of narcotics and organised crime in Australia, *Drug Traffic:* "All of Australia's major drug cases between 1975 and 1979 involved prominent personalities with well-established reputations in the Sydney milieu." The career of one man, Murray Stewart Riley, allows a fascinating insight into that community as his career twists and turns between the NSW Police force — of which he was originally a member — and drug smuggling, peaking with the organisation of "the largest drug shipment in Australia's history."

Winner of a gold medal in the 1950 Commonwealth Games for the double sculls, Riley, then 25, had been on the force at that time for seven years. His partner in the Games win and further wins (gold, Commonwealth Games 1954, bronze, Olympic Games 1956) was future NSW Police Commissioner Mervyn Wood. Promoted to detective early in his police tenure, Riley established a solid grounding in the ways of Sydney's curious law and crime de facto relationship. During an outbreak of violence over territorial "rights" involving rival poker machine interests in 1954, the car of one distributor, Raymond Smith, was bombed. An associate of Leonard McPherson, Smith was assigned Riley as police bodyguard during the course of the dispute.

Demoted to the uniformed ranks following conviction over the transmission of a communication to "a person in jail", Riley subsequently resigned from the force in 1962 and joined Smith's poker machine company as sales manager. Over the course of the next decade, Riley infiltrated the Sydney licenced club scene, setting up companies contracting services to one major club while involved in various schemes to rip off other venues. Relying on heavily inflated fees and kick-backs, Riley and his partner, a man who was president of the club to which they contracted their services, enjoyed a good run

> Police intelligence revealed regular trips made by Riley, with Sydney entrepreneur Bela Csidei, during 1967-77 for meetings with Mafia contacts on the US West Coast

until the Moffitt Royal Commission into Organised Crime in Clubs threw Riley into the public spotlight.

An incident in 1966, described by Justice Moffitt as a crime that had "the elements of serious American-style organised crime" (an "attempted bribery of a police officer" in New Zealand), in retrospect acts as a pointer to where Riley's thinking was headed. Police intelligence revealed regular trips made by Riley, in the company of Bela Csidei, a Sydney entrepreneur, during 1967-77 for meetings with Mafia contacts on America's West Coast — men involved in a variety of illegal activities from loan sharking to narcotics. The tentacles of the West Coast "alliance" reached through to the top Mafia ranks and on to the leading Asian and European drug dealers.

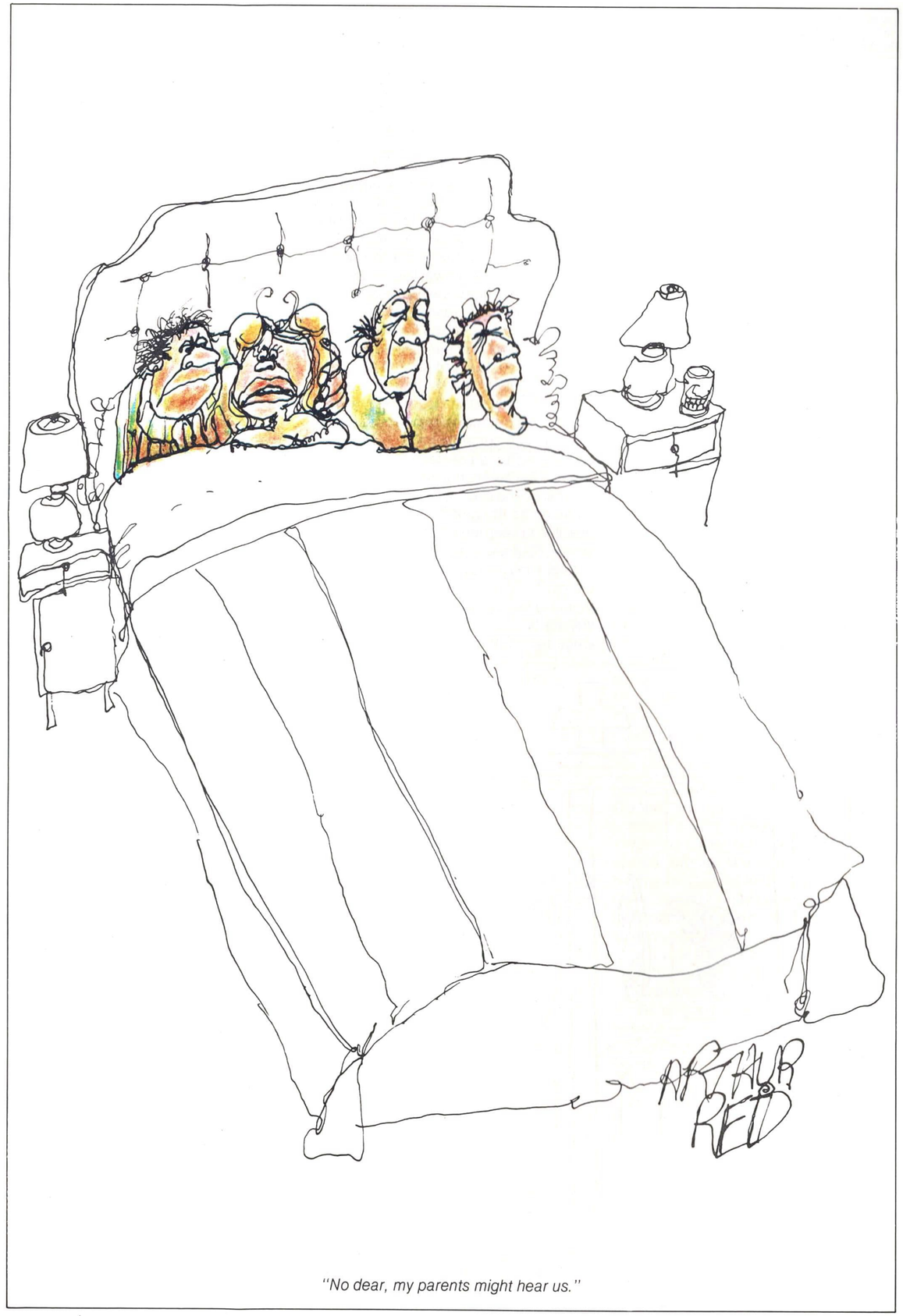
Riley and Csidei were not the first of what Alfred McCoy has termed the "Pan-Pacific amity". The association that grew between Joseph Dan Testa, Chicago businessman, and a number of businessmen in Australian capitals between 1965-71, led to an inquiry by the Commonwealth Police that for the first time highlighted the potential for strong ties between Australian and American syndicate interests. Testa was alleged to be a financial advisor in the employment of a Chicago syndicate and 16 of the 22 companies he either owned or controlled were found to have syndicate connections of one kind or another.

"Testa is . . . unlikely to bring anything to this country other than a totally undesirable connection between organised criminal groups in this country and the United States of America," was the conclusion of the Commonwealth Police. At the time this report was being compiled, an anonymous informant tipped NSW police to meetings in Las Vegas between Riley and two of his associates and men alleged to be Mafia-connected, for the purpose of buying acts for Sydney clubs. This allegation, like others, was not taken seriously by the police, who were able to argue in a report of their own by November, 1972, that there was no real problem in NSW where either organised crime or the Mafia were concerned.

The NSW Police also gave Riley a clean report — one Justice Moffit later refuted, believing he might well have to be classified "as one connected with organised crime." Also of concern to Justice Moffitt was the then very real danger that organised crime from overseas would infiltrate Australia substantially; he perceived foreign organised crime arriving with the Trojan horse of legitimate business, using the witting and unwitting aid of expert accountants, lawyers and businessmen. A further fear was raised when it was pointed out that individuals associated with the poker machine company Bally — a report on which by the Commonwealth Police had led to the Royal Commission into Organised Crime in Clubs over which he presided — were involved heavily in narcotics as part of their criminal activities.

The meetings between Riley and Mafia figures, Jimmy "The Weasel" Fratianno and Salvatore Amarena, would appear to give credence to the commissioner's early warning. Amarena was a member of the Florida-based Santos Trafficante Jr family; Trafficante himself was connected with Meyer Lansky, the man described as "mogul of the Mob" and credited with guiding the Mafia out of the violence and gangsterism of the Twenties into the force that it is today.

Csidei, a bankrupt who was almost $2 million in debt, purchased cannabis seeds with money borrowed from Fratianno and planted them on a property he owned in the Northern Territory. Within six months, with the crop not coming up to expectations, Csidei's dream of a killing on the home market with a bumper supply of prime dope had vanished; the property was raised, a warrant was issued for his arrest and a 15-month prison sentence followed.



"No dear, my parents might hear us."

SMUGGLING

Meanwhile, Riley was looking to the Far East as a source of cannabis supply for Australia, planning what was to be the largest shipment of drugs into Australia up to that time — 4.1 tonnes of "Buddha sticks" (cannabis) with an estimated street value of nearly $47 million. Underwriting the schemes was a syndicate of backers with Riley as manager of the operation. It was a form of criminal entrepreneurship still active today, which drew known criminals and respectable business figures together for "one-off" drug shipments — a case of the heavy veterans and the "silvertailed larrikins" drawing on each other for mutual benefit.

After making numerous trips with a false passport between Australia, America and South-East Asia to make arrangements for the purchase of high-grade cannabis (4684 kgs), Riley then turned to the setting up of a distribution team and recuited men active in the car theft rackets around Sydney — the son of a hotel licensee, a furniture importer, a laborer. Two of the team, Kenneth Derley and Reginald Parkin (a former General Manager of Sydney's Associated Motor Club), armed and on false passports, joined the *Choryo Maru* — a chartered fishing boat out of New Zealand — in Singapore in mid-March, 1978. Cleared by customs for Port Moresby, the aged vessel came by a deceptive route to the coast of Thailand, where it was loaded by night from motorboats with the first of four shipments of cannabis.

Various factors contributed to Riley's dream of a killing going the way of Csidei's. The *Choryo Maru* was not up to the arduous trip, loaded down as it was; the New Zealand crew, kept in the dark as to the purpose of the voyage but now very much aware of what they were carrying, had no intention of venturing into Australian waters. Riley had to contend with his dream being waylaid — the cannabis consignment was unloaded on to the *Amagi Maru,* a Japanese shipwreck on a long coral reef 480 kms due east of New Guinea. Failing to find a suitable vessel in the Solomon Islands to pick up and carry the cannabis to Australia, Riley landed back in Sydney at the beginning of May, not knowing he and his team were already under police surveillance in a combined Australian Bureau of Narcotics-Commonwealth Police-Australian armed forces operation. The underworld enjoys a gossip as much as the next man and it was impossible to keep the lid on a scheme of this size without a leak tipping the authorities.

Every move made by Riley and associates as they went about making arrangements to retrieve the reef-bound cannabis shipment was recorded by the surveillance teams: from Sydney to Cairns and the *Anoa,* a boat belonging to a publishing executive, to the route taken by the vessel a fortnight later as, loaded down with 2.7 tonnes of cannabis, it crept down the Queensland coast to the north coast of NSW. The crew had had it with travelling by sea after three weeks, and the decision was made to continue the shipment by road down to Sydney.

After going ahead and buying a truck to drive back for the shipment, Riley and Derley were waiting for the truck to be repaired after a breakdown at Buladelah, north of Newcastle, when a radio news broadcast announced the raid that morning by the joint operations team on a $40 million cannabis haul. The two ditched the truck and returned to Sydney immediately.

Fifty-one hours passed before all airports and ports were issued with a police alert and another 12 days went by before a standard identification form on Riley was lodged by authorities, and it was not until three weeks following the raid on the enormous cache that the fugitive was arrested in Adelaide. During the hunt for Riley, two Commonwealth agents came face to face with him at his de facto wife's apartment, and apparently not knowing what their prey looked like, they allowed the "stranger" to leave.

Coming in the wake of the precision and professionalism that brought about the "bust" on the cannabis shipment, what could have motivated police laxity on Riley's apprehension? A clue might be found in Riley's alleged possession of the private telephone numbers of a top officer on the NSW Police and certain businessmen identified in the NSW Royal Commission on Drugs; or in the identity of the buyer of $39,000 worth of cannabis Riley made a delivery to before purchasing the truck to pick up the rest of the haul. Or part of the answer may go back to the willingness of certain members of the police to give Riley a clean bill in the report preceding the Moffitt Royal Commission of 1973-74.

Whatever the answer, police leniency continued into the courts, where a positive record of Riley's athletic achievements was presented, along with his Queen's Commendation for bravery in 1956 and police support of Riley's insistence that he was acting as a transport agent only for the shipment, for a fee of $500,000. Riley's previous public record and links were not presented as part of the prosecution. Presiding Judge Torrington sentenced Riley to a minimum period of imprisonment — 10 years hard labor — in view of "his earlier achievements in life, including his sporting achievements."

Ironically, Riley was arrested only days before the trial surrounding a major narcotics smuggling operation, the first linked directly to organised crime, involving millions of dollars in Buddha sticks. Architects of the scheme, Michael and Patricia Moylan (heirs of the 33 Club, Sydney's premier gambling casino; see Crime In Australia Part VIII) had become well acquainted with the city's "entrepreneurial" community, most of whom passed through the illegal casino at one time or another before its closure in 1974. Among these associates was Murray Riley.

Faced with the problem of coming up with sufficient revenue to maintain their lifestyle now that their cash flow had been curtailed, the Moylans devised a scheme involving the smuggling of Buddha sticks packed into the top of suitcases, to be brought into Australia from Bangkok by a constant turnover of young couriers. Each 10kg load had a street value of $84,000. The Moylans are credited with opening up the Bangkok-Australia-New Zealand-Australia route, in which a courier could fly back into Australia with a new ticket out of Auckland, thus disguising Bangkok as the true port of origin.

Plagued by continual busts of their couriers, the Moylans experienced a bumpy year of highs and lows before realising towards the end of 1975 that the Australian Bureau of Narcotics was closing in on them. Selling their home, they fled back to their country of origin, England, from where they were deported — Michael in June, 1976, and Patricia in January, 1977 — to face trial in Sydney in mid-1978. During the course of the prosecution's case, it was revealed that Murray Riley, the man the Moylans wanted no association with now that he was headline news, had put up bail bond of $8000 when one of their couriers was arrested in 1976. Pertinent as well was the $1000 a month paid to Riley's business associate in their club services entity by the Moylans when they were operating the 33 Club.

The two cases — Riley's operation and the Moylans' activities — and the network of criminals and (until then) legitimate businessmen upon whom they relied for financing, Australian distribution and know-how, form the pattern for the shift away from traditional illegal activities (gambling, prostitution, organised theft, SP bookmaking) into the new era of narcotics trafficking, based predominantly in Sydney.

"Why NSW before other states?" Bernard Delaney asks in *Narc!* The simple answer is that Sydney is Australia's biggest city, attracts a cosmopolitan population, and is the key stopping-off place for international tourists.

"If this is the reason why drugs became so common in Sydney, does it also explain other signs of permissiveness — prostitutes soliciting openly on streets, strip joints flourishing long before appearing elsewhere in Australia? Why did illegal casinos operate there, and in other cities in NSW? Why did abortionists have little fear of arrest? Why did sex shops start up in Sydney, before all other places? Why, to this day, do SP bookies openly take bets in the public bars in many Sydney hotels?"

Expanding on the point he has made concerning those corrupt members of the police force who are in turn protected by their senior officers and politicians, Delaney explains: "Policemen don't make policy. Policy is made in Parliament and Parliament has its sizeable quota of lawyers." Contributing to the corrupt environment is a working relationship between the legal profession and the police quite different from that in other states; "police are either too close to defence counsels or are in total conflict with them."

Defence lawyers can, in NSW, manipulate the outcome of a case in court through the practice of "selling briefs" — a means of buying the confidence of police: "The prosecution makes its evidence available to the defence weeks before the court hearing and gives the defence the opportunity to manufacture alibis." Delaney relates his own experience where he has overheard detectives discussing the price of a brief and how it was to be split, and on another occasion, heard a solicitor in conflict with the NSW Police threatened by one of their members.

> Delaney believes there is large-scale corruption in the NSW legal fraternity. "Organised crime cannot exist without manipulating police, lawyers and politicians"

During preliminary proceedings of the Moylans trial, one Sydney lawyer, in seeking out a former courier now turned Crown witness, told a friend of the girl that it was unlikely she would live until she was 30. When Commonwealth Police heard of the threat, they told the lawyer he would become an accessory before the fact in the event of the witness's death. Within days, the lawyer was back to the police assuring them the girl was no longer in danger.

Delaney believes there is large-scale corruption amongst the NSW legal fraternity. "Organised crime cannot exist without corrupting and manipulating police, lawyers and politicians." And, in his view, it can only exist within NSW and in no other state of the Commonwealth, even though each state has its own active individual criminal entrepreneurs and combines.

As Regional Director of the Australian Bureau of Narcotics, his overview of Australia's narcotics problem in 1971, a year before the wind-down of the R & R program that came with the withdrawal of troops from Vietnam, gives a diverse picture of the spread of the fledgling drug dealers' operations.

South Australia and Tasmania were virtually untouched; as in Sydney, Melbourne drug activity was on the rise; and local drugs were in use on the Gold Coast and North of Brisbane in the communes growing their own marijuana and "magic mushrooms." Fremantle and Darwin quickly became the hot spots as major ports for smuggling drugs into Australia — from South Africa into Fremantle, from South-East Asia into Darwin.

The Bureau of Narcotics' awareness of the key inlets of drug traffickers, their ability to identify the trouble spots and new strains of drugs as they hit the streets, and the success of Federal and state authorities in pulling of busts such as the Riley and Moylan operations gave hope to those who believed the "curse of drugs" would still pass Australia by.

"Every state police force can tell us how many people were arrested during any given year," Delaney says, "how many of them smoked pot, how many used heroin, how many sold heroin, how many forged prescriptions, and the breakdown into age and sex of all the offenders." Everything numbered, catalogued as to quantities, the more notable seizures highlighted, documented. "But the men in the drug squads and the top of the Narcotics Bureau know they have not caught the Mr Big of this country."

"Everywhere I go I am told of heroin," Justice Williams of the Federal Royal Commission into Drugs stated at the Sydney opening of the hearings in August, 1979. "It does not matter whether it comes through Western Australia, Melbourne or Queensland — the bulk of it seems to find its way to Sydney before it is distributed back to these places. In the next breath everybody agrees there are very few Mr Bigs about. There are little operators, medium-sized operators, etc."

If that were so, why go to Sydney?

"Does that not lead back to one inference — there is somebody bigger; big enough to want to be able to or afford to get the whole thing under his or their wing . . .?" Justice Williams asked.

Not accepting Commonwealth Police Inspector Peter Lamb's conjecture that there did not appear to be a Mr Big in Australian crime, Justice Williams came back with a simple remark: "There are plenty of Mr Big Enoughs."

In view of the admittance from a senior drug law enforcement officer to Delaney that "Drug law enforcement in Australia has been a miserable failure," it is apparent that the advantage now lies in the hands of those Mr Big Enoughs.

JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH

We can't seem to forget that smiling face — or the astounding body that belongs to it. Carmen Pope will never wear out her welcome on these pages. And it's by popular demand from our discriminating readers that this ripe beauty makes a return appearance. Carmen brought a little sunshine into the lives of *Penthouse* readers back in May 1982, appearing in an eye-catching underwater pictorial that gave a new outlook on the act of going down.

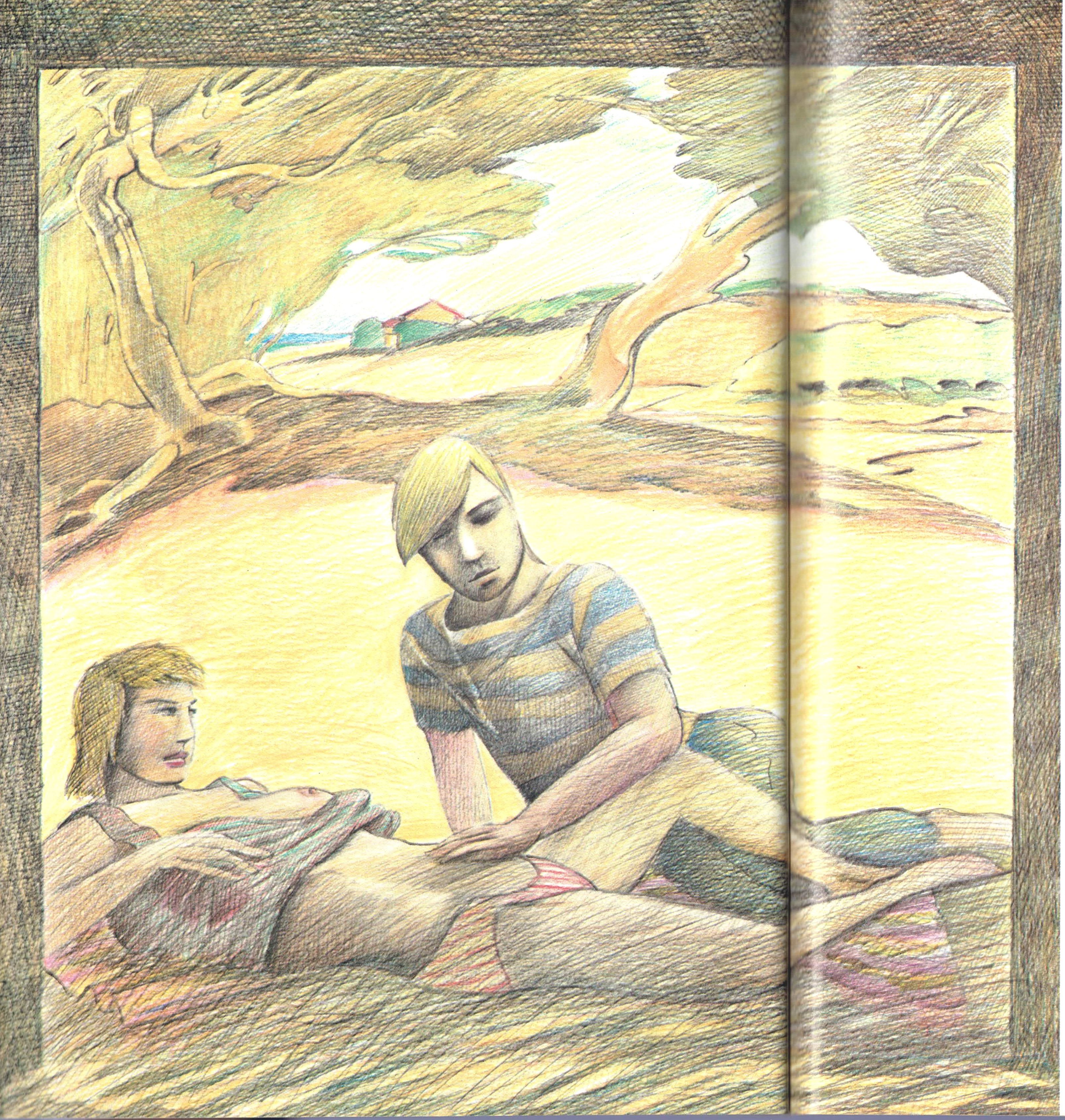
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Now she takes the centre stage again. Those opulent tresses may be a little longer and perhaps a trace of a knowing twinkle now plays about those wide eyes — but these are the only differences displayed by the gamine beauty we first fell in love with.

At 24, Carmen's pneumatic figure still manages to confound the laws of probability. While men have a habit of turning to jelly at the sight of her, Carmen usually manages to keep her head. A few months ago, however, something happened. "It could be the real thing," she confides. "At least I'm giving it a real chance."

She refers to a certain football star she met while working out at a gym. "He understands me," says Carmen, "And he's never jealous of what I do."

"Every other man I've met refuses to let me out of his sight," Carmen continues. She sees that as a sign of male insecurity, a trait which she feels is singularly unattractive in a real man. Alas, dear Carmen, such are the ways and weaknesses of all flesh . . .



Frank was obsessed with
losing his cherry, even if he had to resort
to the services of . . .

BERYL

FICTION BY JOHN McNALLY

Frank had a knowledge of female erogenous zones and how to arouse them which would have confounded a sex therapist — all gleaned from the well-fingered pages of How To Do It manuals which he and his mates had either lifted from the local bookshop or borrowed from the top shelves in their parents' wardrobes.

A few days before his 15th birthday he decided to make an all-out, last-ditch attempt to lose his virginity, social standing notwithstanding. If a Smart Kid couldn't make it with another Smart Kid then Frank would venture across that invisible barrier and go for a Not-So-Smart. Such was his desperation.

The bid would be made during a holiday weekend at The Beach, a seaside fishing village some 30 kilometres from The Town. The girl of his dreams was a Not-So-Smart named Beryl. Frank had never been formally introduced; in fact he had no idea what she even looked like. All he knew was that she Did It. He knew this from overhearing a conversation among a group of Not-So-Smarts who were involved in a Marathon in the school lavatory block.

Marathons were regular events — sometimes impromptu, at other times highly organised, with timekeepers and referees. The object was to discover who could maintain an uninterrupted stream against the back wall for the longest period. There were other events in these bladder Olympics, the most gruelling being the attempt to pee through a broken louvre some nine feet above floor level: a feat requiring incredible abdominal muscle power and one accomplished by a very select few who became instant members of the Louvre Club. Long distance events had been moved outdoors to a far corner of the school grounds after an undercover competition had resulted in a male-only school assembly at which the headmaster, a short but fiery man named Logan, made it very clear that in future, competitors in the Indoor Long Distance would be expelled on the spot.

Thoughts of Beryl filled Frank's mind.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL FITZJAMES

BERYL

The problem was how to meet her. The solution was easier than he'd imagined. Every holiday weekend, Frank's parents rented a flat at The Beach. And it was at The Beach that Frank's friend Harry lived and worked. Harry had left school two years previously to embark on a career with the local council moving shovelsful of dirt from one location to another. He'd been a Not-So-Smart at school but now, because he was out in the workforce where anything goes and the world is your oyster, his academic incompetence was a thing of the past. Harry was a free agent, one of the elite, unencumbered by a school uniform and the disciplines that went with it. His attractiveness to the opposite sex was assured, because females — without exception — preferred their suitors to be older and, if at all possible, not to be still at High School. Harry had no shortage of young women prepared to come across with the goods. Being the proud owner of an old Ford Pilot was the crowning feather in his cap. Mobility was next to godliness.

The fact that Frank and Harry were friends was, in itself, unique. Not only had Harry been a Not-So-Smart at school, he was also a couple of years older than Frank. But for all that, Harry liked Frank. The latter didn't display the usual precociousness which was a hallmark of Smart Kids, and he had a rebellious quality which Harry admired. Harry had a lot of mates and he counted Frank as one of them.

It was the Saturday of the holiday weekend when Frank broached the subject of Beryl, hoping like hell that Harry might know something about this Sure Thing who Did It.

As luck would have it, Harry did know the lady in question, the two of them having indulged in a great deal of physical activity on the rear seat of the Ford Pilot. Beryl, it seemed, was the local bike and had been a subject of affection for most of the young men at The Beach.

She was a reasonably attractive girl with short-cropped peroxided hair and a nicely-developed figure, and she worked at the local cafe making hamburgers, frying chips and occasionally wiping the tables with a soggy rag. Her promiscuity didn't worry her in the slightest. She reasoned that if that was what the local studs wanted to do, then she'd let them do it. While Frank and his mates would have classified her immediately as a nymphomaniac, the truth of the matter was that Beryl saw sex as something like buying a hamburger. Sometimes you got beetroot, sometimes you didn't and whether you did or not wasn't of any real consequence. Beryl wasn't all that bright either.

One of the curious things about Beryl was the loyalty displayed by her suitors. While each had made use of Beryl's body to satisfy his basic needs, there was never any jealousy among them. She was there to be shared. However, her honor would be defended quite violently should some outsider try to take advantage of this generous attitude without her approval. If she told someone to get lost, word would quickly spread that a stranger had been making improper innuendos and within minutes several large male forms would appear out of nowhere to gently persuade the offender that there were much better beaches further up and down the coast.

Harry listened to Frank's assertion that he was desperate to lose his virginity before his 15th birthday. Since good mates always look after each other, Harry decided to do the right thing. He would arrange a foursome for the next day — a Sunday, which was Beryl's day off. The fourth member would be Margaret, a friend of Beryl's with whom Harry had become involved on a fairly regular basis.

> One theory as to why Durex were packed in threes was because of the law that stated one condom in 12 had to have a pin prick in it

The introduction of Frank to Beryl was brief and to the point. He and Harry wandered into the cafe to find her sitting on a stool near the hot-plate, casually picking her nose while reading *True Confessions*.

"G'day, Beryl!"

"G'day."

"This is Frank, me mate!"

"G'day."

"G'day."

"Listen, what are you doin' tomorrow?"

"Nothin'. It's me day off."

"Well, me and Margaret and Frank thought we might go for a bit of a walk up The Sandhills. You wanna come?"

"Aw yeah. Nothin' else to do."

"Okay, we'll see you tomorrow then."

"Okay."

"See ya."

"See ya."

Harry and Frank left the cafe and walked back down the hill. "She likes you, mate. Reckon you're in like Flynn. By the way, you got any frogs?"

It was a rhetorical question, but since Harry had been a Not-So-Smart he wouldn't have known that every Smart Kid carried a full packet of Durex Gossamer at all times. Frank and his friends had often pondered on the reason why Durex were sold in packets of three. They'd combed their sex manuals looking for a solution, but to no avail. The most acceptable suggestion was that the average male could perform intercourse three times in a night. The theory was never substantiated, but it did seem fairly reasonable — although Frank had once actually managed to come four times in a period of an hour. However, that feat had required extensive use of reference material, a practice which was discouraged in jerking competitions except for handicap events, when well-thumbed copies of *Laughs and Lovelies* would be distributed to all but the back-marker, who was usually Frank.

The second and more disturbing theory as to why Durex were packed in threes was because of the law which stated that one Durex in every 12 had to have a minute pin prick put in the top of it. This insidious legislation was meant to discourage promiscuity by making sex more a game of chance. With three in a pack, the user had better-than-even odds of getting one which was sound.

"Yeah. They've been checked, too. All okay."

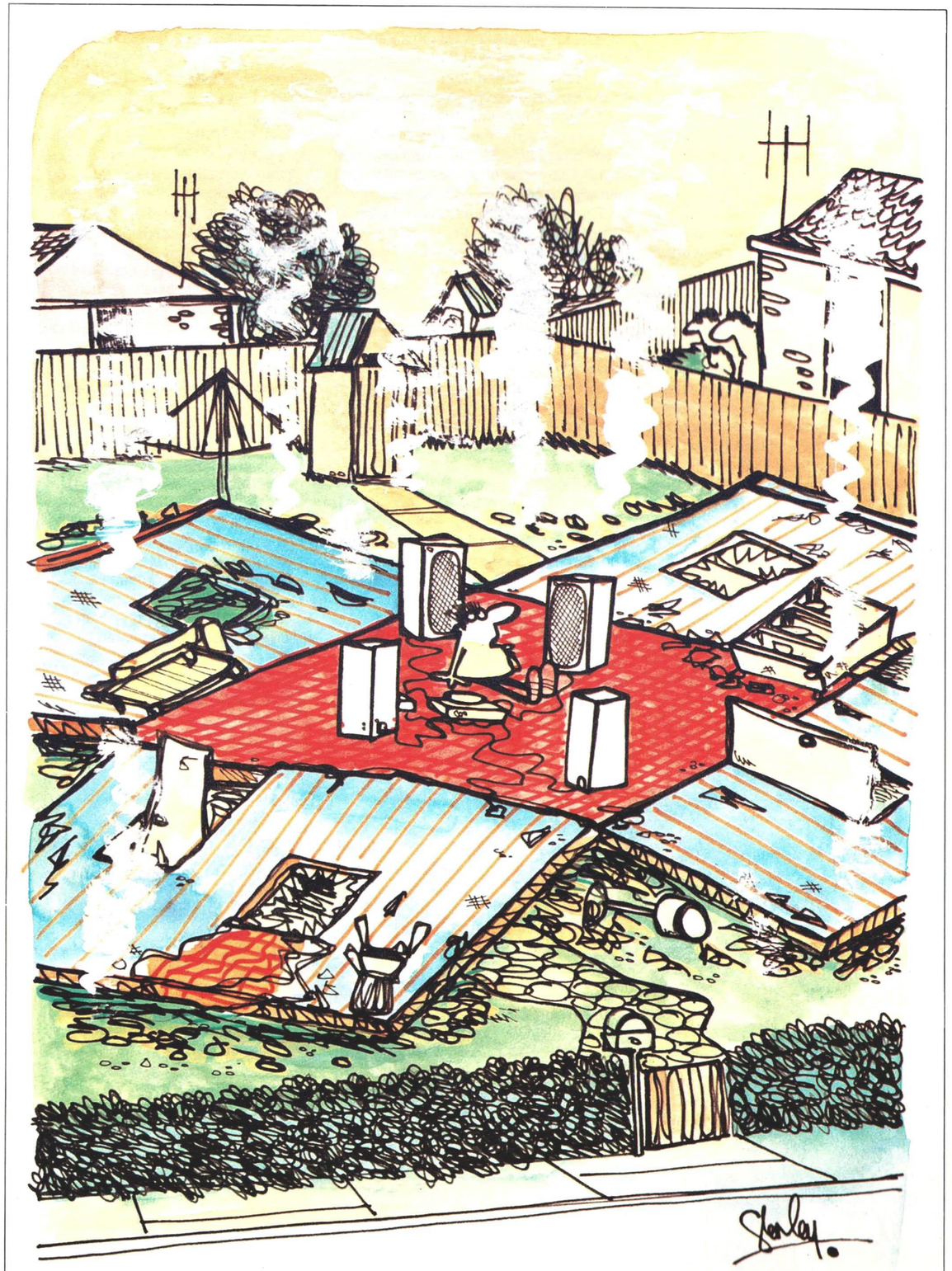
"Great! Well, you're all set then!"

They continued walking towards the beach, Harry pondering what his young friend had meant. As a Not-So-Smart he hadn't been privy to the wealth of legal knowledge shared by the Smart Kids, and was therefore unaware of the one-in-12 pin prick law. Given the frequency with which he used prophylactics, Harry would have made the record book as the luckiest male on the coast.

That night, Frank's imagination ran riot with visions of what was behind the grubby, fat-splattered pale blue uniform worn by his intended.

The Sandhills rose about 10 metres at the northern end of the beach. While fishermen, surfers and sunbathers enjoyed a gentle north-easterly breeze coming across the breakers, all that anyone who was mad enough to go behind The Sandhills could expect was furnace-like temperatures, foul smells and several million flies. The only shelter from the sun was under the branches of the gnarled and stunted banksias which, together with the ti-trees, were about the only flora which could survive in such inhospitable conditions. It was to this Garden of Eden that two girls, the area's most successful stud and a very desperate Smart Kid on a Sure Thing trudged.

The Sandhills was an ideal location for the type of indiscretions this group had in mind. While lying within a good stone's throw of several houses, they could have been light years away. The locals never went near them except to dump rubbish such as fish gut and prawn shells, which



"Perhaps less woof and more tweeter?"

BERYL

were a bit nosey to keep around the house while awaiting the once-a-week garbage collection.

The group spread their towels under a clump of banksias adjacent to a rusting car body which had been dumped many years previously. Frank found the silence awkward. Smart Kids were, for the most part, quite adept at conversation. With other Smart Kids. With Not-So-Smarts it was a different matter. Beryl's in-depth account of the previous day now left him totally at a loss for something to say. He knew exactly what was on his mind, but he figured that to launch straight into a discussion on the merits of various types of foreplay was a bit premature. He'd waited nearly 15 years for a situation such as this to arise, and he wasn't about to blow it all through lack of tact. But he still didn't know what to talk about. It was Harry who saved the day and broke the ice.

"Bloody hot, ain't it?"

"Reckon," Frank replied in his best Not-So-Smart English. Beryl glanced at him, as if wanting to hear more, but then returned her attention to picking at a callus on her toe.

Frank took a bottle wrapped in newspaper from the fishing bag he always carried even though he'd never fished in his life. He unwrapped the neck, placed the top in the side of his mouth and slowly pulled down the bottle, releasing the crown seal, which he spat onto the sand. After a couple of swigs he passed the bottle to Frank. The beer may have been cold when purchased at the hotel but the sauna conditions of The Sandhills had changed all that. Frank gulped a few mouthfuls and then wiped the top with his hand.

"Thanks mate." He turned to Beryl. "You want a drink?"

"Nah. Makes me throw up."

"Oh. Margaret?"

"Yeah! Beauty!" She took the bottle and began sucking on it like a calf at a jersey's udder.

The conversation, or lack of it, continued until the three had emptied the bottle. Harry heaved it like a grenade into the bowels of the rusting wreck, where it shattered, scaring the daylights out of several small lizards dozing on the hot metal.

The heady combination of warm beer and stifling heat began to take effect. Harry pushed his hand up under Margaret's blouse and began massaging a breast while forcing his tongue down her throat. The girl eventually pushed him back far enough to whisper something in his ear. They got to their feet, picking up their towels and the fishing bag.

"We'll see youse later then," Harry said. Without waiting for a reply they moved off through the banksias in search of somewhere more secluded.

Harry had done his job well. All that now remained was for Frank to get on with it. Except that getting on with it was easier said than done.

"Gees it's hot."

"Yeah."

Frank scratched a pattern in the sand with a stick, all the time trying to remember the details of a chapter on Foreplay that he'd read in a manual only the previous week.

A woman desires recognition of herself. She too is an individual, a point so often overlooked by men. Encourage her to talk about her life, her aspirations, her feelings. Show her you are interested in what she *thinks.*

"How long you been at the cafe?"

"'Bout a year."

"You like it?"

"Yeah." Beryl shrugged her shoulders. "Spose so."

"Jesus."

"Huh?"

"Oh nothing . . . I was just thinking how hot it is."

"Yeah."

The intellectual approach wasn't working. The warm beer had made him very light-headed and the sight of Harry's hand fondling a breast had aroused him almost to the point of pain. Frank decided then and there to forego conversation and go straight on to the physical foreplay. As they were both sitting up, Frank reasoned that the first move was to get Beryl to lie back on the towel. That was the first move. The move before the first move was to make actual physical contact. Frank put his arm around her shoulders. Beryl gave no reaction whatsoever, continuing to work away on her calluses. They sat like this for a couple of minutes, Frank trying to work out what to do next. In the end he decided to throw subtlety to the wind and take the direct approach.

"You feel like lying down?"

Beryl glanced at him, then back to her foot.

"Yeah."

She finally removed the piece of hardened skin with her forefinger, flicked it off her nail with her thumb, and lay back on the towel, catching Frank totally off guard and off balance, taking him and his arm with her. After what seemed like several minutes of inactivity Beryl, still looking about at the leaves, finally spoke.

"Well, are you gonna do it or not?"

Frank, too, had been looking at the leaves, but botany had not been the subject on his mind. Nowhere in the manuals had there been foolproof directions on how to handle the likes of Beryl. Everything from frigidity to nymphomania was explicitly covered — but Beryls, no. Nor for that matter had any chapter on the ideal location for intercourse made mention of The Sandhills behind The Beach. It was virtually stipulated that all acts of passion between consenting members of the opposite sex should happen in dimly-lit bedrooms. Since the authors were inevitably doctors of some description, Frank made a mental note about the medical profession and their unadventurous attitudes.

"Jeez, hurry up will ya? I want to get a drink."

Frank was jolted back to the immediacy of the situation.

"Yeah, okay."

"You got a rubber? I don't want to get up the duff."

"Course I have."

"Give us a look."

Frank fumbled in his pocket, found the Durex and passed them over — totally bewildered, confused and horny. Beryl removed one, blew into it so the tip took on the shape of a tiny balloon, and listened, her lips still fairly pursed against the ring.

"Yeah. It's all right."

She passed it back to Frank, laid down on the towel, arched her back and pulled her dress up to her waist, revealing a pair of fluorescent pink and white striped briefs.

"Hang on, hang on!"

Frank's voice had a dry, piping quality which bore no resemblance to the deep mellow tones he'd practiced so hard to perfect.

"Well, I've gotta get me pants off!"

"Yes, but . . . not so fast. Can I just . . . look for a moment?"

"What at? Me pants?"

"Yes . . . no . . . I mean . . ."

"You a perv or something?"

"Come off it! I just like doing it a bit slower, that's all!"

It was out of the question that Beryl could appreciate that a recent advertisement in a well-known women's magazine for her particular brand of underwear had been used by Frank as reference material, and that now, seeing the real thing on a female form was not something to be lightly brushed aside.

Instead he reached across and placed his open hand on her candy-striped stomach. Slowly and softly he began to make widening circles, all the time moving closer to the slight mound which had been the subject of constant daydreams over the previous few years. Beryl suddenly arched her back and pulled down her pants.

"Come on. The others'll be back soon!"

Frank now found his hand resting on a springy patch of thick, black, curly hair.

Instead of sending the expected shock waves to every extremity of his body, Frank found the experience to be pretty much the same as patting his auntie's poodle.

"Well, get ya safe on!"

"Yes, but don't you . . . I mean aren't you . . ."

"Jeez, do you want a root or not!"

Foreplay was an art form that Beryl was yet to discover. If ever. Countless hours of reading and personal manipulation in pursuit of perfection were thrown aside as Frank was struck by the realisation that females (well, maybe not all females but certainly Beryl) did not look upon sex as the Holy Grail. He climbed to his feet, awkwardly fumbling with the buttons on his shorts, and finally managed to step out of both them and his y-fronts. The object of Frank's manual affections stood out like a flagpole.

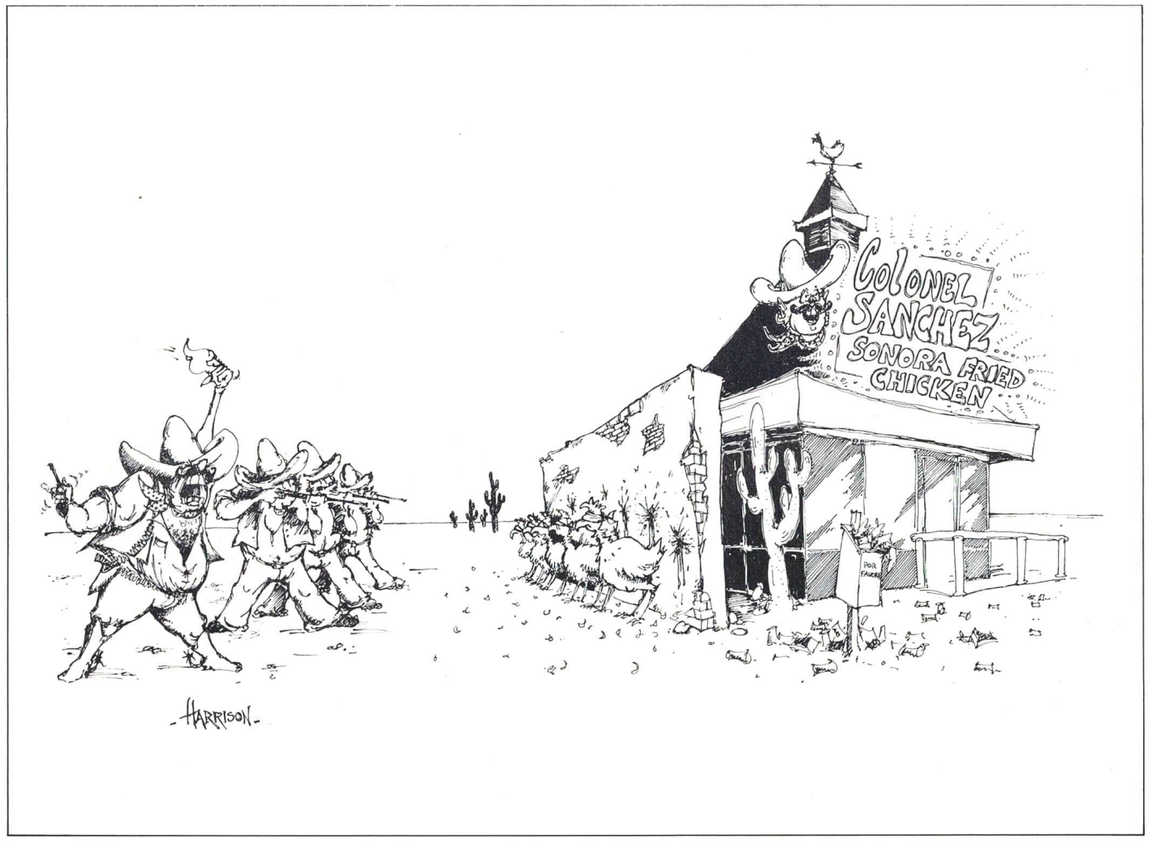
"Jeez, you got a big dick!"

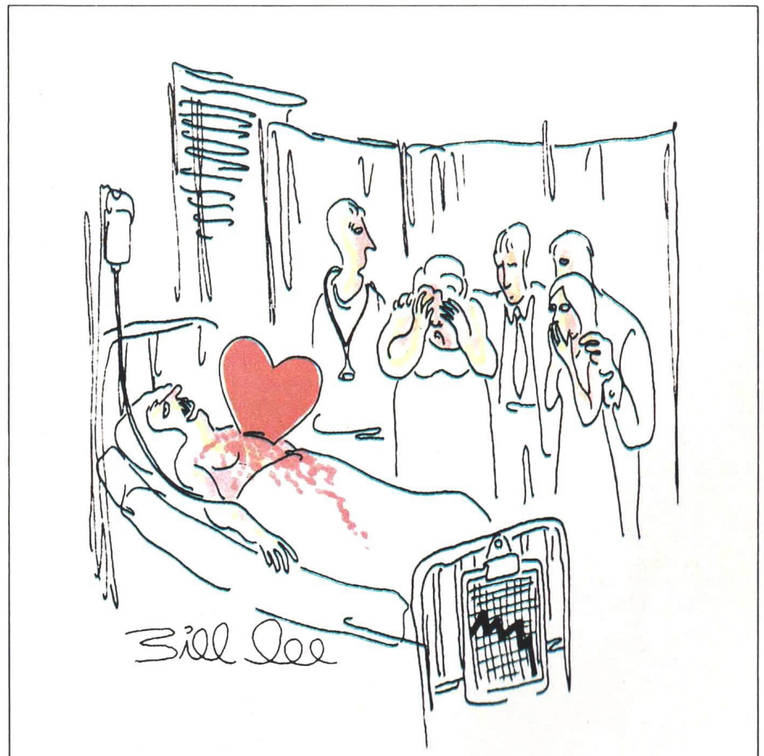
"Thanks."

It wasn't the first time attention had been drawn to the size of Frank's member — among the Smart Kids, his nickname was "Girth". But it was the first time a female had noted its dimensions. Another milestone. He rolled on the rubber with the expertise of a veteran, and wondered momentarily just what percentage of prophylactics were used purely in training

Beryl laid flat on the towel, legs spread-eagled, hands behind her head, looking at Frank, who knelt between her thighs, his shaft gleaming in the sunlight like a sword about to conquer the world, marred only by the pre-checked end of the rubber which hung from the point like a miniature albino pear.

In a morning of many milestones, Frank was about to reach the Big One.





"I'm sorry, but there is no hope left. Your husband is incurably romantic."

Photograph by Peter Simons

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

MIKE WILLESEE

> I am a gambler. I don't expect to win every time. If you keep having a go, you are bound to have failures. If you can't stand that then you shouldn't have a go.

One of television entrepreneur Mike Willesee's most successful stints on the box was the period when he compered the country's top-rating show, *This Is Your Life,* a program which seemed to become a little desperate for suitable subjects as it neared the end of its run. One celebrity who would have made an admirable subject is Willesee himself. If his successor on the show, Roger Climpson, had surprised him on the tennis court, at the race track or on the set of his latest television project, with the immortal line: "Mike Willesee, this is your life", he would have had an opportunity to make a roll call of the most powerful and celebrated individuals in Australia when he introduced his guests on the show. The friends, foes and acquaintances Willesee has cultivated and conversed with during the decade in which the afternoon tabloids dubbed him "The King of Current Affairs" have included high achievers in every field — Prime Ministers, movie stars and representatives of the Australian media mafia, a clique which now lists Willesee as one of its members.

The son of former Labor senator Don Willesee has come a long way since his schooldays at the Christian Brothers College at Leederville in Western Australia where football was, by personal choice, the main item on his educational curriculum. But his rise to the role of patriarch of prime time was never an easy ride. Willesee has paid his dues. His media career began with a cadetship on the Perth *Daily News,* a position he applied for after spending a frustrating 12 months as a clerk with the public service. His abilities soon gave him an opportunity to move to Canberra, where he spent years in the Parliamentary Press Gallery working as a political correspondent for the Melbourne *Age* and the Perth *Daily News,* before moving into a television job with the ABC.

As a reporter on the nightly current affairs program *This Day Tonight,* Willesee honed his talents as an interviewer and soon earned a reputation as one of the toughest and most intelligent individuals in his trade. Willesee had some memorable confrontations with Federal politicians in the late Sixties. He was a natural for television, combining appealing features with an understated and conversational interviewing style which was gently persistent and nearly always successful. Willesee presented a facade of confidence backed by intensive research. He made cunning use of silence, often revealing more through the gaps in his conversations with Federal ministers than words could ever have done.

By 1969, Willesee had landed the plum job of compere of *Four Corners.* He left the ABC two years later, sacked by Sir Talbot Duckmanton for publicly moonlighting when he hosted a talkback show on commercial radio. Willesee has been sacked by three Australian networks — always after conflict with management rather than as a result of the failure of his shows. At this point the journalist became an entrepreneur, forming the Transmedia company and packaging a series of programs for the commercial networks, including *A Current Affair, The Willesee Show, 24 Hours* and *Willesee At Seven.*

While Willesee was presenting the news, he was also making it. Other sections of the media have always considered him fair game; both the split with his first wife, former Miss Australia Joan Willesee *nee* Stanbury, and his remarriage to Sydney model Carol Brent, were widely publicised — not always in a flattering light. As a television personality, Willesee has always attracted more than his share of controversy. There were the death threats following a segment on heroin addiction in massage parlors, the violent reaction to his decision to pay the fine of a man who had been charged with throwing a placard at the Queen, and the on-air tiff with sex researcher Shere Hite which resulted in her walking out in the middle of the interview.

Putting it crudely, Willesee has got a lot of balls. No other television journalist would have the hide to publicly chastise Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser following an interview in which Willesee accused Fraser of being "dull", and later advised him: "Be man enough to admit you are wrong. Stop kidding yourself that a beer in a pub with a flock of photographers on hand makes you one of the boys. It doesn't."

Willesee says he has always been willing to take risks, with his television shows and his business ventures. Lately they have all been paying off. He is predicting a healthy future for his Transmedia Park stud farm at Cootamundra, where the acclaimed Sovereign Red is standing for a huge stud fee, and his venture into FM radio with the purchase of a share in the Sydney station 2DAY FM is also expected to prove profitable for him. And, after the demise of his *Willesee At Seven* show, Willesee has bounced back with a vengeance with his new series of documentaries for the Seven network, scoring a massive 41 points with the first program, *Quentin.* That rating made it the third most popular television show of 1982, after the *TV Week* Logies and *Star Wars. Penthouse* features editor Phil Abraham spoke with Willesee the day after those ratings figures were released.

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: Did those 41 ratings points exceed your expectations?
Willesee: Yes, 40 is rare. I'd never had a 40 before this.
Penthouse: Was it particularly pleasing for you to have not only topped the ratings, but to have outshone *60 Minutes* at the same time?
Willesee: Only from the point of view that to make a comeback and win handsomely, you might as well win against a top program as against a lesser one. But I didn't get any personal joy out of beating *60 Minutes.* It was good to beat the top program, no matter what it was. *60 Minutes* has been around for years. I remember what *Willesee At Seven* was like after four years. Our ratings were right up, but I knew we were vulnerable. People were prepared to give something else a go.
Penthouse: To what degree do you think the novelty aspect of a new Willesee show boosted your ratings?
Willesee: That probably had something to do with it, but it was a combination of ingredients. We had a good subject, an excellent film and the promotion was very effective.
Penthouse: Have you enjoyed making the transition from current affairs to documentaries?
Willesee: I started enjoying it when I saw the ratings. It was difficult for a while — we underestimated the task. We originally agreed to make 30 documentaries, which meant doing four or five at once, and for a while it seemed as if it would be impossible to maintain their quality. We lost quite a bit of money early on by being inefficient. If something wasn't right we'd go back and shoot it again. At least we stuck out for quality. Now we've completed 12, with three or four on the editing benches and three or four being filmed, and we've learned to be efficient about the process. So it has become easier and more enjoyable as we've gone along. This is what I want to do. My only mistake has been trying to do too many at once.
Penthouse: Do you feel you are breaking new ground with your subject matter or techniques in these documentaries?
Willesee: We could argue about that. We are using what has been described as the "living camera" technique, and it hasn't generally been used in conjunction with a front man and an interviewer before. But it's more important to be doing something better than to just be doing something new.
Penthouse: What sort of problems are involved in this "slice of life" style documentary, and how do you feel about intruding into people's lives?
Willesee: It is difficult. You must enlist the trust of the people you are working with. So we have to have honest, decent people. After both *Quentin* and *The Ultimate Struggle,* the parents of both subjects congratulated us on the respective films; but also, and this was important to me, they mentioned how much they had enjoyed working with our people because they did trust them and when they saw the film they knew that trust had been repaid. Nobody had been let down. The integrity of the whole exercise had been maintained.
Penthouse: Did you feel you had something to prove when you started the documentary series, after a failure of *Willesee At Seven?*
Willesee: No, my motivation is not to prove something to anyone. Maybe to myself, but not to anyone else. My motivation is to achieve. I'm frustrated when I don't achieve. I was frustrated when *Willesee At Seven* failed, because I had wanted it off air before its ratings dropped. So I wanted to achieve again here, and I will want to again in the future.

> It wasn't long ago that we were rating figures of 10 and 12, and that's still strong in my mind. It will probably happen again

Penthouse: Noel Coward once said that the secret of success was the ability to survive failure, a comment which seems particularly applicable to the television industry. Your track record shows a series of peaks and troughs, but you appear to have had more ups than downs . . .
Willesee: I've had about the same number, but the ups have lasted longer than the downs.
Penthouse: How do you handle the failures?
Willesee: Rudyard Kipling is not one of my favorite writers, but one of his more memorable statements was a line about triumph and disaster being impostors which should be treated as that, and so treated equally. I've always remembered that. I didn't get too carried away when *Quentin* rated 41, because for every time we peak, there's going to be a corresponding time when we fail. So I've gotten a lot of joy out of our achievement with these documentaries, but it wasn't so long ago that we were rating figures of 10 and 12, and that's still strong in my mind. It will probably happen again.
Penthouse: What other achievements in your television career are particularly memorable?
Willesee: When we talked Channel Nine into letting us have a go with *A Current Affair* at seven o'clock in the evening, all the experts except Clyde Packer said it couldn't be done. But we rated around the mid-20s and won. And at that stage I didn't know what ratings were. When the network asked what we'd get I said 23 or 24, and that's what we got. They thought I was a genius. The truth was I had no idea; it was a guess. But it worked. I suppose the next big win was when *Willesee At Seven* took on *A Current Affair* and knocked it off. I've had better rating successes. *This Is Your Life* won top ratings all year; it was always happily in the 30s, but apart from meeting some nice people, I didn't get a kick out of it.
Penthouse: Do you have a formula for a successful television documentary?
Willesee: No, just a gut feeling. I've produced thousands of programs and each one is rated, individually tested, so you start to get a pretty good idea of what works and what doesn't.
Penthouse: What works?
Willesee: I know what works but it's hard to define. A lot of it's instinctive. I argue with my staff sometimes and I can't logically tell them why I am upholding a particular point of view. But the results usually vindicate my stance, and they accept that.
Penthouse: Well, what doesn't work?
Willesee: Some things that don't work are Aborigines, conservation and most politics, certainly internal politics.
Penthouse: Is that a result of the medium's failure to present these subjects in an entertaining fashion, or some inherent failure of the subjects themselves?
Willesee: It's the subjects themselves. People just don't want to know about some things. When I say "people", I mean masses of people.
Penthouse: While many television journalists of late have achieved star status, and the critics have chastised them for letting their flamboyant style overshadow the events they are reporting, your image is the antithesis of this trend . . . understated and sincere. Is that an image which has been consciously created?
Willesee: No, I've never contrived an image. I was thrown into the deep end early in my television career. When I was still quite young I suddenly found myself interviewing Prime Ministers on national television. Because I didn't really know how to do it, I was so scared that I tried to compensate by researching exhaustively, and then preparing a set of questions which I ended up changing three times. Then, with great trepidation, I'd do the interview. There was never any time to worry about my hairstyle or my image or how I talked. Maybe I was lucky to have started off like that. If I had walked into a *60 Minutes*-type situation things might have been different. But back then all I could do, out of fear, was to try and get the interview straight.
Penthouse: You also mention politics as an unpopular subject. Why do we see so little of what should be of interest to everyone?
Willesee: The popularity of politics comes in waves. Before 1972, politics was big. Everyone was interested. Then Whitlam disappointed so many people, including his followers, and a whole section of the Australian electorate became disenchanted. Now, Malcolm Fraser is not exactly an exciting person, so he doesn't generate a lot of personal interest. I think if Hawke and Peacock were the two opposing leaders they would attract a lot more interest from the public. Politics on television is a supply and demand proposition. It's a commercial thing . . . if people want it, they'll get it.
Penthouse: Have you ever considered a way of making politics a more appealing subject for television audiences?
Willesee: I would like to see a series of late night shows incorporating politics. At present, *60 Minutes* is frivolous; *Willesee At Seven* used to be frivolous. But if people want to see serious political reporting, they should be able to, later in the evening. They can stay up until 11 o'clock and watch a show that won't have a big budget and won't have to survive by getting an audience of one million, but instead gets by with 150,000 viewers. But if you want a big audience, then you have to entertain it with a magazine-style format.
Penthouse: Didn't your attempts to be frivolous with the addition of comedy to the *Willesee At Seven* format fail to maintain that mass audience?
Willesee: I keep reading that *Willesee At Seven* failed when we put comedy on, but it actually had failed before that. The network said, "Please try to do something." The addition of comedy was an attempt to save the show. In fact, it actually boosted the ratings. We had done more than 1000 programs straight. It couldn't go on forever. Now we only read about the failure of the show, we never hear anything about the four years that it was sitting on top.
Penthouse: One of the most powerful aspects of your role as the producer and frontman on Australia's top current affairs programs is that you were able to select the agenda for public debate. You have just mentioned that subjects like Aborigines and conservation didn't rate. Did you ever feel your drive for television ratings conflicted with your responsibilities as a newsman?
Willesee: There is a conflict, but it never bothered us when we did *Willesee At Seven* or *A Current Affair,* because we'd have five programs in every nightly half-hour show. If we did a story on Aboriginals and knew it wasn't commercial we'd blatantly put it between two commercial stories — but we'd still do it. And that was the real worth of those shows. They were so commercially successful that we could afford to put these other programs in. We would never have been happy just being commercially successful. We had to have a sense of worth in the program. People will accept unpalatable subjects if you package them properly.

> At Channel Nine Sir Frank Packer tried to censor me about three times and I ended up leaving as a result

Newspapers and magazines have an advantage over television in this regard, in that if you put a story in that someone doesn't like, they just turn the page. If you do that on television, they turn you off.
Penthouse: Do you think the concentration of media ownership in Australia in the hands of a few individuals is a healthy situation? For instance, are producers in your position ever censored by their superiors?
Willesee: On paper, it certainly doesn't look healthy. But in practice, and I'm in a better position to know than anyone because I've worked for all four networks in sensitive areas — it doesn't present many problems. I've been partly censored once by Channel Seven in seven years as a result of advertising pressure.
Penthouse: Why were you censored?
Willesee: I did a story about a department store's finance methods. In depressed areas they would, through a variety of deceptive methods, keep people owing them money. Once an individual had completed his hire purchase commitments he would immediately be cajoled into taking more credit. People were buying things they didn't need and couldn't afford from salesmen who acted like their friend. It was legal, but it was immoral. Often people had no idea of how much money they owed and they were usually shocked when they found out the figure. We did a half-hour special on the subject. Then the network said: "It could be defamatory. We want you to go out and get more evidence." I considered that to be a form of censorship. The company concerned were big advertisers. The owners complained to the network, which was their right, and we never got the show to air. Now I concede that maybe we hadn't proved our case conclusively. But I knew we were right. That was the one case of censorship in seven years.
Penthouse: Did you ever have censorship problems with other channels?
Willesee: On Channel Ten we were censored blatantly once with the soap inquiry thing. They said don't use the story, it's going to cost a million bucks. And at Channel Nine Sir Frank Packer tried to censor me about three times and I ended up leaving as a result. And at Channel Two, Sir Talbot Duckmanton tried to censor me once and I stood up to him and said I'll leave if I don't get my way. I didn't, but the politician Billy Wentworth had been pressuring Duckmanton about the issue and he didn't get his way either, so again it was a compromise. That is the sum of the censorship problems we've suffered since 1967, and we've done tens of thousands of programs on controversial subjects in that time. So I've been right through it and I really can't say that it's heavy. We've always run our own race.
Penthouse: One of the major themes of *Willesee At Seven* throughout its four-year run was consumer protection. The show was promoted with the line "Willesee — a good man to have on your side." What were some of you major victories in the area of consumer affairs?
Willesee: We had legislation on the use of child pornography changed in six states. The major problem with legislation in this area was that there were so many areas of control — customs, state departments and so on.
Penthouse: Was the use of children in pornography common?
Willesee: It wasn't widespread, but it was starting to become more common. Our concern was not directed towards a moralistic view of pornography. It was directly concerned with the abuse of children. There was nothing we could do about imported material, and most of this type of pornography is imported — pictures of kids in really degrading

situations. But the pornographers said, "There are no Australian children, so forget it." Well, we found some Australian children who had really been brutalised. We proved it, we actually found the parents and proved that the pictures had been taken in Australia, and as a result state Attorney Generals got together and changed legislation so the people concerned could be prosecuted. We also had legislation changed in a number of states with regard to the use of barbiturates. There was one guy in Melbourne who had been directly associated with two deaths from barbiturate overdoses. He was arrested and charged with offences relating to the possession and supply of the drug, and was fined $100 on each charge. Now, if those people had died from heroin overdoses, and he had supplied the drug, he would have received a lengthy sentence. Barbiturates are in fact more dangerous than heroin, and here he was only getting $100 fines. After this situation was revealed on *Willesee At Seven,* some health departments reclassified a number of drugs so the unscrupulous people who sold them to kids could be dealt with by the law in a more meaningful way. I regarded those examples as two of our greatest successes.

Penthouse: Do you think there is a lack of responsibility on the part of the media in its role as a consumer watchdog?

Willesee: Not now. There was a complete void, which we recognised and filled. Also, as a result of our work, consumer affairs bureaus began to open up suburban branches. People became aware of their rights. We exposed a lot of rip-offs. We used to get up to 1000 calls a week, and we ended up doing our own little consumer affairs thing. We would call the business about whom we'd received a complaint and say, "We've had a complaint, what do you think about it?" And he'd say, "Oh, you're going to ruin my business!" We would reply, "No we're not. Tell us your side of the story." Often the original complaint was the result of a misunderstanding. We'd ask the businessman if he could resolve the issue, and if it was fixed, we would forget about it. We didn't think we had any right to go around with a big stick. But finally, the complaints stopped coming in. I think the level of people's awareness of their rights increased. The fact that they started to go to Consumer Affairs or the Small Claims Tribunal was fantastic.

Penthouse: During your lengthy career as a political journalist, were there similar examples of your direct influence on events or legislation?

Willesee: There was nothing comparable to our impact in consumer affairs. Probably the most striking example of influence — which is more a reflection of the power of television than the power of any individual — occurred after Harold Holt drowned and the Liberal Party was selecting a new leader.

I interviewed the four candidates for the Prime Ministership. Their television appearances almost turned into auditions for the role, which was pretty funny because I was only in my mid-20s, and was just thrown into it, without quite understanding the significance of the situation. John Gorton, who wasn't the favorite, gave the best performance. Hasluck was dour and solemn, Berry wasn't very forthcoming and Snedden didn't impress. Gorton got the job, and a lot of people thought he won it as a result of his performance

> Their television appearances almost turned into auditions for the role of PM, which was pretty funny because I was only in my mid-20s

in that interview with me. He walked out of Parliament House that day and there was a crowd of journalists waiting outside.

I was there with a microphone for the ABC and he walked over to me and said, "Your interview did it for me." I was proud at the time but I've questioned my judgement since. I think they made the wrong choice. But I was just the catalyst in that situation. I did not really play an active role.

Penthouse: Who would your choice for the Prime Minister's job have been?

Willesee: I didn't know enough then to make a choice, but in retrospect, it certainly would not have been John Gorton. I liked Billy Snedden. I didn't like Hasluck. But with hindsight, I somehow think it should have been Hasluck. Whatever abilities he had, he was handicapped by his arrogance, aloofness and his disdain for the press. He wouldn't communicate. So you never knew what he was thinking. I certainly wouldn't have supported him at the time, but when he was Governor General, representing the people as an apolitical individual, I thought he was very good.

So perhaps he would also have made a good Prime Minister, although his failure to handle the media would have hindered him. Handling the media is an integral part of politics today. Hasluck refused to, so maybe he would have failed anyway.

Penthouse: Obviously the current political crop's stocks are dependent on their facility with the media. Bob Hawke stands out as one with a particular talent in this regard.

Willesee: Oh, undoubtedly. He gets much more support from the people than he gets from his own colleagues.

Penthouse: Would Bob Hawke make a good Australian Prime Minister?

Willesee: I can't think of any one person in Australia who would make a good Prime Minister. The job is just too big and too hard. I think it's a pity that we have to put so much emphasis on one man.

I mean, you need such a huge capacity to do a job like that. You would know, as a journalist, just how much effort can go into researching one story. Now look at how much material a Prime Minister is expected to ingest and understand in one day — departmental reports, the ramifications of the political decisions of the day. The only realistic answer is to have a team. Bob Hawke would make an admirable member of such a team. So would Malcolm Fraser, and so would Hayden. But I couldn't endorse any one of them as the man for the job.

If I was offered that job I'd say there was no way in the world I could handle it. I believe the Prime Minister should have a top team — not just the public servant heads he inherits and not just Cabinet members who happen to be there.

Penthouse: As a consequence of their status, and the significance of their decisions, do you consider your interviews with politicians to have been the most important in your career?

Willesee: I think my interview with Quentin was as important an interview with a Prime Minister which showed him to be lying, or at least deceptive, or when an interview resulted in changes to legislation.

Penthouse: I assumed that because of their power and position, interviews with our political leaders would have been particularly challenging. Have Australian politicians' intellects impressed you as being superior to those of other individuals?

Willesee: No, and I'm not sure that they should either. They're supposed to be representative of us all, and when we have had a superior intellect like Gough Whitlam, he proved so disappointing, doing things that were just inexplicable for a man of such superior intellect.

Penthouse: Were there any Federal politicians you particularly enjoyed interviewing?

Willesee: Yes, basically they were the ones I got along with.

Penthouse: Were those the ones with whom you shared similar political views?

Willesee: I'm not aligned with any political party, but I do have strong political views. I'm not a eunuch. But my views don't fall within party lines. I'm always accused of being a Labor Party supporter. My answer to that is, which Labor Party do you think I support?

Penthouse: How would you define your political stance?

Willesee: I can't define it in party terms. But I have strong beliefs on separate issues. For example, I support the Federal Government's role over state governments. I am an anti-protectionist. I think protectionism is a real short-term view. It's okay to say we're saving jobs; I know we can't lift tariffs now with our massive unemployment. Menzies had the opportunity in those golden years to lift tariffs.

You can talk about saving jobs with protection on the one hand, but on the other we are paying twice as much for our cars as a result of those policies. What's the good of that? And at the same time we are offending our Asian neighbors with whom we have to live. If there's going to be another war based on economic factors, as the last world conflict was, then the Asian nations are going to fight us because we've suppressed them. Now, I don't care whether it's a Liberal or a Labor policy, but I'm against protectionism.

Penthouse: Are there other issues which arouse your feelings as strongly as tariffs?

Willesee: I have strong feelings about Fraser's stand on tax evasion. Even though as a businessman with tax lawyers and accountants advising me I've probably been involved in a few myself, I think tax evasion schemes are wrong and Fraser is right.

Penthouse: Have you ever considered a political career?

Willesee: No, I was brought up in politics and spent five years in the Canberra press gallery. I think it is a frustrating profession. There is only one really worthwhile job, and maybe a couple of others to a lesser extent. The chances of getting them are remote. You have to go through branch politics, which is pretty depressing, then risk sitting on the backbench in opposition, which is absolutely futile — I mean your vote doesn't even count. What do you do? You don't get to speak on the major issues and on the odd occasion when you do, no-one listens. You could give a brilliant speech but it's not going to change anyone's vote. It's farcical. The importance of our political system is that it represents the people. You're powerless in opposition. When you get into power you might make it to Cabinet, but even then, most Cabinet posts are pretty meaningless. You just take the departmental advice and represent that advice in Cabinet. How much individualism do you see in Cabinet, how much real pioneering, how much real innovation? Very, very little.

Penthouse: Do you think you have more power to influence the public's decisions than politicians?

Willesee: Yes. Every editor does, and every news producer.

Penthouse: Is that fair?

Penthouse: Sure. I mean we're the same as them; we have to stand for election every time we go to air. They only have to stand for election every three years. I just got a 41. I won that election. The public was saying, "Okay, we support you, go out and do another one." When *Willesee At Seven* dropped its ratings, when the public stopped voting for me, I was out. That's fair. You can only exercise this power as long as people want you to. If they say you're a dickhead and turn you off, it's no more power. That's the most democratic system of all.

> I can't think of any one person in Australia who would make a good Prime Minister

Penthouse: Kerry Packer was said to have made a prediction about the future of television in Australia; that in 10 years' time, programs will consist almost entirely of sport, news and current affairs, with the video cassette industry providing the other forms of entertainment. Do you think that is a realistic prediction?

Willesee: No, because Australia is going to be very slow to adopt cable and pay television. We're not strong enough. Walter Cronkite has been telling us recently that there are a lot of problems with it in America, with a comparatively massive market. I've had lots of offers to join groups and apply for cable TV licenses and I've said I'm just not interested. What Kerry is talking about is the way it will ultimately go, but it is going to be a long slow road. In the States you can't get the world title fight on television networks because no-one can afford it . . . they pay for it directly.

Already networks are being outbid by cable networks for first-release movies, and that's the way it's going, but I don't think it will be within 10 years. America is already slowing down in this area. CBS, for example, has just closed down a cable operation.

Penthouse: How healthy does the Australian television industry look from your point of view?

Willesee: They're all healthy: they're all making money during a recession. That's a fairly good indication of their health.

Penthouse: Do you think the current decline in the Australian film industry will bring a lot of talent back to TV?

Willesee: It's already happening. We've got a lot of them out there now. Gillian Armstrong, Chris Noonan, Phil Noyce, Steve Wallace. Last year they would have been too busy to work for us.

Penthouse: And now I suppose they're knocking on doors?

Willesee: No, not quite. They sit here and I have to convince them that it's a good story and sometimes they'll say no, not that one, call me when you've got another one. They're still maintaining quality control. They're not desperate.

Penthouse: You come from a family of high achievers. As a youth were you put under pressure to succeed?

Willesee: I don't really think so. My father wanted me to be a lawyer. If I had done that I would have been the first in the family to have a tertiary education. But I got carried away with sport at school. I slipped back and failed to matriculate. At the time I didn't really care. I was only interested in playing football. Then I got into journalism and started to realise it was more important than football, which I gave away. Now I'm a tennis fanatic. I play every day if I can, before coming in here. That's why I hate travelling: it's hard to organise tennis while you're travelling. The game is like therapy. If I play tennis, I have a good day. I'm relaxed. I feel fitter.

Penthouse: According to the daily press, your horse-racing interests also take up a large part of your spare time. Are they rating as highly as your television interests?

Willesee: The breeding interests are looking good. We've got a horse called Sovereign Red standing at our stud, and he won six group one races. He is the best-performed horse to go to stud since Vain and Baguette, more than a decade ago. And his full brother, Gurner's Lane, has now won both the

INTERVIEW

Caulfield and the Melbourne Cups. In breeding terms that's very important. It's the same blood building the record. We've also got a crop of two-year-olds going into training and they are looking very promising. But I don't have the time to do a lot there. Within another year or so I hope to be spending more time at the stud and the racetrack. The racing is necessary for the breeding, but for me the breeding comes first.

Penthouse: I'm surprised to hear you say that. I heard you liked to have a bet.

Willesee: There have been periods in my life when I have punted fairly heavily.

Penthouse: With success?

Willesee: With success and failure. Any punter who doesn't admit that is telling lies. The best thing about me as a punter is that when I get ahead and make some money I stop and spend it on something solid. And equally, when I'm having a bad run I'll stop and try to get out of it.

Penthouse: Have you taken a gambler's attitude towards your business interest?

Willesee: Definitely. I've always been a gambler.

Penthouse: What would you say have been some of your most risky ventures?

Willesee: Nearly all of them have involved some element of risk. I could have stayed with *Four Corners* if I'd toed the line, or with *This Day Tonight.* But I was always prepared to gamble. I could have stayed at Channel Nine if I'd let Sir Frank Packer have his way. It would have been safe and lucrative. I had the top-rating show in the country with *This Is Your Life,* but it didn't suit me. I felt that I was wasting my time. So I stepped out of it and that was a gamble. I had nothing to go to. I was unemployed for six months before I got what I wanted, which was *Willesee At Seven* — and then we were up against *A Current Affair.* That was a hell of a gamble. I am a gambler. I don't expect to win every time. If you keep having a go, you are bound to have failures. If you can't stand that, then you shouldn't have a go. Most people don't have a go because they are afraid of failure.

Penthouse: Are you a religious person?

Willesee: No.

Penthouse: You went to school at a Christian Brothers college. Did you consciously discard the Catholic faith?

Willesee: No, I think they belted it out of me. I had a couple of great teachers and a couple who were religious and political fanatics. I trust they've got their house in better shape these days. But I don't resent their treatment of me at all. People sometimes ask me if I am bitter about it. It never bothered me at the time. It just seemed that was the way it was. I never said to my father, "I got punched around the head by the headmaster today and I hadn't done anything wrong." I just thought it was my bad luck. But they were tough and rough and unfair. In retrospect I realise that was all very un-Christian while they tried to ram Christianity down our throats.

Penthouse: Some of your former employees have painted you as a fairly ruthless and arrogant person. How do you respond to those accusations?

Willesee: I don't think they have.

Penthouse: Howard Gipps, a *Willesee At Seven* reporter, wrote a piece for *Penthouse* a couple of years ago. His tone was one of sour grapes when he considered his relationship with you.

Willesee: I read that piece. Howard said that it was difficult to get close to me. He didn't say I was arrogant.

> "If some journalist insists on having his way, I have to say: 'Go and do your own show'"

Penthouse: Is a certain degree of ruthlessness necessary for someone in your position as a television current affairs producer?

Willesee: On a daily current affairs program it is absolutely necessary. It has to be so tightly controlled that if some journalist insists on having his way, in opposition to my opinion, I have to say, "Well, go and do your own show." He might be right, but I've got something which works and it can't be tampered with. Now that I'm doing documentaries, I'm not nearly as tough. I'm working with film-makers rather than journalists and they've got more time to do what they have to do. I can give them room to move. But when I was doing current affairs programs, it was my format, my program and my neck, and it had to be done my way. The good ones knew that. Also, most of the guys who went through our school and learnt how we did things went on to do bigger and better projects. The guys who bucked it and didn't like me telling them what to do — when they left, what happened to them? I could give you names to prove my point, but I won't.

Penthouse: Do you have any advice for young men wanting to make a big splash in the media?

Willesee: Yes. Learn how to research your subject and work hard. These days a lot of guys come into it and they're more concerned with the time they spend in make-up before an interview than with their research. They might look all right for a while. Some of them think that just by being on the screen people are going to say, "isn't he great!" It never works that way. All the good ones work their arses off.

Penthouse: To what do you attribute your success as a television journalist?

Willesee: Apart from the natural abilities — the ability to sit in front of a camera and talk without twitching or stuttering — the important factor was the dedication I put into my research.

Penthouse: What do you consider to be the most tangible reward from your gruelling years in television?

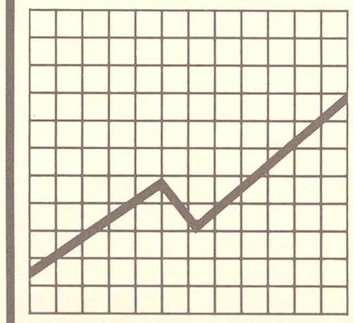
Willesee: The biggest reward for me is that I have achieved. But that's not tangible. Money is the most tangible reward. The thing about money is that it gives security. I don't have to work. If I want to take a year off to write a book I can afford to. If I get hit by a bus, it doesn't matter because I know my kids will be secure and when you've got five children that's an important consideration. The other luxury in having money is that you don't have to worry about it. Actually having it doesn't do a lot for you. You're not any happier because you can eat in a better restaurant . . . but not having to worry about it, and knowing your kids won't have to either — that's a luxury.

Penthouse: If a biographer was writing your life story, at some stage he would probably look at your early years from a Freudian point of view and try to explain your success through the influence of your environment on your character. What particular factors in your youth created the middle-aged media mogul Mike Willesee?

Willesee: I sometimes resent the fact that I didn't have a better education. I had the ability to take advantage of it. I was always at the top of the class until they pushed me out of school, and then I sort of lost interest. On the other hand I think I went through a toughening process at school. I certainly learnt to take a hiding. I can still take them. I've stuck my neck out, with jobs, with contracts and with interviews. When you talk to someone who's fairly tough on television, and if you're wrong and he's better than you, you can be humiliated. That's never happened to me. I try not to make mistakes. I hate making mistakes, but maybe the fact that I don't have a fear of making them has been helpful.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU ON THE BRINK?



. . . but at least there's hope.

Are you hovering on the brink of psychological disaster? Answer the following questions and you may find out if you inhabit the psychic borderlands that separate "normal" folks from the truly troubled.

This psychograph is based on recent research into what psychologists call the "borderline personality." Anguished people who exhibit borderline symptoms may be negotiating the curves and potholes life puts in their path, but you always get the feeling they could drive over a cliff at any moment. They're not out-and-out psychos, but they're edgier and weirder than your average, run-of-the-mill neurotic.

A borderline personality, while it may cause massive internal torment, doesn't necessarily keep one from functioning effectively in society. Indeed, borderliners often walk a razor's edge between brillance and craziness. In an excellent article on the subject, Louis Sass, a psychologist at Harvard Medical School and Holy Cross College, notes that Marilyn Monroe, Adolf Hitler, philosopher Soren Kierkegaard, Lawrence of Arabia, Zelda Fitzgerald, and writer Thomas Wolfe have been diagnosed as borderliners.

Research into the borderline personality is of recent origin. Even its exact definition remains controversial. But over the course of the last 10 years many psychiatrists have come to agree that the syndrome develops in the very first months of life. All infants have trouble distinguishing what's them from what's not them.

The distinctions between internal and external reality go unrecognised. They have no sense of self and can't tell where they end and the rest of the world begins.

In therapy, borderliners have always been tough nuts to crack. Traditional Freudian analysis, behavioral techniques, and drug treatments have all met with limited success. Recently, however, therapists who have combined a chatty Freudian approach with a sharper focus on day-to-day problems seem to have been meeting with success in treating borderliners. Still, some of these successful "cures" have involved hundreds of therapeutic sessions stretched over several years. When you live near the psychological border, there is, it seems, no quick fix

1. Do you ever feel like you want to hurt yourself?
   (a) yes, frequently
   (b) sometimes
   (c) once in a great while
   (d) never

2. If you were being truly honest, would you say you're a manipulative person who likes to get others to do things without their realising that they've been set up by you?
   (a) Yes, I'm very manipulative.
   (b) I'm quite manipulative
   (c) I'm somewhat manipulative
   (d) I don't honestly think I'm very manipulative at all

3. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your feelings?
   (a) I love being alone
   (b) I enjoy being alone, but I also enjoy being around other people
   (c) I'm quite sociable. I'd generally prefer to be with other people than to spend time by myself
   (d) I hate being alone and will do almost anything to avoid it

4. Is the following statement true of you: "I rarely have neutral feelings about people. I either love them or hate them. I go from one extreme to the other in a short time"?
   (a) That's very true
   (b) That's quite true
   (c) That's somewhat true
   (d) That's really not much like me

5. Would you say you're basically a conformist?
   (a) yes, very much so
   (b) yes, but probably not any more than the average person
   (c) No, I'm not much of a conformist
   (d) I detest conformity and will go to great lengths to show I'm not a conformist

6. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
   (a) At work I get along relatively well with my co-workers and superiors
   (b) At work I tend to stir things up and often do not have the best relations with my superiors and co-workers

7. Do you often feel desperate without quite being able to pin down the cause of your terrible feelings?
   (a) yes, almost always
   (b) frequently
   (c) sometimes
   (d) rarely or never

8. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I see the world in terms of black and white. Most things are either good or bad, beautiful or ugly, great or terrible. I don't like compromises and in-between solutions"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

9. Do you find it necessary to have many sexual partners?
   (a) yes
   (b) I like to play around as much as the next person, but I don't feel a driving need to screw everyone I meet
   (c) no

10. True or false: "I have trouble main-

taining a deep emotional relationship. I may get plenty of sex, but my serious love relationships tend to be short-lived, and/or filled with violent ups and downs. I guess you could say my love life (as opposed to my sex life) is generally unsatisfying."
(a) true
(b) false

11. True or false: "At any given time I have lots of friends, but there's virtually no one with whom I've been friendly for years and years. My friendships never seem to last."
(a) true
(b) false

12. Have you ever intentionally hurt yourself (example: feeling so bad about things that you've banged your head against a wall or smashed your hand into something hard)?
(a) yes, frequently
(b) yes, occasionally
(c) I've rarely or never done that.

13. Have you ever intentionally hurt yourself badly enough to require medical attention?
(a) yes
(b) no

14. True of false: "I seem to live a more complicated life than most people. I'm always getting involved in weird, mixed-up predicaments that don't seem to happen to other people."
(a) true
(b) false

15. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
(a) I'm a very orderly person. I like to keep a regular schedule and I rarely do things on impulse.
(b) I'm an impulsive person. I hate being predictable. I have trouble keeping to any schedule
(c) I'm somewhere between the two extremes described above

16. How accurately does the following statement describe you: I love partying and night life. I go out every chance I get. I'd hate living without that sort of excitement"?
(a) I'm very much like that
(b) I'm somewhat like that
(c) I'm hardly at all like that

17. True or false: "I get angry easily and often."
(a) true
(b) false

18. Do you have (or have you had in the past) trouble with drugs?
(a) yes
(b) I wouldn't say I have a problem, but I admit that I'm a fairly heavy regular drug user.
(c) no

19. Have you had an erratic work history, getting fired or quitting jobs because you were unhappy?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat
(c) no

20. How accurately does this statement describe you: "I get frustrated easily. I often get bored or angry with what I'm doing and abandon it. I guess you could say I have a disorganised life"?
(a) That's very much like me
(b) That's somewhat like me
(c) That's very little like me

21. True or false: "I wish I could be as self-confident as other people."
(a) That's very true
(b) That's somewhat true
(c) That's a little true
(d) That's hardly true at all of me

22. Think about your life for a minute. If you were asked to describe who you *really* are in three or four sentences, could you do it?
(a) yes
(b) I suppose so
(c) I'd have trouble doing that

SCORING
All possible answers have been given point values. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose.

1.a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1
2.a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
3.a-1, b-1, c-3, d-5
4.a-5, b-5, c-3 d-1
5.a-1, b-1, c-2, d-5
6.a-1, b-5
7.a-5, b-4, c-3 d-1
8.a-5, b-1
9.a-5, b-2, c-1
10.a-5, b-1
11.a-5, b-1
12.a-8, b-4, c-1,
13.a-10, b-1,
14.a-5, b-1
15.a-1, b-5, c-1
16.a-5, b-3, c-1
17.a-5, b-3
18.a-5, b-4, c-1
19.a-5, b-4, c-1
20.a-5, b-3, c-1
21.a-5, b-3, c-2 d-1
22.a-1, b-2, c-5

The highest possible score is 118 points; the lowest, 22. If you scored 95 to 118 points:
You exhibit virtually all the symptoms of the borderline personality. Something is definitely bothering you and you probably don't know what it is. People like you tend to lead intense lives, but no matter how aggressively they throw themselves into things, they always come away feeling frustrated, disconnected, and lonely. They often have strong creative impulses but rarely can organise themselves well enough to create anything of lasting value. If you're in this category, you are definitely on the edge of a psychological precipice.

71 to 94 points:
You are on the border of having a borderline personality. You have many of the symptoms but they are not so intense or debilitating as they are in people who scored in the category above. You may be leading a relatively normal life, but it's unlikely that you're ever truly at peace with yourself.

46 to 70 points:
It's unlikely that you have a borderline personality. From time to time you experience some borderline symptoms, but that's not unusual. Just about everyone will exhibit some borderline behavior at some point in his life, but it doesn't get out of hand.

22 to 45 points:
You exhibit virtually no symptoms of a borderline personality. This doesn't necessarily mean you're "normal" — it just means you don't have the frantic, impulsive, almost wild, traits of a borderliner. You could be some other type of nut, but you're definitely not a borderline case.

SYDNEY: Percy Marks, 79 Castlereagh St and Regent Hotel; Perri, MLC Centre.
MELBOURNE: Theodores, Southern Cross Foyer, Buckleys and 259 Little Collins St.; Percy Marks, Georges.
BRISBANE: Xennox, City Plaza and Queen St. Mall.

It's the wildest, closest, dirtiest,
most lethal racing anywhere.
Sprint car racing.
Forbidding to the meek;
Breathtaking to the bold . . .

DOING IT IN THE DIRT

It's earthy and honest and dramatic and dangerous. It's slashing elbows and forearms and it's loaded with gut-busting action. It's a business that doesn't ever attract softies.

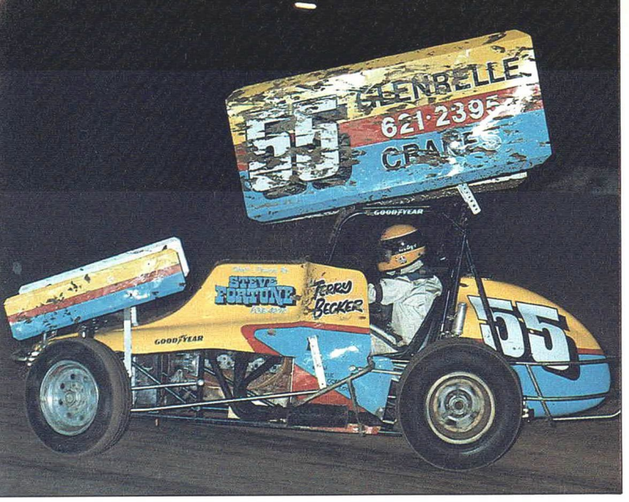
It's the real thing.

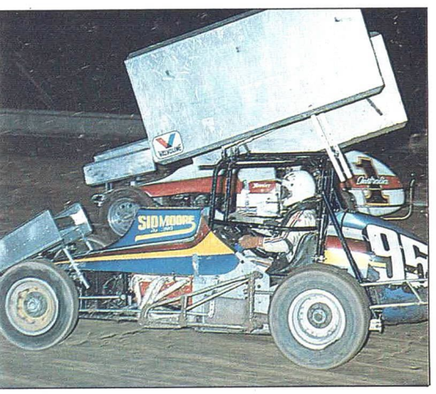
Jackie Stewart said after seeing his first sprint car race: "It's the greatest spectacle left in motor sport." And if Stewart's megabuck world of grands prix is caviar and Moet, then sprint car racing is hot dogs and Fosters. Sprint car racing isn't about pit lane dolly birds, or swanning sponsors, or fawning PR men, or rich kids with talent inversely proportional to the bulge in their wallets.

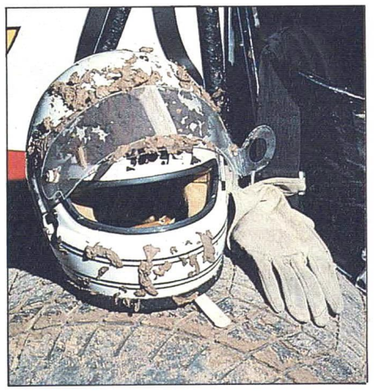
In motor sport there are drivers and there are racers. Never confuse the two. Racers have bigger hearts and bigger balls. Oversize tickers and testicles are found in abundance among sprint car competitors; it takes a special courage to jump knowingly into the cauldron, to accept the violence, to become part of the violence . . .

They race anti-clockwise on sloppy quarter-mile dirt or clay oval tracks ringed by a solid metre-and-a-half high safety wall. There is no escape. The Golden Rule: Don't turn right!

BY PETER McKAY







Previous pages: Bob Blacklaw getting it wrong. Bill Meyer photo. Top left: Night moves from Terry Becker. Tony Loxley photo. Top right: Sprint car king Garry Rush tends his engine. David Cumming photo. Middle left: Wings and a prayer . . . Sid Moore (95) and Garry Rush (1). Tony Loxley photo. Middle centre: The working man's gear. David Cumming photo. Middle right: Dirty work for a crewman. David Cumming photo. Above: Bob Blacklaw, all dressed up. David Cumming photo.

IN THE DIRT

He wears fireproof everything . . . underwear, double-layer suit, gloves, boots, balaclava. Around his elbow are arm restraints — webbed belts tied to his harness crotch strap to prevent his arms from being flung about outside the protective roll-cage during a rollover. A thick padded collar fills the space between shoulders and full-face helmet; that's to stop the helmet from flopping about under the cornering G-forces.

Look closer and you notice the helmet has seven layers of clear plastic across the opening. They're called "tear-offs" and tabs on the right side allow the driver to peel off a strip each time his vision is obscured by the clay shrapnel whipping from the spinning tyres on other machines.

Practising the split-second removal of the lens is tough enough sitting in a stationary car; in a noisy pack of 20 bucking, sliding, rearing, mud-slinging sprints, it's that much harder . . .

Night time. Another dimension to the sprints. Overhead quartz halogens turning 9pm into 9am. Hot blue alcohol-burning flames spurting from drainpipe-sized exhausts. Bright irridescent paint jobs and bare aluminium flashing past in a constant high-speed parade. Clods of dirt and clay flicking high into the heavens past the spotlights. Yellow lights for *steady,* green for *go,* red for *hold it.* Razzle dazzle.

To the outsider, the sprint car is from a bygone era — button-up boots stuff. Narrow and high off the ground, it looks like the result of a union between a Cessna and a tractor. Certainly it's like no other vehicle on this planet. It's built light, with the minimum of trappings, because weight detracts from acceleration and speed. But it's built strong because sprint car racing is rough and tough and bad-mannered.

The driver squeezes into a padded cockpit designed for one, steering wheel cradled in his lap, knees up. At the left foot is a brake pedal, at the right a big throttle. No clutch. Between his legs is a lever . . . an in-out box. There's no gearbox, just a direct driveshaft from engine to the heavy duty quick-change differential. Overhead is a stressed roll-cage, there to keep the safety wall or track surface from cracking the driver's skull during a rollover.

Instrumentation is meagre, sometimes non-existent. Temperature and oil gauges only. A tachometer would be utterly useless; there is never a chance for even a glance once the green flag drops. No rear view mirrors for the same reason.

The bulbous tail of the sprint car is nothing more than a fuel reservoir, a bladder designed to withstand any accident imaginable without spilling any of its 30-gallon load of methanol. Alcohol-based methanol is expensive, but isn't as volatile as pump gas.

The front-mounted engine is a Chevy V8. Six hundred horsepower of Detroit muscle squatting behind the front wheels. Huge rear tyres, often hand-grooved to suit specific conditions, transmit all that power to the track. In harsh conditions a sprint car driver can buzz away 240 bucks worth of right rear rubber during a 20-lap (eight-kilometre) race. Tyre pressures are set abnormally low — maybe 10 psi — so that sidewalls wrinkle like a corrugated sheet. Low tyre pressures are an advantage because the tyre follows the track contours. It doesn't bounce over them.

Under-inflation does have one significant problem: the tyre can be torn off the rim when the car hooks a rut in the corners. A bare rim inevitably digs into the soft surface, and the car trips and falls . . .

And then there are the wings, those massive ungainly aluminium aerofoils perched atop the cockpit. Shaped like an inverted aircraft wing, and incorporating vertical stabiliser fins, they're designed to increase downforce. The result is improved traction and stability in the turns. Without the wings, sprints are almost unmanageable; deadly. And slower by as much as three seconds per lap.

There is a touch of irony about the origins of the sport of hell-raisers . . . its birthplace, in the 1930s, being the heart of American God-fearin' country, the mid-western Bible belt. It came about as the low-budget alternative to the Indy 500. It still is.

Today sprint car racing is big news right across the United States, and up into Canada.

It took a long time to drift Down Under; the local history goes back just 11 years. But its popularity is rocketing upwards in Australia and is still to reach its zenith. Thirty tracks — from Devonport to Cairns to Darwin to Perth — showcase the winged wonders. There are now 250 sprint cars in Australia, a remarkable figure considering the stack of money needed to buy them and keep them on the track.

Indianapolis. Walk along Gasoline Alley and it's not hard to separate the guys with a sprint car background from the squeaky clean college boys from the road-racing ranks. The scarred faces, limping gaits and gnarled forearms reveal the hard life of the American oval-track veterans — men like 48-year-old legend A.J. Foyt and Mario Andretti and Johnny Rutherford and the brothers Unser. They cut their racing teeth in the dusty bullrings in an era when roll-cages were for quiche-eaters. Ten of their fellow drivers would die every year. They somehow survived and went on to win Indy at least once and, in Andretti's case, the World Drivers' Championship.

It's different now. Cages were made mandatory in 1970, and funeral parlors lost plenty of business . . .

Boss of the local sprint car gladiators is Sydney's Garry Rush. He's The Man. Four times Australian champion, and five if he wins again this summer. Poetry in motion. Majestic in his ability to tame the beast. Rush, now 38, has raced for 20 years, and during those two decades has turned his deft hand to almost everything on four wheels. Nothing, he says convincingly, matches the charge of adrenalin he gets when he stomps on the throttle of a sprint car. Hurtling around Mount Panorama at Bathurst, as he did in 1970 and 1971 at the wheel of a Ford Falcon GTHO, doesn't even come close.

"Driving a sprint car is a special experience — I get a rush of nervous energy every time I climb into one," he enthuses. "For me the thrill never diminishes; it gives me unbelievable strength."

> Roll-cages for sprint cars were made mandatory in 1970, and funeral parlors lost plenty of business

Rush was the first Australian to own a sprint car. An American driver named Johnny Anderson introduced one to local oval-track crowds in 1972, winning as he pleased against the motley lot of backyard-built Aussie hot-rods called "super-modifieds".

And when Anderson returned to California at the end of his tour, the agony wasn't over for the beleaguered super-mod contingent; Rush was the new owner of the Anderson sprint car and the one-sided battle went on.

The success of the sophisticated sprint car against the primitive super-modifieds wasn't entirely unexpected. There was a half-hearted attempt to enforce a ban on sprint cars, but evolution won out. The modifieds faded into oblivion in the face of a stream of sprint cars imported from the United States by competitors anxious to meet Rush on equal terms.

No-one has ever quite managed, for Rush is the possessor of an unfair advantage called talent. Unlike the majority of Australia's weekend warriors, Rush regularly heads off to the US to hone his skills in the toughest racing battlefield of all. His once-a-year Stateside trip also helps him to keep on top of technological developments in the sprint car scene.

Run a finger down the list of sprint car heroes here and in the States and you won't uncover too many fresh-faced kids. Stars don't materialise overnight. It's a long, hard slog and experience is the big teacher.

George Tatnell has been turning left on speedway tracks all over Australia for 20 summers. He began driving those lumbering stock cars — the crash and bashers — and went on to win three speedcar championships before moving on to the sprints.

Racetrack promoters bill him as "Gorgeous George", and one peek at that homely and craggy 44-year-old face suggests a breach of the Trade Practices Act. Tatnell's is one of the few names recognised outside the rather parochial speedway boundaries. He's tough as old teak on the track, and a softie off it. Colorful and outspoken, Tatnell's taste in cockpit upholstery sometimes runs to shocking pink with white trim. One can only guess at his choice of bedroom decor.

The advancing years haven't dimmed Tatnell's zest for the sport. He's no fair-weather competitor. Broken bones and an odd susceptibility to any illness going around means that ol' George is never really 100 percent fit. He usually races on. His crew is accustomed to having to haul him bodily from behind the wheel after anything longer than a 10-lap race, totally wrung out with limbs hanging like a limp dick.

Big, suntanned Noel Bradford — sturdy as a Massey Ferguson tractor and fit as a mallee bull — hails from wheat country around Ballidu, 250 kilometres as the crow flies nor-east of Perth.

Bradford owns a large spread up there and has, as the locals put it, "made a quid." The social pages of the *Sunday Times* would describe Bradford as a wealthy grazier. Except that Bradford's name never appears in the social columns of the *Sunday Times* or any other newspaper. You see, Bradford's idea of a Black and White Ball is the sight of chequered flags.

From November through to March, Bradford has a regular Friday ritual. Late afternoon he flies his light plane from the farm to Perth. Half an hour later he is in the pits at Claremont Speedway, where his mechanic has his sprint car warming up for the first race of the night. Bradford can be home in bed by midnight.

Now 50, he still beats men half his age. Five years ago he kept Garry Rush away from the 1978 national title and today they say he's driving as well as ever.

Continued on page 160

Ever since an innovative caveman hit upon the Mark Two version of the club, individuality in human nature has given life to numerous minority groups.

Homo bikie is a typical minority species of sapiens on the modern-day motorway of life. Only in the latter part of the 20th Century has a sub-culture evolved within bikedom comprising groupies who, by their personal parameters of taste, style and ethnic loyalties, set themselves apart from the masses.

Die-hard traditionalists, red-necks, or "enthusiasts" (as they are euphemistically termed by the motorcycle press), these are the five percent of the Australian motorcycle population who religiously invest in the deutchmark, lire, sterling or yankee dollar market. And what they buy is as different on the road in looks, performance, manners and value as the yen is different from each of those other currencies.

Some do it through dislike of things Japanese, some because it's chic to be different. Others are captivated by breeding — if the family tree appeals, then go for it. Many prefer to remain true to their first and only brand of motorcycle.

Usually they pay more money for their steed — the price of setting themselves apart — but in return gain the prestige satisfaction they are seeking.

Porsche, Ferrari, Jensen and Corvette owners are looking for the same non-anonymity when they sink behind their steering wheels and hit the go button. Bike riders throw their legs over the same sort of animal for a much slighter investment and show a lot more of themselves to whoever is interested enough to perceive the strut and stutter of a brawny, throaty Euro-American classical baritone.

They might be biased, but their signature on the street is unmistakably sweet

They pay big money for the stutter of a brawny Euro-American classical baritone...

THE FIVE PERCENTERS

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY
BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

FIVE PERCENTERS

music from La Scala, Covent Garden, the Met, and wherever the cognoscenti of this musical art gather in West Germany. The machines mirror the society of their creators and are the most easily-distinguished maestros of two-wheeling on the autobahns, autostradas, motorways or freeways of their country of origin.

And the BMWs, Ducatis, Moto Guzzis, Triumphs and Harley-Davidsons of this world have their place on the pot-holed and bull-dusted pioneer link roads of the Big Island. Five percent of Australian motorcyclists can't be all wrong. They know what they want and buy it in 4000-unit batches per annum.

Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki and Kawasaki owners added 77,000 new units to our roads last fiscal year and they're not wrong either . . . just different.

Those big names from Japan created a revolution in world motorcycles from the moment in the late Fifties when Soichiro Honda brazenly came to believe the child cycle he nurtured in a commercially emerging postwar Japan was ready to trickle out to the corners of the globe.

With no boy to put his finger in the dike for them, the established world motorcycle manufacturers soon found themselves ankle-deep in small capacity foreign motorbikes, but not to worry: the imports were only rim-high in relation to their own stallions which stood proud on the fairway.

The tide came in and many floundered in what grew to be a Sixties miasmic tidal wave of truth serum which rewarded corporate and management weakness with retrenchment notices. Only the few survived after two decades in which the Japanese motorcycle earned its "Eighth Wonder of the Cosmos" tee shirt.

Statistically, the Australian bikie holds no surprises in his Top 10 most popular brands, except for a new chart item in La Belle France's hit, the Motobecane, which is seen in its Gallic millions and last year won 208 hearts in Perth, seven in Brisbane, and no others in Australia.

That leaves the top four places to the Japanese (Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki and Kawasaki), with spots five through nine in last year's sales graph looking like this:

5. Ducati (the Italian Stallion) . . . 860.
6. Harley-Davidson (a way of life, Goddamn it) . . . 797.
7. Bayerische Motoren Werke — BMW (Ve do things properly!) . . . 618.
8. Triumph (Not as good as Botham) . . . 350.
9. Moto Guzzi (Rocky II) . . . 242.

Of the remaining 19 brand names, only off-road specialists Sweden's Husqvarna (158) and Austria's KTM (132) — popular in Nareen, Victoria, but likely to be handed down or sold due to a terminal case of shagger's back — topped the century.

Due to the commercial firmness inherent in manufacturer, importer/distributor, retail network and advertising budgets, the batting order should be impervious to relevant change for the next decade, given static trade relations between here and there.

In numerical descent, what do people see in these also-rans?

Something about Ducati is different . . . pardon the alliteration. The Bologna factory only entered the market in 1950 with the lowest-capacity range of mopeds and ultralightweight motorcycles powered by 48cc and 65cc overhead valve engines.

After making a name for themselves in bikes up to 350cc, Ducati headed straight for the big-time.

The overhead camshaft noisy alloy engines of 750cc and 900cc capacity were and still are (although soon to be joined by motors of more than two

> It's hard to visualise the long-haired Harley devotees accepting a diet of anything less than the ball-rattling, gutsy ironware that transports denim and jack boots

cylinders) the Mecca of the Ducati owners' tabernacle. Light, tight, narrow and well cut, Ducatis picked up the faltering Italian tricolor in the Seventies and have carried it high ever since. Gilera, MV Agusta and Benelli may have tripped and fallen. Ducati surges on.

Australia sees six models imported by Norm Fraser of Newcastle, NSW, heading Ducati Australia. From the 500cc Pantah ($3299) through the 600cc model to four versions of the classic 900cc engine, they peak with the mainliner's Hailwood Replica at a buck shy of five grand.

For value and performance the Italian Stallion pounds down the marathon course with the Japanese.

Low bars extend the rider torso and rearset footrests keep the number nines off the deck when the passion comes out and the tarmac beckons below. Ducatis are the original cafe racers and the flavor is most definitely cappuccino.

Harley, too, is headed for a break with the tradition of the magic Milwaukee twins with a Porsche-designed V four-cylinder under development.

But they ain't exactly charging into that one while demand for Old Faithful still rings out clear through the sex, drugs and booze.

The bike that bred a million choppers is largely unchanged for 1983 and comes in five 80 cubic inch (1340cc) capacities and numerous lesser weights in its octagenarian year of manufacture.

It's hard to visualise the bearded, long-haired devotees in wrap-around sun glasses accepting a diet of anything less than the standard ball-rattling, gutsy ironware that transports more denim and jack boots over more miles than anything else. It won't happen until astronauts start wearing Levis.

With twin BMW cars offered as the ultimate prize on the world's richest quiz show, so too is the West German bike the thinking man's two-wheeler. "Keep it simple" is what BMW owners want, and simple is what they get . . . not simpleton though, just plain simple. And that basic ethic has been the strong arm of the Germans for — wait for it — 60 years.

The survivors of the Twenties, thriving in the Eighties with the same port and starboard cylinder configuration, must be world leaders in something like efficiency.

With plenty of that in their national character, BMW has managed to remain viable, nay buoyant, nein prosperous, competitive, innovative and at the forefront of technology, on a truth they learned 60 years ago.

Simple as in two-cylinder overhead valve large capacity; efficient as in few working parts to oversee a Robert Sangster stable of powerful horses; and viable as in "Buy me now, spend nothing on me and get your money back if our love affair should terminate."

The BMW, with the exception of the Krauser MKM 1000 — a hand-tooled space age one or two-off special produced by an outsider close to the factory and using a combination of factory and specially built parts — is at its best when going somewhere.

The Krauser MKM 1000 (stuck to the pages of *Australian Penthouse*, December 1981) is now rumored to be a *Guinness Book of Records* entry at $15,000 a copy, which makes it the sort of motorcycle you wouldn't trust anyone with, least of all yourself.

Otherwise your BMW, whether it be the baby 650cc ho-hum model or the top of the line strato cruiser 1000cc plastic exterior wind cheater, does not belong in a garage. The stars are its shroud whether on the Nullabor or the Andes. The BMW is the outdoorsy type and so are you.

This bike made cruise control redundant on a motorcycle as it wrote chapter after verse in long distance touring volumes . . . and never forget, it's a simple piece of motorcycle design purified by uncomplicated development of a theme starting before you were born.

What you get in the long run, though, you pay for up front. Singularly, the BMW is the most expensive breed you can buy into — they go for four, five, six and over seven grand a pop, which is why they enjoy a long life without brutalisation or bastardisation.

They come with exclusivity in tool kit, first aid pack and a brand of esperanto and camaraderie which has not been copied by anyone.

If it were not for Triumph, the once-great British motorcycle industry would be extinct. Begun by two German migrants at the turn of the century, the famous vertical twins could have been known as "Bettmanns" after one of the founders — if it were not decided very early in their history that they needed a better choice of names.

After producing some very fine single-cylinder machines Triumph pulled the jackpot in 1932 when, looking for a new image to drag them out of a sales slump, they introduced an entirely new semi-unit construction 650cc vertical twin with double helical gear primary drive, dry sump lubrication and one-piece crankshaft. This led to the full-on production in 1937 which defied change until a second generation came into being recently.

Through wars, three decades of changing world tastes and a financial crisis that turned the once-fastest motorcycle to the slowest off the production line, the 650cc Triumph Thunderbird has remained, like the BMW, a favorite.

It has been joined over the years by 500cc and 750cc clones and for a period in the late Sixties by a 750cc triple-cylinder machine which is claimed to be the world's first superbike.

A critical period for Triumph began in 1974 when the now-famous Meriden factory was to be run down in accordance with the policy of the Norton Villiers Triumph conglomerate, which also owned the BSA and Ariel names at the time.

This would have led to more than 1500 redundancies, the possible death of the Triumph name, or even worse, the use of it on a cheaper version of the Norton motorcycle. The Meriden workers reacted by staging a lock-in, which meant all senior staff members were barred from the factory and completed machines were withheld from dispatch. The strike-back by workers saved the Triumph and today four models are imported to Australia.

As popular as ever among fervent admirers of British engineering, the 650cc Thunderbird ($3995), 750cc Bonneville ($4195 kick start, $4295 electric start) and the TSS 750cc eight-valve head ($4950) are the sole reminders of the British Isles' former world dominance of the industry.

The bikes are as colorful, outspoken and well-mannered as their predecessors.

Even without the name, there is only one thing a Moto Guzzi could be and that's Italian.

Funny thing is that while they happen to be second Italian fiddle to Ducati in Australia, Moto Guzzi have been around since 1921, which is long enough for them to get in and out of trouble a few times.

Two World War I aviators impressed Carlo Guzzi with the idea of manufacturing motorcycles at Mandello del Lario on the eastern shores of Lake Como. They turned out 17 the first year and in the 61 years since have managed to explore the outer limits of motorcycle design, achieving what no other has done.

Prime example of this was their V8 grand prix 500cc engine of 1957, a banshee-sounding bike of great complication which never amounted to much but which even today is a great conversation piece.

They also produced what others did less convincingly, such as the trellis frame and bottom link front forks, lightweight three-cylinder tourer and wind tunnel proven aerodynamic fairings; and things that others only attempted after them, like disc valve two-stroke engines and semi-automatic, converter coupling transmissions.

Old man Guzzi also had plenty of design back-up over the years in the shape of Lino Tonti, who produced the Linto racers when working for himself, and one of the most brilliant and clear-sighted of all motorcycle engineers — Guilio Cesare Carcano. But all these gifted brains could not keep Moto Guzzi running in the black during a period when motorcycling was in the doldrums.

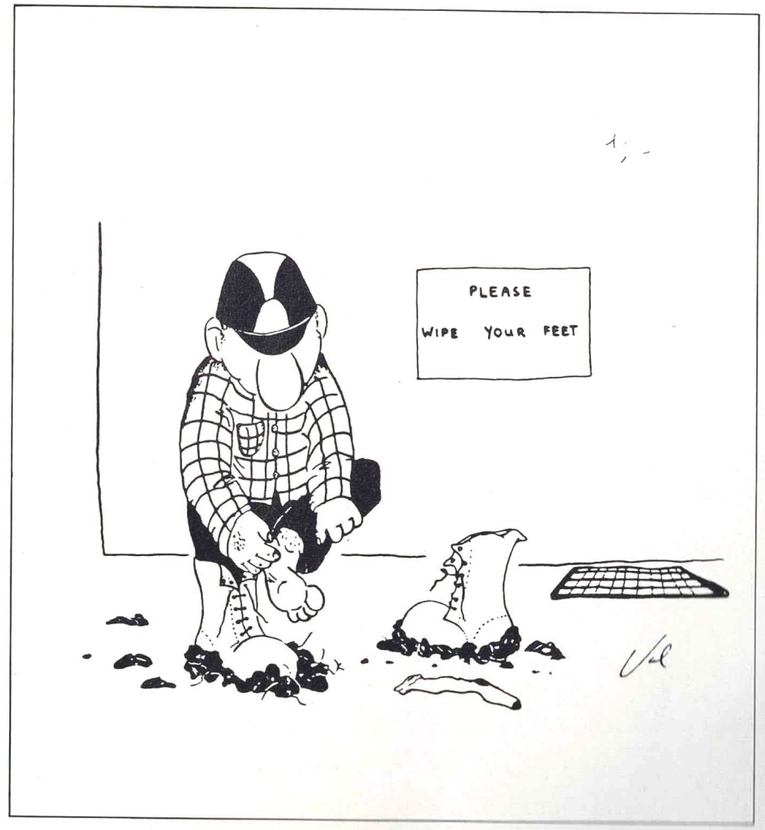
After an association with one-time rival Bianchi, Guzzi was snapped up by the Argentinian redeemer of lost causes Alejandro de Tomaso, who has the company back running on an even keel.

Guzzis today are imported in five models which divide into sport and touring categories. The SP 1000 ($6150 registered NSW) is a bold transverse V-twin tourer fitted with upright fairing so you can step inside out of the wind.

The bike is clearly Guzzi's version of the BMW R100 RT mile-eater which is arranged for comfort and not necessarily white-knuckle speed.

If you want top end performance and toe-scraping cornering in a Guzzi, then the Mark Three 850 Le Mans ($6150 registered NSW) is the fastest to come from the factory. Shaft-driven, low, stylish and aggressive, the Le Mans (as the name suggests) has more than just a hint of race track in its make-up: The T4 tourer ($5200 registered NSW) is a more straight back version of the powerful 850cc twin. There are also touring and super sports versions of the 500cc twin.

For as long as they are made, the historic European and American marques will continue to be a source of pleasure, both riding and aesthetic, to the Australian motorcyclists in that happy band of five percenters.



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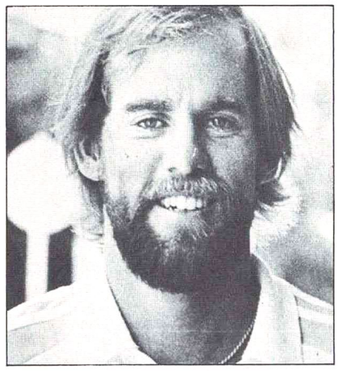
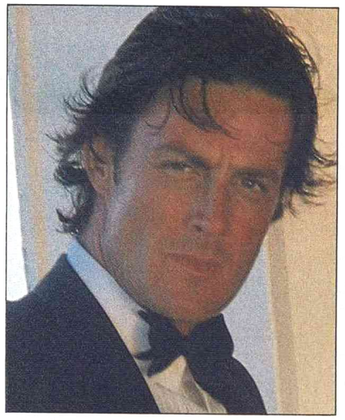


DAVID HOOKES

David Hookes has arrived on the Test cricket scene with an almighty explosion . . . again. The first time was six years ago, when he made the Australian selectors' eyes light up with a run of four consecutive Sheffield Shield centuries. Selected for the Centenary Test as a 21-year-old, Hookes immediately became a national hero by clubbing five successive deliveries from England captain Tony Greig to the fence. Suddenly, everyone was queueing up to see David Hookes bat. When he was running hot, Hookes would demolish an attack with contemptuous ease; his attitude to batting was a cricket fan's dream. But he fell on hard times. Playing for WSC Australia in 1978, he was felled by an Andy Roberts bouncer which broke his jaw. Hookes came back courageously but his light seemed to have dimmed, and finally in 1980 he lost his place in the South Australian team. The former Test star wandered in the wilderness until late last year, when that explosive power and timing returned and he found himself making Shield runs again — including the fastest century (in terms of the number of balls faced) ever struck. No other batsman in the world could have savaged the Victorian new ball attack as Hookes did on that memorable day. And so the 27-year-old came barnstorming back into the national team for the current series, bearing his abundant gifts, but this time tempered with an understanding of the importance of mental preparation. "I never really appreciated that aspect before," he said. "Now I feel I'm batting better than I've ever done. But you can't get carried away by a spectacular performance. Innings like that century in 35 balls happen to certain people at certain times, but if you try to play like that every time, you lose credibility as a batsman." In an age when cricket and boredom sometimes appear to be synonymous, David Hookes' presence in the national side is the best single thing the game has going for it in this country.

ANNE TENNEY

Anne Tenney is now firmly entrenched in the role of "Mad Molly" — a trendy city girl turned organic farmer in the Seven network's hugely successful series *A Country Practice.* It's not her dream role — obviously she'd love a major part in a feature film — but having confronted the realities of a depressed film industry, the young actress is unlikely to complain about portraying a character who has made her one of the most popular faces on Australian television. Anne decided on an acting career at 22. She auditioned for NIDA but struck out on the first attempt; then, having gained entry and completed the gruelling three-year course, she found herself auditioning for commercials to eke out a living. After three live performances and a bit part in the film *A Most Attractive Man*, there was the obligatory six-month period of unemployment before a series of extremely nervous auditions for *A Country Practice.* She wanted the part badly, having identified immediately with Molly's capacity to shock audiences while maintaining an enthusiastic social conscience. Anne takes the role seriously enough to suggest that "the term 'Mad Molly' is an unfair media tag that shows little understanding of Molly's real nature." TV audiences across the land have taken Molly and *A Country Practice* to their hearts, adding greatly to the enjoyment Anne derives from striving to give credence to a very unlikely character. Long-term plans are impossible in the film industry; therefore Anne Tenney will continue to sustain herself with the knowledge that at least she has an audience, and a highly appreciative one at that.



GREG KELLY

Board sailing is the boom sport of the Eighties, and the man riding the crest of the wave in Australia is 32-year-old Greg Kelly. His astute and vigorous approach to the business of manufacturing and marketing sailboards has earned him the NSW 1982 Small Business Award — a very prestigious title. When Greg Kelly left for Europe after finishing his law degree, he became involved in board sailing at a time when the sport was unheard of in this country. When modelling jobs were scarce he ran a board sailing school just south of Barcelona — and he began to envisage the potential popularity of the sport back home. Having written to the patent owner of sailboards in the US, he paced the floor in anticipation of returning to Australia to get the board sailing "thing" off the ground. In 1975 he made it back to Oz and soon teamed up with a partner who had little experience of sailing but could sense an excellent business opportunity. So the pair began to despatch sailboards from a friend's unrenovated terrace house, and since no-one else knew how to sail them Greg had to instruct his customers on weekends. During the first three years he continued to model extensively in order to make ends meet. Now, after a great deal of hard work, the pressure is off and the business has burgeoned to a staff of 50 and a huge new factory complex in Dee Why, where most of the manufacturing as well as the design work is now done. As Greg had anticipated, the sport has taken off in this country, and on a world-wide basis it's now big business. In fact, 1984 will see the introduction of board sailing to the Olympic Games. Being still actively involved in the sport enables Greg to make some very astute marketing decisions. The lucid, erudite young man has come a long way and if the energy he puts into his day-to-day life is any indication, he'll go a long way further yet.

JEWEL BLANCH

Hers could be the face that inspired a thousand heart-tugging country ballads, but in the case of 24-year-old Jewel Blanch, the cowboy boot is on the other foot. Jewel is the hottest property in Australian country music. Her sweet, bell-clear renditions of her own thoughtful country rock lyrics are winning her acclaim and more diehard country fans than you can squeeze into Tamworth come Country Music Festival time. This young talent is hardly a newcomer to the music scene — as the daughter of musical troupers Arthur and Berice Blanch, she's been performing since she was three. Jewel recorded an Australian top 40 single when she was four years old and travelled Australia performing with her parents until she was 10, when the family was signed to Capitol Records in the US. The move abroad saw Jewel branching away from music into acting. At 12 she worked on the TV series *Mod Squad,* and about 15 major film and television roles together with innumerable commercials kept her out of the mainstream of music during most of her teens. At 18 she turned back to her first love and her reappearance on the country scene led to a contract for two records with RCA in Nashville. Those little efforts scored her the prestigious *Billboard Magazine* award for best new female vocalist of 1979. Homesickness brought Jewel back to Australia in 1980 and she threw herself into recording and the promotion of country music. Her efforts were recognised in Tamworth last year when she picked up two top awards, one for best female vocalist and one shared with her father for their album *The Cowboy And The Lady.* Her solo album *Send All The Ghosts Away* was released here back in November. Jewel still feels a strong desire to return to acting work and she's currently working on a major series for Grundy's. "I once tried to count the number of places I have lived," says Jewel reflecting on her wanderings. "I lost count at 50. That was when I was much younger; don't ask me now. I suppose I'll always be on the move."

LES SCHEINFLUG

"He has given Australian soccer new pride and self-respect, and even though his name is Scheinflug, he's a local; he learned the game here and he played it here, so well that he became captain of the Australian team. To have at the top someone who has come up through the local ranks is very desirable in any sport, and even more so with soccer." The speaker is Brian Emery, Executive Director of the Australian Soccer Federation, and the subject is Les Scheinflug, 43, the Australian national soccer coach. Scheinflug, born in Yugoslavia of German parents, emigrated to Australia in 1954 when he was 17 years old. After captaining the NSW and Australian soccer teams he was appointed assistant to national coach Rudi Gutendorf, whom he replaced after the New Zealand team eliminated the Socceroos in the 1981 World Cup. Since then, Scheinflug has guided the junior Socceroos to the semi-finals of the World Youth Cup and the semi-finals of the Joao Havalange youth soccer tournament in Acupulco. Now the Australian juniors are a serious threat for the World Youth Soccer Championships in Mexico next June. Last year Scheinflug devised a four-year plan to improve Australian soccer standards on a national basis; the central point is improved coaching and co-ordination of under-16, under-19, under-21 and senior teams. Judging by the results posted recently by the junior and senior Socceroos, and the galloping optimism which is currently permeating the sport, his plan is working. Scheinflug believes in his ability to get the best out of our national teams: "Australians love to be successful; they like to go forward and attack and that is the best style of play for us — a combination of attacking and skilful football. We don't need to copy the English, the Brazilians, the Italians or anyone. I have given our teams the confidence to use their flair as much as possible. Before, they were shackled too much by tactics."

Sweet chastity

I DON'T OFFER YOU SOME UTOPIAN CLAP TRAP—SOME BRAVE NEW WORLD! THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH THE OLD ONE!

WE'RE GONNA BRING THE GOOD TIMES BACK AGAIN!

SWEET CHASTITY'S T.V. APPEARANCE HAS HAD WORLD WIDE REPERCUSSIONS. A WAVE OF RELIGIOUS FERVOUR HAS SWEPT THE WESTERN WORLD. INSPIRED BY OUR HEROINE, PEOPLE ARE FLOCKING TO THE "GOOD GUYS" AND BILLY GREYBLOOD IS CARRIED ALONG ON A FLOOD TIDE OF POPULARITY. THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING, RIGHT NOW HE COULD BE THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO BECOME POPE!

WE'RE GONNA MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN!

WHAT A CROWD PULLER SWEET CHASTITY IS!

BILLY BABY—YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO BECOMING THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH!

DO WE GIT THE OLE PLANTATION BACK AGAIN?

WILL IT BE CALIFORNIA DREAMTIME AGAIN? GINSBERG CHANTING MANTRAS — THE SUN SETTING OVER BIG SUR—FLOWER CHILDREN?

GET A CLOSE-UP OF THE MONEY! THIS IS EMOTIONAL STUFF!

LET IT BE LIKE ROCKWELL PAINTED IT!

I WANT IT TO BE LIKE THOSE 30'S ROMANTIC COMEDIES!

THIS ADULATION ISN'T RELIGION! THEY'RE TURNING LIFE INTO ONE GREAT TELEVISION SOAP OPERA! EVERYONE'S BECOMING A PERFORMER!

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM—JOIN 'EM!

HE'S THE ONLY MAN THAT PACKED MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AND THE YANKEE STADIUM ON THE SAME NIGHT!

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

IN FAR OFF TRANSYLVANIA, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTIEN WATCHES CHASTITY'S PROGRESS WITH A MIXTURE OF FORBODING AND PANIC

SHE'S TRANSFERRING MILLIONS TO THIS CREEP GREYBLOOD —AND I'M BESIEGED BY CREDITORS!

THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE IN LIFE!

WHAT I DON'T NEED RIGHT NOW ARE YOUR PLATITUDES! WHAT ABOUT THESE BILLS OF YOURS?

OUT OF SEASON FRUIT!

SILK UNDER WEAR!

HAND MADE TURKISH CIGARETTES!

ONE HAS TO MAINTAIN STANDARDS — EVEN IN ADVERSITY!

YE GODS!

LOOK AT THIS ONE!

ELECTRA'S BEEN BUYING MORE SEX TOYS!

ELECTRA!

THE MAN IS POSITIVELY OBSESSED WITH MONEY!

DO YOU MIND KNOCKING BEFORE YOU COME BARGING IN HERE? I'M BUSY!

WELL I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT THIS...THIS...MENAGERIE! DO YOU THINK YOU COULD LIMIT YOUR EXPERIMENTS TO SOMETHING SIMPLE? LOOK AT THESE BILLS!

LOOK DOWN THERE — THOSE PEOPLE ARE CREDITORS!

THE CASTLE IS UNDER SIEGE! I CAN'T EVEN PAY THE FOOD BILLS!

AND YOU'RE SPENDING A FORTUNE ON ... ON.....

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS ANYWAY?

YOU'RE SUCH A BORE, VINCENT! IF YOU WERE A **MAN** — YOU'D POUR BOILING OIL ON THAT RABBLE DOWN THERE!

SAVED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE HUSBAND!

AND WHAT IS MORE — IF YOU WERE EVEN **HALF** A MAN YOU'D KNOW FOR SURE WHAT THESE ARE!

AND DOWN IN THE SUBTERRANEAN BOWELS OF THE ANCIENT CASTLE — AN AREA INHABITED BY THE EARLIER RESULTS OF VINCENT'S EXPERIMENTS, A MIASMA OF GLOOM OVERLAYS THE USUAL NOXIOUS EFFLUVIUM.....

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO CHASTITY!

WE OUGHT TO DO SOME THING!

EVEN THE HOUSEMAIDS ARE UNABLE TO LIFT THE HEAVY DEPRESSION THAT HANGS AROUND THE ROTTING FOUNDATIONS

COME AN' GET IT!

STUFF IT!

AHH — WHAT'S THE USE?

ALL THE FUN'S GONE OUT OF LIFE SINCE CHASTITY LEFT!

ONE OF US SHOULD GO AN' BRING HER BACK!

DRAW STRAWS!

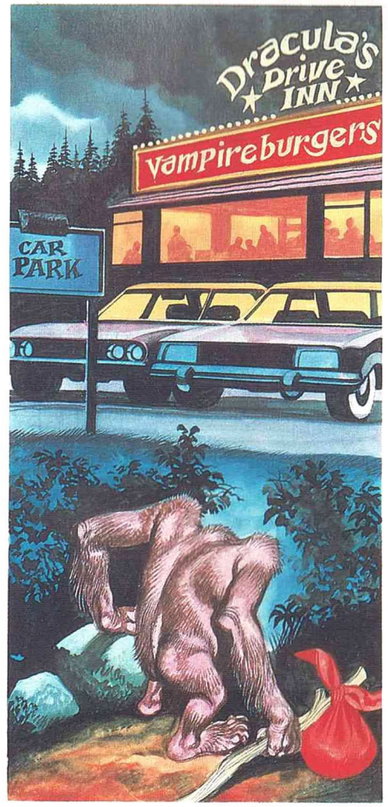
GOODBYE, CLARENCE — AND GOOD LUCK!

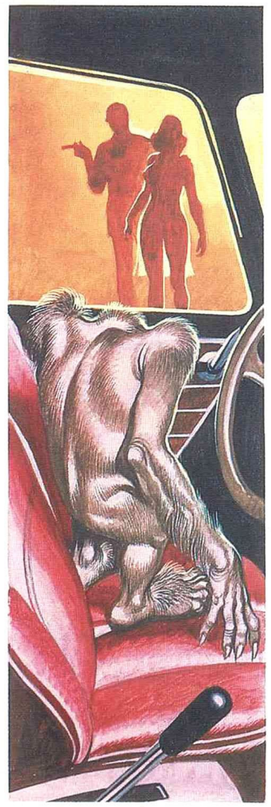
MAKE SURE YOU ONLY TRAVEL AFTER DARK!

YOU KNOW WHERE AMERICA IS, DON'T YOU?

DON'T WORRY — I'LL FIND IT!

AND SO, ON A FATEFUL NIGHT, A COURAGEOUS FIGURE SETS OUT FROM CASTLE DREER ON A NOBLE QUEST.....





IF YOU'RE GONNA RUN OUT OF GAS — DON'T DO IT OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT!

I'M COMIN', SWEET CHASTITY — I'LL FIND YOU!

THE END OF ANOTHER WHISTLE STOP TOUR ON BEHALF OF BILLY GREYBLOOD AND THE "GOOD GUYS". A WEARY BUT HAPPY CHASTITY PENS A LETTER HOME

"...MR GREYBLOOD TELLS ME THAT THRU SELF SACRIFICE AND REDEMPTION I WILL HAVE AN UNBLEMISHED SOUL AND WILL FIND SALVATION. I WANT SO MUCH TO FORGET MY ORIGINS AND BECOME A **REAL** PERSON. MR GREYBLOOD AND MR FOULWELL ARE WONDERFUL PEOPLE....."

"...I'M JUST GOING TO HAVE MY NIGHTLY FLAGELLATION SESSION—AND THEN AN EARLY NIGHT. I HAVE TO BE UP EARLY TOMORROW AS I AM BUYING MR GREYBLOOD AN AEROPLANE. LOVE TO AUNTIE ELECTRA"

WHILE CHASTITY TAKES THE SINS OF THE WORLD (WELL NOT ALL OF 'EM—BUT A FAIR SLICE) ON HER SLIM SHOULDERS, DOWNSTAIRS...

NO NEED TO LOBBY FOR SUPPORT, BILLY BABY—I'VE SPOKEN TO EVERYONE!

THERE WON'T BE ANY PRIMARIES IF YOU DECIDE TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT. THE REPUBLICANS WANT YOU FOR THEIR CANDIDATE—SO DO THE DEMOCRATS!

YOU CAN DO IT JUST AS EASILY AS AN INDEPENDENT IF YOU WANT!

OF COURSE I CAN! I AM DESTINED TO BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT!

?

COOL IT, BILLY BABY! THIS IS GERRY HERE—YOUR OLD BUDDY! I'M THE GUY WHO.....

YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING THAT **YOU** HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH **MY** MANIFEST DESTINY, ARE YOU?

ER....NO! OF COURSE NOT!

GOOD! BECAUSE YOU, LITTLE MAN, ARE BUT ONE OF **MY MANY MINIONS!**

GET YOUR NOTEBOOK—I WISH TO ISSUE A PROCLAMATION!

LISTEN CAREFULLY!

THIS IS MY BLUEPRINT FOR THE FUTURE!

I WILL SHOW YOU **1984!**

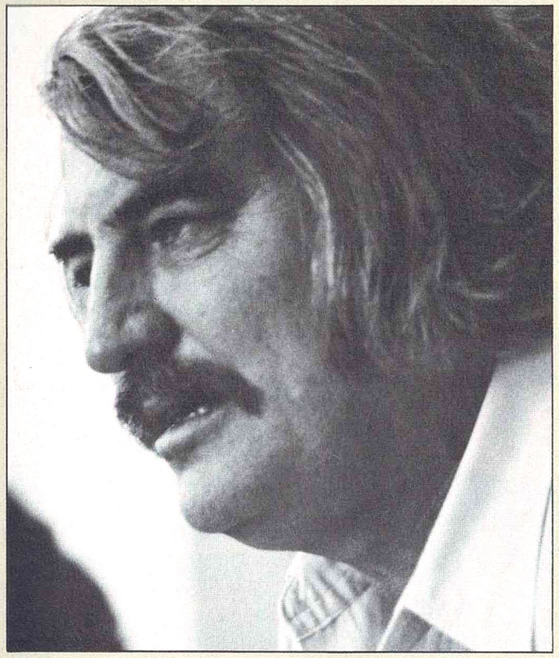
I'D BETTER START SHIFTING CASH INTO A SWISS BANK ACCOUNT! WHEN HE'S PRESIDENT I WON'T WANNA LIVE HERE ANY MORE!

NOW LET ME REST! MY GREAT WORK IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

BILLY GREYBLOOD'S 1984 MAKES GEORGE ORWELL'S LOOK LIKE DISNEYLAND. ACT NOW, FELLERS—TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE!

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY ROBERT ENGLISH

The author is an ex-lawyer who left the profession to become a full-time writer. He has been a contributor to the National Times and the National Review and his fiction story Sandy appeared in February Penthouse. His first novel, Toxic Kisses, is contracted to become a feature film.

A WALTZ DOWN MATILDA LANE

God help us if Brisbane is successful in obtaining the 1992 Olympic Games! It would be a time for all right-thinking citizens to depart this country and slink into various corners of the globe proclaiming ignorance of anything Joh-tainted or maroon-colored. And if anyone happened to mention that Australia is still Peter Allen's home or that Rolf Harris appeared at the opening ceremony with a tied-down kangaroo, you could be excused for jumping out of your self-imposed stupor and ramming a toy koala down the speaker's throat. And then, humming softly the 15th chorus of Waltzing Matilda, you could retire to a hot bath and open a vein, not really knowing why your homeland insists on committing hari-kari each and every time it is asked to exhibit itself.

But on the accepted basis that any spectacle is only as good as the people presenting it, the whole thing could have been worse, I suppose. For instance, if the Seven Network had won the television contract we might have had Rex Mossop giving an international lesson on how to mix metaphors and slaughter syntax, causing Messrs Collins and Oxford to scurry back to the drawing board for fresh drafts of their new editions. As it turned out, however, the ABC surprised us all by making a reasonable fist of the technical side of the outside telecasts. It would be fair to say that production, camera-work and logistics were first-class. But why, oh why, do they continually recruit anchor-men such as Peter Mears to bore us to death in the studio? To a background of protesting Aborigines, street marches and arrests, disgruntled competitors and whingeing, whining team managers, Peter was still able to glue that smile to his features and continually assure us that "more exciting action can be expected at the archery." Throughout the week he never lost the ability to convince us that the smile would not fade even though below the desk he might be suffering serious discomfort. Maybe that is the stamp of a true showman.

Of the other broadcasters and commentators, the final selection must have been nothing other than a lay-down misere. Norman May picked himself for his heroics at previous Games, where, despite a sequence of over 100 abject failures, he was able to stir national pride from a solitary success. That, of course, was brilliant stuff — and the ABC never forgot it. Unfortunately his two side-kicks, Karen (nee) Moras and an erstwhile backstroker whose name escapes me, didn't quite measure up. Karen's comments, although reasonably erudite, were delivered as if she had a clothes peg clamped over her nose. Consequently, when things got even the slightest bit exciting we were treated to a shouted dissertation not unlike the death-speech of the Walt Disney witch. Meanwhile the affable backstroker restricted himself to a vocabulary which stretched from the word "great" to "fantastic" and back again. In any event, the trio managed once again to fool the listening public into believing that Australia is a force in world swimming. However, in the countries which regularly smack our bottoms in international competition, the swimming pools are now skating rinks until next summer.

Again, in other areas, good old Auntie seemed hell-bent on bringing herself back to the field. In one master-stroke bordering on self-indulgent masochism, the pulchritudinous Miss Doogue was hustled from her *Nationwide* throne and hurled into the sporting arena as if the network Nero had suddenly become bored with her night-time efforts. Maybe he wanted blood. Poor old Geraldine did her best but her efforts seemed analogous to Lenny Pascoe hosting a fashion parade. Her breathless excitement at everything that was happening below gave rise to a new batch of adjectives even beyond the reach of the berserk backstroker. Back-patting was suddenly the norm. At one stage it got to the point where there was no-one left to congratulate so an alert cameraman switched to the Royal Box and it started all over again. The Prince was chatting to Big Mal while a pole-vaulter currently rated 25th in the world was receiving a gold medal.

Which brings me to the presentation ceremonies. Admittedly it is a time-honored tradition for the successful competitors to be honored in this fashion, but the more you think about it the more ludicrous it seems. Besides being a boring interruption to the action, it also smacks of unneeded nationalism and exaggerated idolatry.

Surely this must be the only field of human endeavor where such ceremonial devotion to the individual is displayed. Can you imagine the same sort of performance for the handing out of the Nobel Prizes? Or at the annual Academy Awards, for Chrissake? Try throwing your imagination at the sight of a humble and teary-eyed George C. Scott mounting the dais — head shaved in symbolic defiance of his fellow nominees — and turning towards the raised flags to the strains of the Star Spangled Banner while runners-up Maximillian Schell, representing West Germany, and Yves Montand, representing France, stand monumental on the lower levels. And perhaps Sidney Poitier could mar the whole occasion by giving a black-hand salute while accepting his Oscar for best supporting marathon runner. Surely it is time for all this jingoistic nonsense to be eradicated. Someone wins and someone loses — it's as simple as that.

But back to the "Friendly Games". Friendly, my foot! Scenes at the pool were so hideous and nationalistic that it is not a foregone conclusion that Australia and Canada will be allies in the next World War. The spoil-sport syndrome was not improved by a series of disqualifications based on a new electronic timing device and the overall farce was certainly not alleviated by an official blandly announcing that "we don't know just how accurate it is." And one manager, ostensibly hand-picked for his administrative ability, forgot to nominate the correct team for a relay. But, as my good mate Harry Swartz always reminds me, one can't be expected to think of everything.

Strangely though, either by design or just pure co-incidence, as the tedious week rolled by it became apparent that the Games and the ABC were somehow synonymous. Identity, to a bug-eyed viewer such as myself, is often readily established. Consequently, with the support of all the accompanying bally-hoo it wasn't at all clear whether the ABC was promoting the Games or the other way around. And in these circumstances it would have been relatively simple for a far-sighted producer to take advantage of the situation and project some revolutionary changes whereby a little bit of ginger could have raised the whole show from the depths of mediocrity. Everybody knew, for instance, that Norman May would sit his not inconsiderable buttocks firmly behind the swimming microphone. This has always been his personal domain and God help anyone who might dare to unseat him. Likewise, Herb Elliot at the athletics. And so on. In the same vein, bowls being the excrutiatingly boring non-event that it is, the ABC in its wisdom chose commentators suitably keen to keep it just that. And the only explanation for such persistent and prodigious coverage of this geriatric recreation would only be that Aunty was trying to give some free publicity to its disastrous mid-week program inappropriately called "Jack High."

Accordingly, an opportunity presented itself for an unprecedented switching of roles. Imagine, if you can, the breath of life Norman May would have given to the bowls commentary. No end would have been safe from his photo-finish type excitement — even though the nearest bowl might be lying 10 metres from the Jack. And what a bonus we could have anticipated if, in a tight finish with one bowl to play, a competitor had suddenly clutched his chest in an obvious signal of cardiac arrest!

Meanwhile, at the boxing hall, the bowls commentator could have been giving his own soporific interpretation of the action. A little slow, perhaps, but certainly comprehensive. And Herb Elliot, with his meticulous approach to records, times and other trivia, would have been a sensation at the archery and pistol shooting. I can also picture James Dibble at the weight-lifting and Geraldine Doogue at the wrestling. And who better to describe those thrilling last moments of the marathon than Alan Seale? As for our friend Peter Mears, I would have had his perpetual smile outside the stadium playing down the gravity of the Aboriginal protest marches. Joh would have appreciated this. By the way, where the hell was Joh? Someone told me they saw him at the opening ceremony gesticulating at the performers in the Corroboree. That same person said that although he wasn't sure, he thought he heard Joh call out several times the word "scabs".

So what were the highlights of all this Mickey Mouse stuff? First and foremost was the dearth of world-class competitors, which had the effect of classifying once and for all the Commonwealth Games as nothing more than a local derby. The fact that only one world record was broken seems to tell it all. Secondly, there was Raelene Boyle. What can one say? Perhaps the most charitable thing is that she was probably just as embarrassed as everyone else at the obsequious comparison of her career with that of the illustrious Betty Cuthbert. But Raelene, like a select few of the others, must certainly get an "A" for effort.

Next, I suppose, must be the abject failure of the African athletes. Admittedly, some like Rono failed to turn up. But of the others it is obvious that Western luxuries such as US university scholarships have taken the edge off the raw and ruthless competitiveness so clearly exhibited by the Ethiopian distance runners of past decades. Perhaps we have seen the end of a rather exciting era.

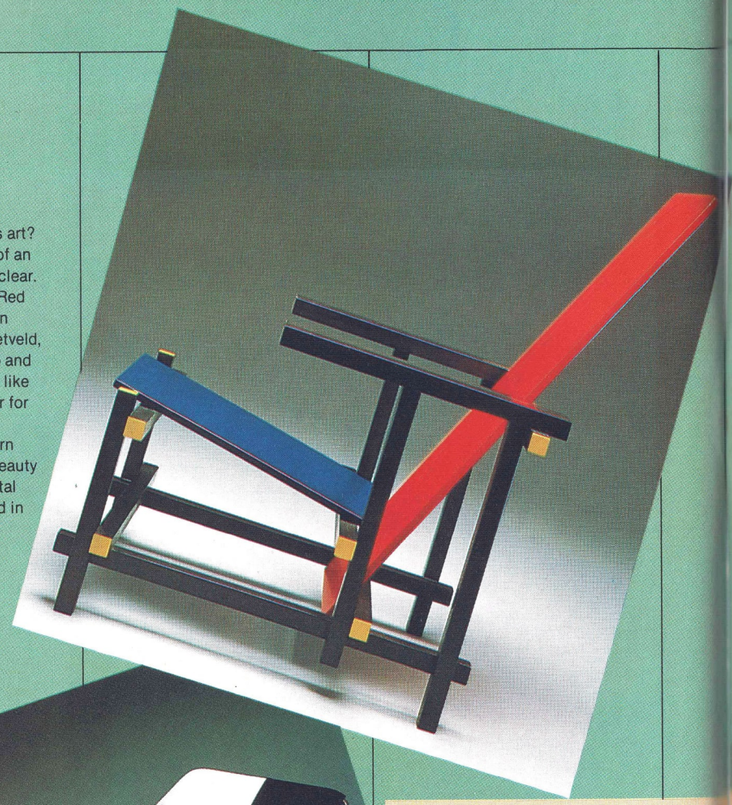
Finally, we have the bravado and petulance of the swimming team and its supporters. Nothing could have equalled such a show of bluster, bounce and brag coming from a mob of subsidised prima-donnas who will soon learn what it's all about the next time they venture north of the equator for some real competition. For those events I would humbly suggest they shave their egos instead of their heads.

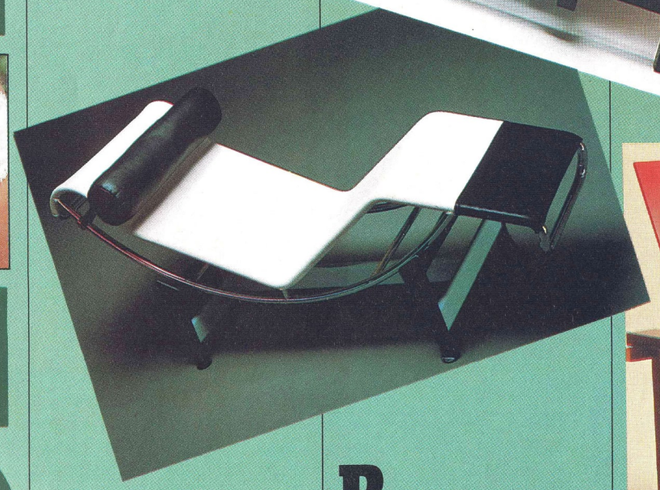
As for the paid commentators, I suppose the one from the Nine Network did most to earn his keep with this piece of puzzling philosophy: — "Contest . . . That's what it's all about . . . It can be summed up peerlessly with the marathon." God help us!

"Scenes at the pool were so hideous and nationalistic that it is not a foregone conclusion that Australia and Canada will be allies in the next World War . . ."

TRENDS

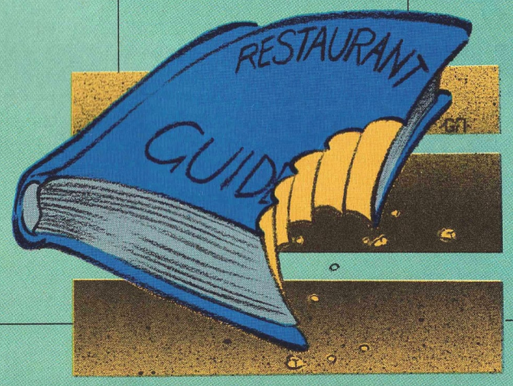
Modern furniture as art? Viewed in terms of an investment, the analogy is clear. For instance, the famous "Red and Blue" chair, designed in 1918 by Dutch architect Rietveld, sold for $380 five years ago and is now worth $2000. Places like Arredorama in Sydney cater for those who appreciate the European masters of modern furniture — either for the beauty of their designs or the capital appreciation that goes hand in hand with quality.





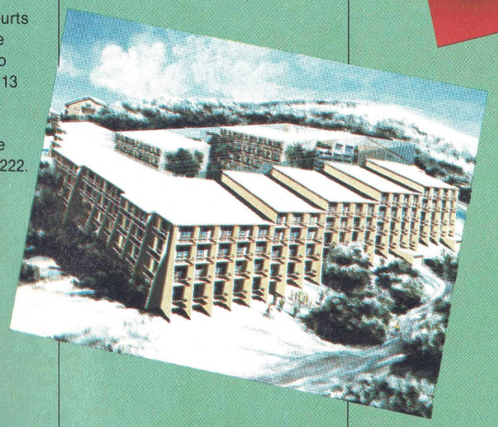
LOOSE

Benson and Hedges representatives have just finished munching their way through the menus of the best, the second-best and the down-right awful restaurants of Australia. The result: we now have a definitive restaurant guide to complement the very successful B&H wine guide. Very handy for those occasions when only the best will do.



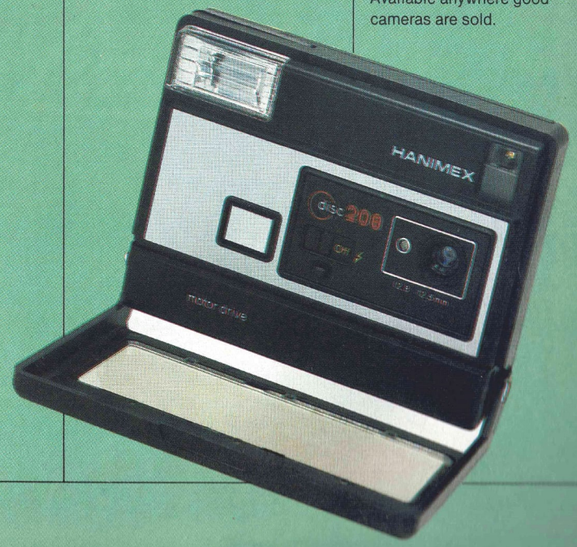
If you thought the electronic television watch was the last word, forget it. Now there's the Pulsemeter watch from Seiko. Along with all the functions of the alarm chronograph, this little number measures the pulse of the wearer at the touch of a sensor button, using the same principle as the conventional electrocardiogram. The price: $130 wherever Seiko equipment is sold.

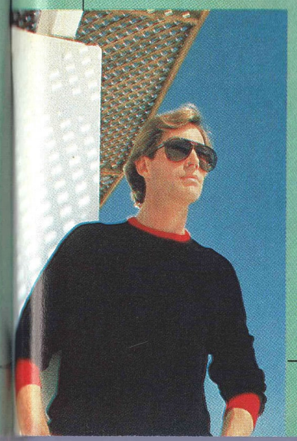
A $50 million project will turn Mount Hotham, in Victoria's snowfields, into a year-round resort with shops, restaurants, bars, squash courts and swimming facilities. The resort will take three years to finish but the first stage of 113 units will be ready for occupation in time for the coming ski season. For more information phone (03) 848 7222.



The Soundpacer is a variable-speed cassette recorder with the facility to play back any tape at twice the normal speed without distorting speech. It can also be slowed down to 60 percent normal speed for note-taking and foreign language study. The result of both facilities is a much more effective use of time. Incredibly successful in the US, the Soundpacer is now available here through Hanimex Audio-visual, (02) 938 0230.

Hanimex's new Disc 208 camera was designed in Australia specifically to meet the needs of local users. Built-in features include motor drive, electronic flash with automatic use-flash indicator, and a unique case which shuts down power to the camera when closed. Retailing at $55, the Disc 208 is the camera of the future. The 108 is a simplified version without motor drive, selling for $45. Available anywhere good cameras are sold.





The classic colors and textures of marble, porcelain, enamel and pottery make an elegant showing in the new Arabesque Collection of eyewear from Christian Dior. In 44 color variations and incorporating quality CR 39 lenses, the range includes everything from timeless designs to racy wrap-arounds. With suede protective casing, these distinctive Dior shades sell from $89 at leading sunglass outlets.

COMING IN APRIL AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

What's Up, Doc? — The medical profession in Australia has reached a crisis point. Increasing numbers of people are apprehensive about doctors, hospitals and the drug industry. The lack of effectiveness of costly and high-risk modern medicine is now widely discussed, and doctors themselves are beginning to look askance at what doctors do. Dr Geoffrey E. Smith dissects the problems inherent in the "health" system in a revealing, informative and frightening article.

Cold Steel — Apart from the club, the knife is the oldest weapon in the world. There's nothing impersonal about killing with a blade: the act is done at close quarters — eye to eye. These attributes have won this singular weapon many devotees; *Penthouse* discusses with knife collectors their passion for steel, and also chats with a few unfortunates who've found themselves on the wrong end of the weapon.

The Fire Bug — In these times of recession, the temptation to set a match to the house, car or factory and pick up the insurance cheque is apparently too much for too many people, with the result that the arson menace is threatening to bring the insurance business to its knees. *Penthouse* talks to investigators who know the scams inside out.

Polaroid Passion — Introducing the *Penthouse* Polaroid competition. Each month we'll publish the best Polaroid snap-shot sent in by readers, and the monthly winner will receive a Polaroid SLR 680 — the Cartier of cameras, and gold-plated of course. No prizes for guessing exactly what *kind* of pictures we have in mind. As a guide to salacious shutterbugs, *Penthouse* commissioned four leading photographers to indulge their fantasies in capturing our Pet Of The Year finalists on Polaroid film.

Coffee Lessons — A fine piece of fiction set in New Guinea at the turn of the century, this artful contribution by Trevor Shearston is guaranteed to entertain.

Pet Of The Year Runner-Up — Carla Adams, the super-svelte 18-year-old show-stopper who slayed 'em in our August 1982 issue, is back bigger and better. And there's Pet Of The Month Shah McCarthy from Brisbane in a sunshine shower of voluptuous splendor.

IN THE DIRT

Continued from page 144

Bradford has carved a full-sized oval circuit into one of his wheat fields and during the winter layoff is given to the occasional late afternoon session at the wheel.

Big Noel is just one of a handful of moneyed West Aussies lured by the challenge of dominating the potent winged brutes. Alf Barbagallo, 41, has his business finger in a number of pies in Perth. He sells cars and boats and drives a Rolls. And on Friday night he races a sprint car. He's no millionaire dabbling in a dangerous hobby for a few kicks. Barbagallo is good. Six state titles tell the story.

And there's Bill Sutherland. He's a wheat cocky like Bradford, making a round trip of 700 kilometres each weekend for a few minutes of tightrope walking at Claremont.

Steve Brazier is hooked on the sprints. A battler, he races until his bank account can stand it no more and then he works at his backyard drum recycling business and then he goes racing again . . .

Brazier has won a national crown and is almost fanatical in his desire to relieve Rush of the top dog mantle. There's no lack of confidence; he believes that he is the best and that now it's just a matter of proving it.

Brazier, 37, has few mates in racing. He prefers it that way. There's no-one quite so hard and uncompromising on the track. Above all, Brazier is a racer. At the Parramatta Raceway in Sydney one night, he flipped his brand new American sprint car, irreparably damaging the aerofoil. But Brazier wanted to race so he simply threw away the broken wing and returned to the track. Three laps into the main event of the night, and placed nowhere, Brazier lost control and barrel-rolled his $30,000 investment. The driver crawled out okay; the car was rooted. It had been a no-win situation because racecars without wings are not competitive propositions. Moreover, driving a wingless car is tantamount to playing Russian roulette with a full chamber. But Brazier's like that. He just loves racing.

Veteran American sprint car champion Larry Dickson once said about the brutal machines he drives: "You never can predict what they're gonna do, and you don't have any say in what they do . . . it just seems sometimes they're out to hurt you bad." ○+

STOCKISTS

Cover and Pet of the Year Pictorial: Photography by Chris Dickson; Hair styled by Korel; Gloves supplied by Dents, available at all leading department stores; Jewellery from Rox Jewellers of Strand Arcade, Sydney; Artwork from Seascape Gallery, Crows Nest, Sydney; Shoes from Raymond Castles of Sydney and Melbourne. **Centrefold:** Photography by Walter Glover; Make-up by Marilyn McPherson; Hair styled by John Coiffeur, Burwood, NSW; Clothes from Flamingo Park, Strand Arcade, Sydney.

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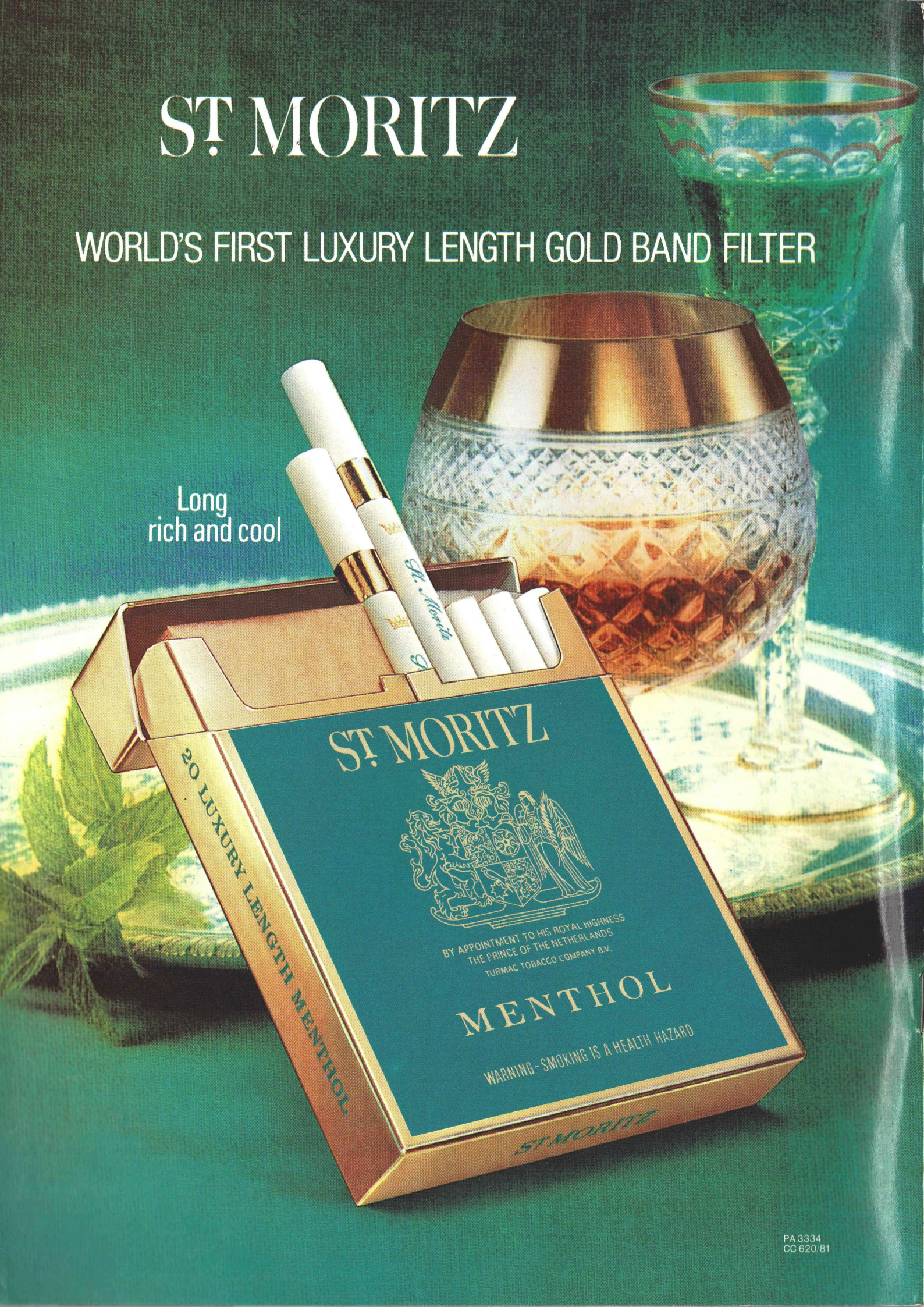
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